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OPPING GUIDE, PAGE 72

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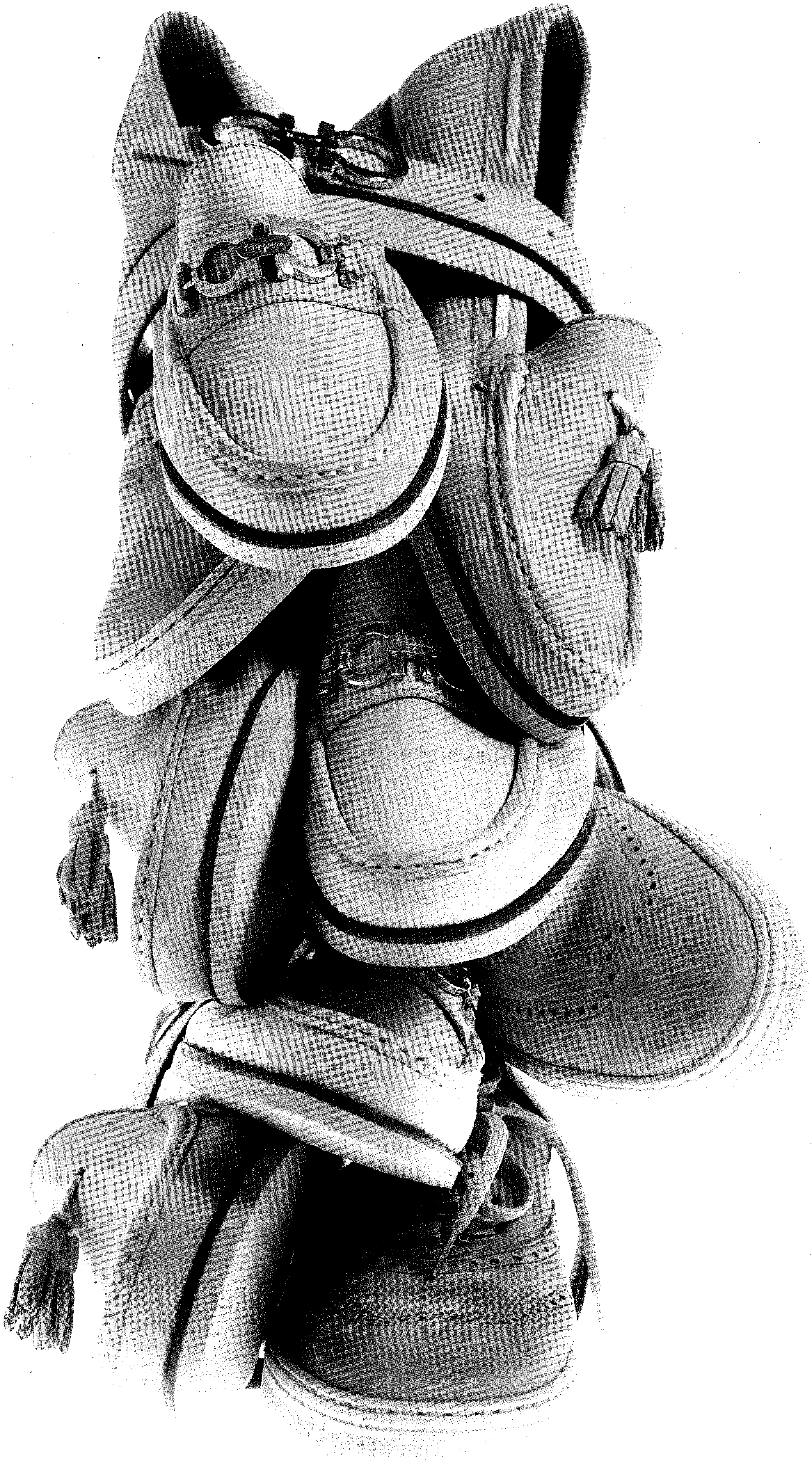

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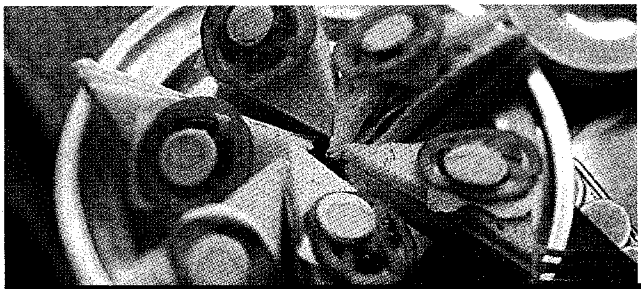

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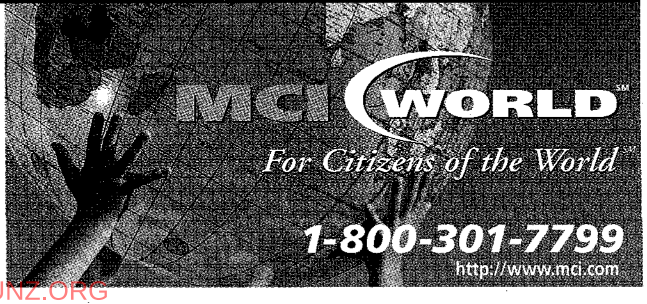
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>
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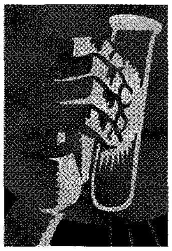
By Diane K. Shah

One city's triumph can be another's debacle. The co-author of former LAPD chief Daryl Gates's memoir tells how the once nationally admired police department got destroyed by in-your-face police tactics—tactics not unlike those making a New York hero out of Commissioner William Bratton. A story of the perils of proactive policing.

28 Children's Crusade

By Chris Smith

Bureaucratic visionary John Linder used focus groups, self-criticism sessions, and Madison Avenue–style marketing to change attitudes and help William Bratton remake the New York Police Department. Now he's being paid $1,500 a day to do the same to the Administration for Children's Services. Is he a master of smoke and mirrors, or is his unconventional method real magic?



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By Steve Radlauer

A prescription drug available right here and right now may help guarantee that abortion remains legal, cheap, and widely available—thanks largely to the efforts of a Manhattan OB-GYN. No, it's not RU-486; and yes, it's making the anti-abortion movement very, very nervous.

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By Sarah Kerr

Ang Lee doesn't aspire to be Joe Hollywood, holding court at Mortons and sucking down the Pellegrino. A hero of New York's independent-film scene, the Taiwan-born director stays real in White Plains (!) with his family, cooking and meditating at his 800-square-foot co-op (!!). And he seems able to make all kinds of superb movies. He had Kate Winslet doing t'ai chi on the set of *Sense and Sensibility,* but now he's busy consciousness-raising on a new tale of the slack, slatternly seventies.

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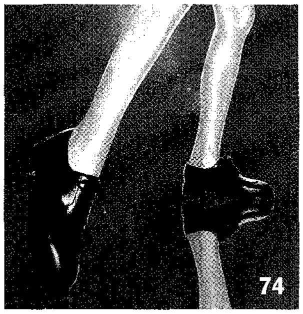

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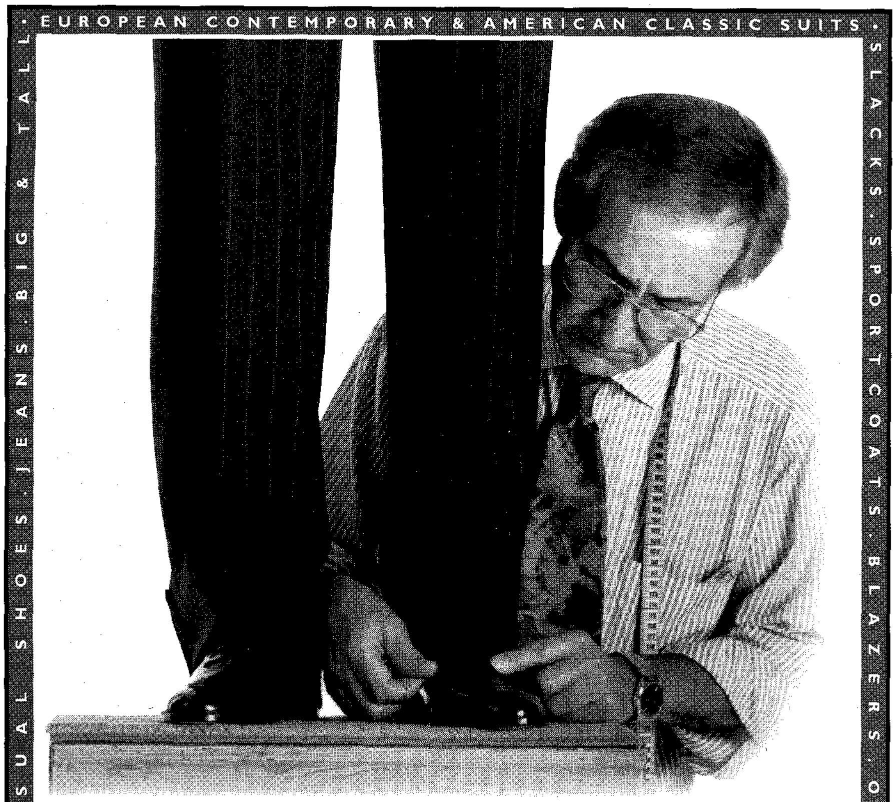

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Stepping Out

Remembrance of walkers past and present; detailed analysis of neoliberal millionaire guilt; a tribute to Taymor.

TO READ JESSE GREEN'S DISH ON walkers ["The Last Walk," March 4], you would think the phenomenon of the stylish gay companion to society dames originated with Jerry Zipkin. The gentleman attendant has in fact figured prominently in the annals of the beau monde for at least the past 300 years. In eighteenth-century Italy, the *cicisbeo* or *cavaliere servente* was exactly what we would today call a walker—a hired escort to ladies of fashion. That he presented no threat to the husband's sexual hegemony was a given. Regency London had its fops and dandies, and Marcel Proust was the greatest and most thoroughly documented walker of all time.

Through history, the arrangement has remained stable because it offers satisfaction to three points of an eternal triangle: the bored husband, who is relieved of onerous social obligations; the wife "of a certain age," who gets an entertaining and attentive escort; and the (usually) homosexual companion, who gains entrée into a world from which he would normally be barred by distinctions of class and money, a world in which his dandyish ways and "irregular" private life raise no eyebrows. Thus the walker is an important figure in gay history, indeed one of the few positive notations of gay presence in the historical record.

Daniel Jacobson
MANHATTAN

AS I READ "THE LAST WALK," I KEPT THINKing, I can't wait until the film version comes out! If ever there was a topic so ripe for Hollywood pickings, this is it. The only question is, would it be a drama or a comedy? Perhaps a Broadway musical first: Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Walkers*.

Mara E. McCabe
EAST LANSING, MICH.

I SPENT ALMOST TWO DECADES AT THE METropolitan Museum of Art as both vice-director and vice-president and never was called upon to be a walker! But how accurately the story portrays the social habits of New York's great cultural institutions. Culture is a complex issue—but this story reveals so much about the truth in these institutions.

Arthur Rosenblatt
MANHATTAN

TO SET THE RECORD "STRAIGHT," MY SERvices are confined exclusively to walking my Airedale, Wallis, and my Jack Russell, Marella.

Lionel Larner
MANHATTAN

Limousine Dreams

I READ "CONFESSIONS OF A LIMOUSINE NEOliberal" [March 11] with great interest. I would enjoy following up with James Cramer on a number of his suggestions.

John Kerry
U.S. Senator
WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHAT A PLEASURE TO HAVE THE NOTION REinforced that Wall Street doesn't have to be totally dominated by the politics of mean that represent the Republican Party. How comforting that people can be rich and have a social conscience. Your prescription for stock options at the time of layoffs is brilliant. (I don't know if it is solely your own, but who cares?)

Sunny Bates
MANHATTAN

I AM USUALLY A FAN OF JAMES CRAMER, BUT his "Confessions" lack his usual cogency—perhaps all that guilt has gotten in the way. Cramer writes that it was perfectly logical for Wall Street to cheer Robert Allen as "a savior for a company" for firing 40,000 workers. But in the same paragraph, Cramer lists a series of huge mistakes made by Allen's administration, mistakes that should have cost Allen his job rather than earned him millions in extra compensation. It is this cozy relationship of the rich and Wall Street's benign neglect of poor performance that fuels the anger Cramer deplores.

Later on, Cramer calls protectionism "laughable" without explaining why it has worked so well for Japan. He makes the classic mistake of assuming that because free trade is good for an American company it is therefore good for America. Charles Wilson, an old-style Wall Street Republican, could not have agreed more, and in his day American companies were more American than multinational.

Joe Russin
BETHESDA, MD.

JAMES CRAMER, SPARE ME YOUR LIBERAL guilt trip. You, a million-a-year man, have the gall to claim that Wall Street speaks for the average working Joe. It may never have been easier to be a Democrat on Wall Street, but that's not saying much. You note that 51 million (or more) U.S. citizens have invested in mutual funds. Did you ever think that one reason so many working people invest in mutual funds these days is because they no longer have corporate or union pension funds to rely on? The burden of their retirement has been shifted to their shoulders. Plenty of Pat Buchanan supporters are probably already drawing down their IRAs just to make it from month to month.

Even Fed chairman Alan Greenspan has expressed worry about the huge disparity in income that has been created in this country. If the money from restructuring were being plowed back into productive investment, instead of investment-banking fees or the exorbitant salaries for corporate executives, perhaps the future would look more promising.

One thing I can agree with you on: A tax hike for the growing elite of Wall Streeters, like yourself, can't come soon enough. Unfortunately, the Democrats aren't any likelier than the Republicans to make such a bold move.

Michelle Shafie
CROTON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

Dutch Treat

YOUR VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENED AFTER the first performance of *The Flying Dutchman* is inaccurate ["Intelligencer: The Lion Queen of Broadway," March 4]. I remember fervently congratulating Julie Taymor, who was as thrilled as we were by the whole experience. We have already talked about working with her again.

Peter Hemmings
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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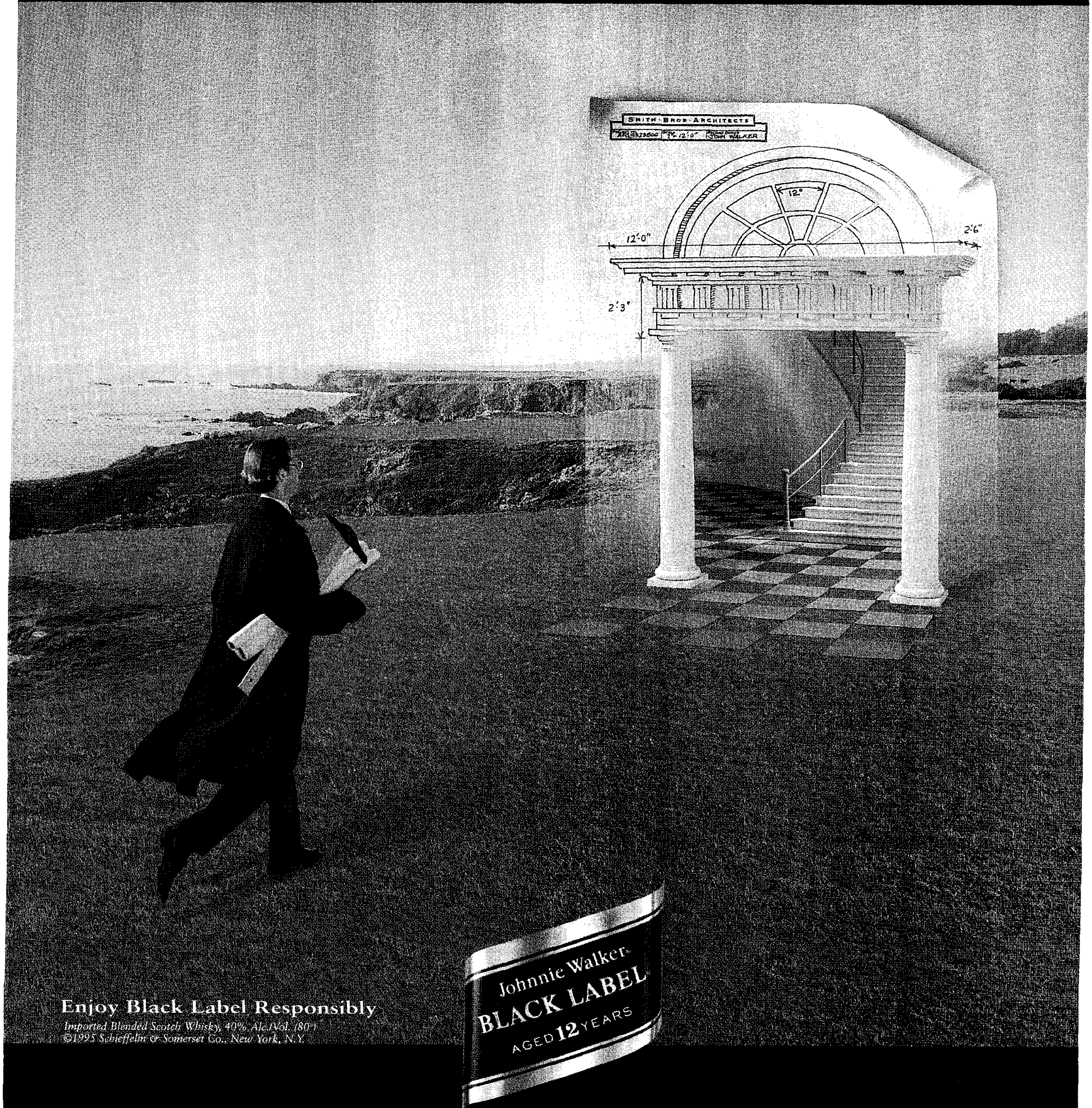
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INTELLIGENCER

THE COURT-SHIP OF ANDY'S FOUNDATION

Warhol: Money woes

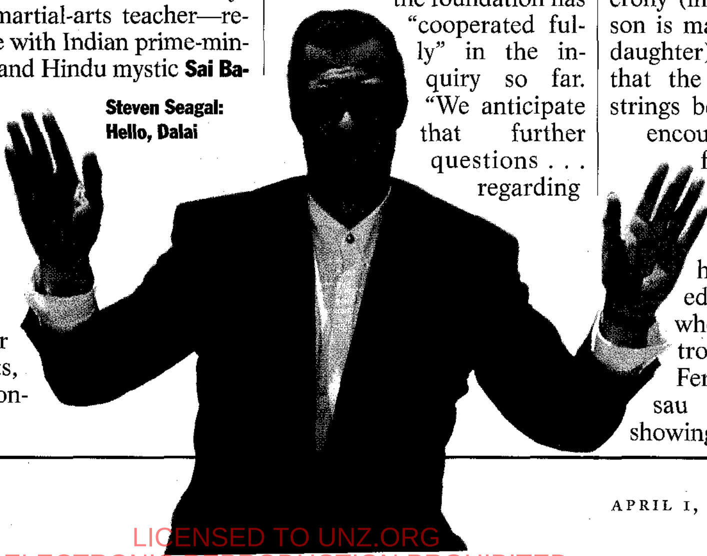
Its battle with former Warhol lawyer **Ed Hayes** may be over, but legal troubles are still brewing for the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. The embattled foundation—which recently won an appeal reducing Hayes's fee by $3.7 million—is being investigated by the state attorney general's office. And while the agency won't comment on specifics, a perusal of the foundation's recently filed tax return provides some clues about what's got prosecutors concerned. The foundation spent $7.6 million on "operating and administrative expenses" but gave away only $782,000 in the past fiscal year. In other words, it spent almost $10 on itself for every $1 it gave away. If you subtract the $2.7 million in legal fees—most of it spent fighting Hayes—the foundation still spent almost six times as much on expenses as it did on grants. Warhol president **Archibald Gillies** explains that the foundation will *always* have higher-than-usual operating expenses, since 90 percent of its assets consist of hard-to-maintain artworks. **Margot Pagan,** a spokesperson for the attorney general, says the foundation has "cooperated fully" in the inquiry so far. "We anticipate that further questions . . . regarding their recent financial filings will result in that same cooperation."

60 MINUTES'S VERY OWN DATELINE

What do **P. J. O'Rourke** and **Stanley Crouch** have in common? For starters, right-of-center politics and a prime CBS time slot. The GOP gonzo humorist and the neocon, jazz-loving curmudgeon have both signed on for *60 Minutes*'s new op-ed segment—CBS's attempt to strengthen the show against its new competitor *Dateline NBC.* And as it happens, they also dated the same woman. The lucky lady? Producer **Lynda Obst,** who dated both men while she was a liberal-minded coed. "In the seven years I taught school, I only had one or two students who were as brilliant as Lynda. She was also exceptionally attractive, extremely charismatic, and strong-willed," says Crouch of his tryst with Obst at Pomona College. Obst, who went on to produce *The Fisher King* and *Sleepless in Seattle* and is shooting *One Fine Day,* starring **Michelle Pfeiffer** and **George Clooney,** says, "They were the smartest guys I knew then, and they're the smartest guys I know now, but they were less conservative. I expect them to return to their left-of-center senses one of these days." O'Rourke, on assignment in Havana, could not be reached. And for the record, *60 Minutes*'s third new commentator, liberal Texas columnist Molly Ivins, never dated Crouch, O'Rourke, *or* Obst.

STEVEN SEAGAL'S INDIAN SUMMER

Poor man's action hero **Steven Seagal** is aching to show off his spiritual side. The well-bronzed movie star may soon be starring in an uplifting biopic on the life of saintly Indian legend Prince Rama. Producers of the epic *Ramayan* say that Seagal has discussed co-producing, starring in, and possibly even directing the $70 million film, which producer **Victor J. Kubitschek** describes as a thriller "taking place two million years ago—it's *Star Wars* meets *Jurassic Park* meets *Aladdin.*" Kubitschek says he and Seagal—a Buddhaphile and martial-arts teacher—recently trekked to India for an audience with Indian prime-minister **P.V. Narasimha Rao,** the **Dalai Lama,** and Hindu mystic **Sai Baba** (who gave the project a special blessing). But Seagal chum **Deepak Chopra** may be the only Indian actually involved in the project so far. According to production notes, the movie will co-star **Hayley Mills** and **Ernie Hudson,** and sources say **Charlton Heston** may also don a sari for a cameo. Though Kubitschek says he's willing to pay Seagal at least $20 million for the role, a spokesperson insists, "Steven's involvement is not yet confirmed."



Steven Seagal: Hello, Dalai

ARMY COMMANDER IN HAITI RESIGNS, VOWING TO LEAVE
CLINTON TO MIDEAST, SAYS NO SIGN OF IRA
Test of Cancer

P. J. O'Rourke: Yesterday's news

AL'S PALS HELP OUT FAST-BUCK FREDDY

Freddy Ferrer, the ambitious Bronx borough president who wants to be mayor, is still a Democrat, but he's raising money from unlikely quarters—supporters of Republican **Al D'Amato.** Ferrer's giant fund-raiser last December, which grossed almost $1 million, was chaired by Gristede's grocery mogul **John Catsimatidis**—a longtime D'Amato crony (in fact, his secretary's son is married to D'Amato's daughter). Insiders speculate that the senator is pulling strings behind the scenes to encourage Ferrer to run for mayor in 1997 against his loathed co-partisan **Rudy Giuliani.** "D'Amato has apparently decided that the candidate who can give the most trouble to Giuliani is Ferrer, so a lot of Nassau Republicans are showing up at his fund-rais-

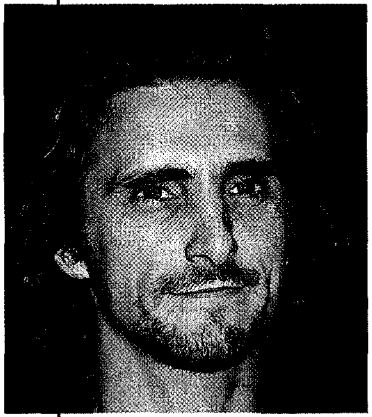
Photographs: top left, Adam Scull/Globe Photos; top right, Matt Mendelsohn/LGI; bottom, Barry King/Gamma-Liaison.

ers," confides one New York politico. Ferrer, meanwhile, has already hired political chameleon **Dick Morris** to handle his all-but-declared mayoral race, and **Hank Sheinkopf** is already acting as nominal (if not yet quite official) spokesperson. Says Sheinkopf: "The sharing of contributors is a coincidence."

A D'Amato spokesperson concurs. "On and off the record, he supports Giuliani."

OFF-COLOR POLITICS AT THE *TIMES*?

"They're just trying to pretend the book is invisible," fumes **Jake Lamar,** author of *The Last Integrationist*—the controversial, much-hyped new novel that has yet to be reviewed by *The New York Times Book Review.* The book in question has been described as a "racial *1984*," and Lamar admits that "a bad review would not have surprised me." But the fact that the *Times* decided not to review the book *at all* has gotten others besides the author talking. One line of speculation fueled by the author's camp: that *Times* editor **Brent Staples**—who, like Lamar, is black, and whose memoir was often cited alongside Lamar's—vetoed a review. Although *Book Review* editor **Chip McGrath,** a Staples pal, says he "won't even dignify" such speculation with a response, he says he has agreed to look the book over again: "We judge every book on its merits. What people say . . . has no bearing."



Lawrence Bender:
Movin' on up

Candace Gingrich:
Barely speaking

THE FRESHLY MINTED PRINCE OF BEL-AIR

Lawrence Bender is finally going Hollywood. The 38-year-old alterna-producer of *Pulp Fiction* and *From Dusk Till Dawn* has long boasted that he still lives in an old, barely furnished apartment and drives a ten-year-old Toyota. But Hollywood sources claim the bohemian moviemaker is very quietly trading up to a rumored $3 million pad in Bel-Air and a spanking new Mercedes. "It's not something I want to talk about," says Bender of his new digs. "I'd rather keep my private life private." Not surprising, considering his quote just weeks ago in the Los Angeles *Times:* "I think about getting a really nice car, but the image I get in my head is such a sickening cliché." Not all *that* sickening, evidently. "You hang on to an old thing because you love it," he explained from his cell phone, just last week. "But [when] it breaks down you need to buy a new one. Maybe I *will* get a luxury car."

THE SILENT SPEAKER; QU *ELLE DECOR*

CALL HOME, NEWT: Mismatched half-siblings **Newt** and **Candace Gingrich** were never really close. Still, it's noteworthy that the lesbian activist hasn't exchanged a single word with her family-values-worshiping brother since their famous photo op at the Capitol last year. "Newt went to his wife's family for Christmas," notes Candace, a spokesperson for the Human Rights Campaign. "I've called him a few times about certain issues, but I've only spoken to his assistants."

BROWNING AUTOMATIC: Soon-to-be rivals *House & Garden* (Condé Nast) and *Elle Decor* (Hachette) are already squaring off. *House & Garden* editor **Dominique Browning,** whose magazine relaunches in September, recently used photos that had appeared in *Elle Decor* to illustrate her West Coast trade-show speech on "The Future of Style." After officially requesting photos from *Elle Decor* and being turned down, *H&G* slyly obtained the art from recent *Elle Decor* issues through a photographer's rep. Says *Elle Decor* editor-in-chief **Marian McEvoy** of Browning's unapproved use of her photos, "Oh—I guess I'm flattered." But Browning, who says she also used images from several other magazines, insists, "That was not the point of the speech. I made a point of saying what a fan I was of *all* shelter magazines."

Additional reporting by Matthew Pincus and Maria Ricapito.

THE FATHER AND SON REUNION . . .

Rowdy real-estate heir **William Koeppel**—who made headlines after bestowing sweetheart rental deals on several Giuliani aides last year—is making waves again. This time, the 36-year-old landlord surfed into trouble in Palm Beach, where his father, **Robert,** owns a condo near the posh Breakers resort. William evidently was planning on spending a few pleasant days there—only to discover that his father had changed the locks on him. Following a loud, angry argument, the police arrived and were asked by Robert Koeppel to remove his son. "Robert claims that William has some emotional and personal problems, and that he and his wife, Roberta, felt in fear of [him]," reads the police report. The cops warned William he'd be arrested for trespassing if he returned. Four days later, William went to the police station, insisting he owns the condo and providing the name and number of an Atlantic Beach therapist he said had treated his father for "emotional problems in the past," information he wanted put on the public record. This isn't the first family imbroglio for William, who turned his cousins in to New York tax authorities. And though William is currently under indictment for rent gouging, his relationship with former prosecutor **Rudy Giuliani** apparently remains unscathed. Indeed, the mayor delivered the homily at William's wedding six months after the indictment, and Deputy Mayor **Peter Powers** gave a reading. Reached by *New York* last week, William wouldn't discuss his legal problems but downplayed the Palm Beach story. "Everybody can have a bad-hair day, you know," he says, insisting that he and his father have a "Brady Bunch"–type relationship.

William Koeppel: Locked out

Photographs: top, Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; center left, Greg Weiner/Gamma-Liaison; center right, Richard B. Levine.

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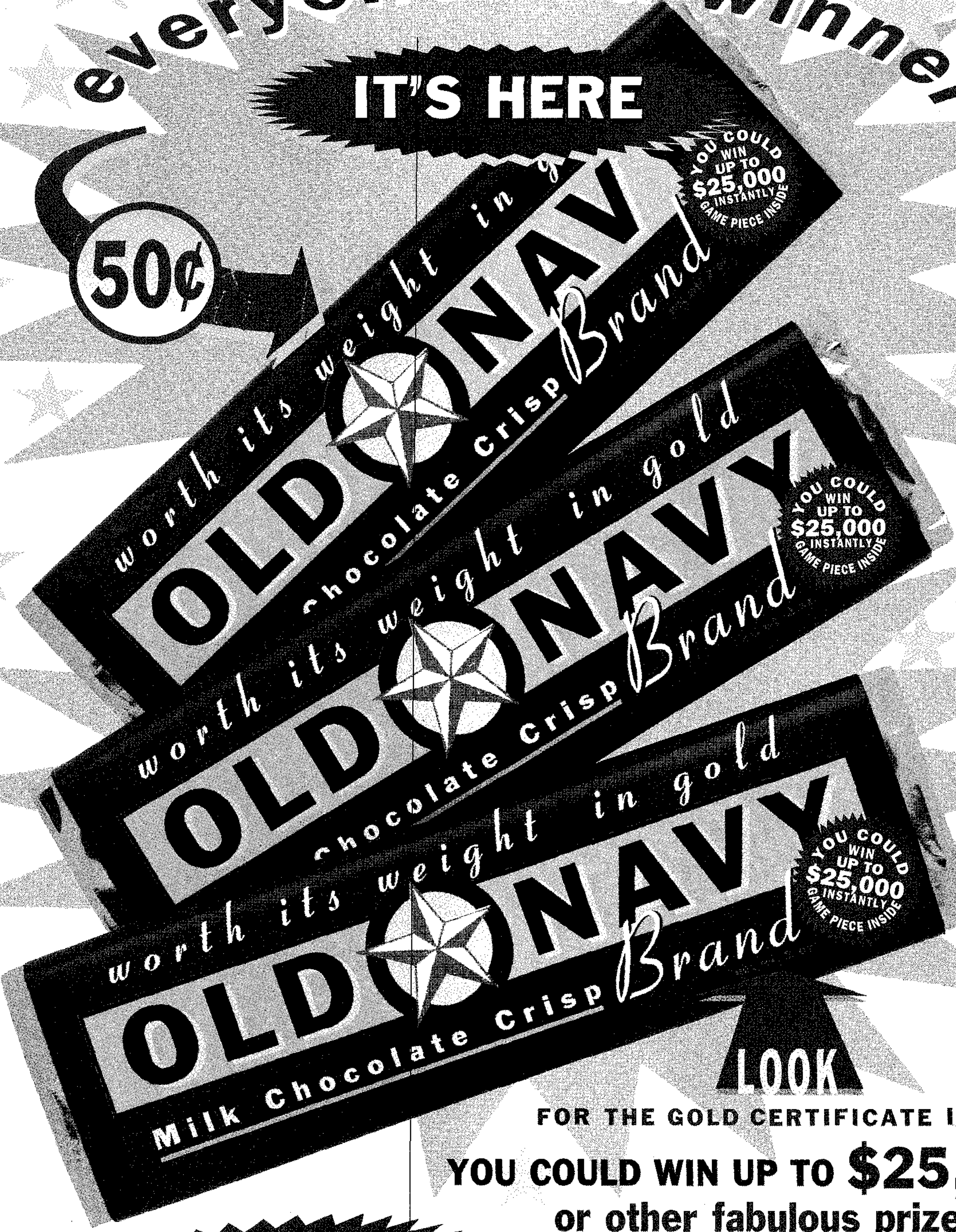
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GOTHAM

ompendium of sentimental certainties—*John Gregory Dunne*

THE FRONT PAGE

Vigilante Etiquette

If proselytizing for good manners won't work, perhaps terrorism will.

We finally saw *Sense and Sensibility* last week (frightfully late, we're afraid) and were struck by just how very, very *civil* everybody was. The characters were polite not only by contemporary standards—in that they did not deliberately knock down people who were in their path—but by standards and according to a set of social rules so genteel, so mannered, as to prompt snorting guffaws and a loud discussion from the couple sitting in front of us. So utterly courtly was one courtship in the film (which we understand is also available in novelized form) that there was an amusingly tragic misunderstanding about whether the couple had been courting at all. The movie—which in Brooklyn last week was playing on a double bill with *Rumble in the Bronx*—seems to suggest that such adhesion to strict social etiquette was silly, stupid, or worse. But then, Jane Austen never rode the E train.

It is on the subways of New York that one longs most for a return to eighteenth- or even nineteenth-century civility. As quite imperfect strangers aggressively violate our sense of personal space—and beyond, into our actual corporeal space—we are tempted to turn to them and say, *Excuse me for being so forward, but I do not believe we have been introduced.* But of course we are not insane—like, for example, Miss Kelly Ann Roberts from Queens.

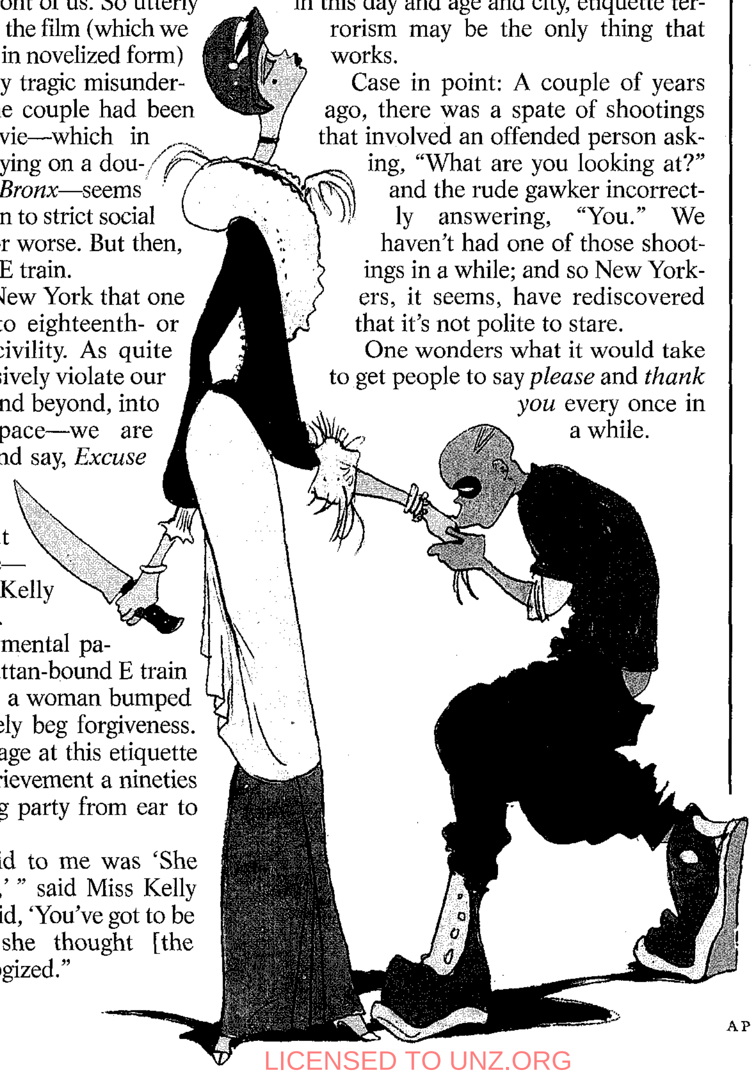
Miss Kelly Ann, a state mental patient, was riding the Manhattan-bound E train when, she later told police, a woman bumped her and did not immediately beg forgiveness. Miss Kelly Ann took umbrage at this etiquette breach and, giving her aggrievement a nineties twist, slashed the offending party from ear to jaw with a box cutter.

"The only thing she said to me was 'She bumped me and I cut her,' " said Miss Kelly Ann's arresting officer. "I said, 'You've got to be kidding,' and she said she thought [the bumper] should have apologized."

While the bumper did later offer "If it started with a bump, I want to tell her I'm sorry I bumped her," it's unfortunate that it took 28 stitches to produce a simple apology. But sadly, in this day and age and city, etiquette terrorism may be the only thing that works.

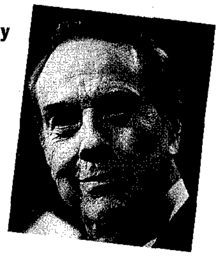
Case in point: A couple of years ago, there was a spate of shootings that involved an offended person asking, "What are you looking at?" and the rude gawker incorrectly answering, "You." We haven't had one of those shootings in a while; and so New Yorkers, it seems, have rediscovered that it's not polite to stare.

One wonders what it would take to get people to say *please* and *thank you* every once in a while.



SNIPE OF THE WEEK "The [Department of Transportation] commissioner made this speech in November about how important it was for the DOT to have a strong oversight role, and then the budget came out and the mayor proposed disemboweling the agency . . . and now [the commissioner] was down here squirming, explaining why it isn't really that important that the DOT oversee all aspects of moving people around the city," a City Council member told *New York.*

BLUE BOY "He's definitely coloring his hair, there's no doubt about that. Whoever's cutting his hair is probably trimming his brows, you know, probably doing everything to clean him up. They're using a rinse on him—I don't think it's a permanent dye, because then it would have a root—or almost like a comb-on thing. It's a little blue—that's why I have a feeling he's coloring it himself; when you're doing it professionally, you get a more translucent color, which looks a little more natural."—Edward Tricomi, of Warren-Tricomi Salon, on the recent upturn in Bob Dole's appearance



NO ESCAPE "Healthscape, Medscape—this industry always works this way. For a while it was 'object this' and 'object that,' then 'net,' and even 'net object.' These things aren't terribly sophisticated; it's like fashions in children's names. And a good name can add 200 percent to your valuation."—Esther Dyson, publisher of *Release 1.0,* a technology newsletter, on the recent spate of new companies named with the suffix *-scape*

Police

PATRICK REGAN, COP

"THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG party," said Officer John Moynihan, of Washington Heights's 34th Precinct. "Just for a couple of Paddy's friends or family. But people kept calling me today, and now look." With some pride, Moynihan gestured around the Carnegie Hill Brewing Co., where 70 or so cops had come to wish his old partner Patrick Regan well on the night before he was sentenced to a year and a day for two counts of perjury.

The conviction—the only one pursued after a three-and-a-half-year investigation into a unit of the 34th, where officers had been accused of violating suspects' rights and lying to win convictions—has turned Regan into an unwilling symbol in the debate about how to investigate police corruption. To prosecutors, Regan's failure to recount a series of conversations—in which he talked with informants about a convicted drug dealer—is an example of how cops lie on the stand, work outside the law, and stonewall investigations. To many in the Police Department, though, the case is an example of how investigators who fail to uncover any wrongdoing will entrap honest officers into minuscule offenses, hoping they'll roll over on their friends to save themselves.

Patrick Regan and friends.

Stunned by the prosecution and offended that the court would believe shady informants instead of a decorated cop, Regan's colleagues stood around the bar Monday night praising their friend's courage and talking about how to continue in a system they feel is betraying them in precisely the way they were originally accused of betraying it. "Bad guy or good guy, if they wanna get you, they'll get you," said Regan, a soft-spoken man with a heavy Irish brogue. "You're not in control of your destiny. It's not something that's easy to handle when you're cast into this role, people saying you did something and deep down you know you didn't do it."

A lot of theories circulated as to why the investigators made Regan their target: because he was the only officer being investigated who had a family, because he had a particularly stellar reputation to defend, even because of his ethnicity (the sting was called "Operation Bagpipes"). One way or another, however, it rankled. "It didn't seem like American justice to me," said Detective Michael O'Keefe. "I didn't understand what could be happening. Now I see: They framed him. I think they had to have a scalp, and I think poor Patrick is the sacrificial lamb."

Nobody talked about leaving the force, but many argued that cases like this made it harder to police, establishing a reprimand as something to be feared more than a bullet. O'Keefe, though, said his own sense of mission had only grown stronger. "I sleep at night as an investigator. I don't pick a target and then justify that target by doing a narrow investigation," he said. "But not only are they intimately acquainted with the flaws of their investigation—they're actively covering them up."

Then he added, "People go to hell for that."

Despite the late hour and the convivial setting, it remained relatively quiet. Some of the cops had just come from murdered officer Kevin Gillespie's funeral; others just didn't see that much to celebrate. At best they were showing Regan the strength of their support and goodwill. Rising to make a toast, he addressed the crowd in a tone of almost fatherly reassurance. "It's been a long road. Tomorrow's just another step toward victory for me. No matter what happens, we'll just handle ourselves professionally and go on to the next day."

There was a round of cheers, led by Moynihan, who then took the floor, somewhat less composed than his partner. In ringing tones, he upped Regan's request to take heart with an exhortation to take pride. "When he comes out? Just like the movies, boys: He's a hero. Just like the movies. He walks out on the street, holds his head up—straight into the sunset."

As the applause died out, an officer shambled over to the bar. "Do me a favor," he said, entirely friendly. "Any cop told you something, don't print it, okay? Don't print their names."

"So let her print my name, okay?" said Artie Barragan, who'd been talking about his experiences in the precinct. "Who cares?"

"It'll just give them something more to investigate," grumbled his friend.

"So what? Let 'em investigate," Barragan responded, emboldened by the oratory. "I know I haven't done anything wrong." ARIEL KAMINER

CHRISTOPHER GARGAN, COP

AS LARRY KIRWAN UNDERSTANDS IT, THE shot rang out during "Maria's Wedding," one of Black 47's most popular numbers. At the end of the darkly humorous ballad—about a perpetual screwup who storms into his ex-girlfriend's wedding, begs her to take him back, and even promises to get a job—the audience, as always, yelled out, "Don't do it!" At that moment, 22-year-old Officer Christopher Gargan, who was wrapping up a long day of celebrating at the band's St. Patrick's Day gig at the Academy, raised his 9-mm. semi-automatic pistol to his head. Then he pulled the trigger.

Gargan, a second-year policeman, had taken the clip out. But there was one bullet left in the chamber, believed to be from a previous clip.

"No one heard the shot," says Kirwan, the band's Irish-born lead singer. "After that song, we left the stage for a minute and then came back out for an encore."

The next thing Kirwan remembers is Nico Wormworth, Black 47's manager, screaming, "Shot . . . get off the stage!" Kirwan assumed a gunman was firing at the band—"We've got a lot of political songs, you know"—but kept playing anyway. "I looked around and saw that no one onstage had been shot," he says. "We had to keep going; we have a responsibility to the crowd.

"If we'd stopped at that point," he says, "there would've been a stampede, and people would've died."

It wasn't until a minute or so later that June Anderson, Kirwan's wife, realized she had been shot in the stomach. "I definitely heard the shot and felt something," she says, "but I think I just didn't want to believe it . . . I tried to get up, but I fell to the floor, and then I felt blood on my leg, and all at once I knew." Anderson had been about ten yards away from the shooting, up in the balcony with Sharon Wormworth, Nico's

Photograph by Angela Cappetta.

wife, who had also been hit by the same bullet, in the hand.

Gargan was rushed to Bellevue, along with Anderson and Wormworth. He was pronounced dead an hour later, and though the medical examiner officially ruled his death a suicide, many of his fellow cops have publicly stated that they believe it was an accident—a belief Black 47 co-founder and retired New York City cop Chris Byrne shares. "The clip was taken out of the gun," he says. "That would be a sign." The 33-year-old Byrne, who has been in contact with Gargan's family, is particularly devastated; cops constitute a large chunk of Black 47's cultishly devoted New York following. "Not to overanalyze it, but I think a lot of them identify with Black 47 because . . . I'm a reflection of them," he says. "The songs deal with New York life, and they're on the front lines of it."

Kirwan, whose wife is still undergoing medical tests, harbors no animosity toward Gargan, who, reportedly, was very intoxicated. "We consider the people who come to see us as friends; we lost someone," he says somberly. "And the family—they have to bury that man. But Sharon and my wife will be fine, and we'll go on from this." And they have. Just this past Saturday, Black 47 was back at Paddy Reilly's on Second Avenue, playing for the kids and the cops who faithfully turn out every week.

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Fashion

THE NEW RAG TRADE

FASHION PEOPLE LET OUT A collective squeal last fall when Matt Coffin, who is the boyfriend of Wilhelmina president and owner Natasha Esch, who is the daughter of multimillionaire Dieter Esch, announced he would soon take on Fairchild Publications with a slim info-dense weekly to be called *Fashion Reporter*. "Move over, *Women's Wear Daily*," *Vogue* exulted in September. At the 7th on Sixth shows two months later, a band of lithe young women from F.I.T. carpeted the Bryant Park tents with flyers for the new weekly, replete with handy mail-in tear sheets.

And then—nothing.

Fashion Reporter was supposed to launch on January 15, but, Coffin says, "we wanted to take a little more time with it." Now 5,000 copies of *FR*, Vol. 1, No. 1, are slated to appear at the Bryant Park fall collections this week, and 10,000 more will go out to designers, stylists, fashion editors, and sundry other garmentos. No longer a weekly, the magazine plans to publish monthly at least through 1996 and run 24 to 36 pages.

SUBSTANCE
OVER Style
DEEP-SEATED HOSTILITY
lean
times in paris and milan

***Fashion Reporter's* premiere issue.**

"It's a quick read, it's scannable," Coffin rat-a-tat-tats with the assurance he learned at Babson, where he got his undergraduate degree in something called Entrepreneurial Studies six years ago. "I think any sort of trade magazine needs to be a tool for your industry, a tool for you to do business, and part of that is 'Let me get on to my day.' " He snaps his fingers and slaps his fist into his palm as he elaborates: "Let me get the information [*snap*], let me read it quickly [*slap*], make it [*slap*] concise [*slap*], short [*snap*], scannable, more of a CNN–*USA Today*–type journalism."

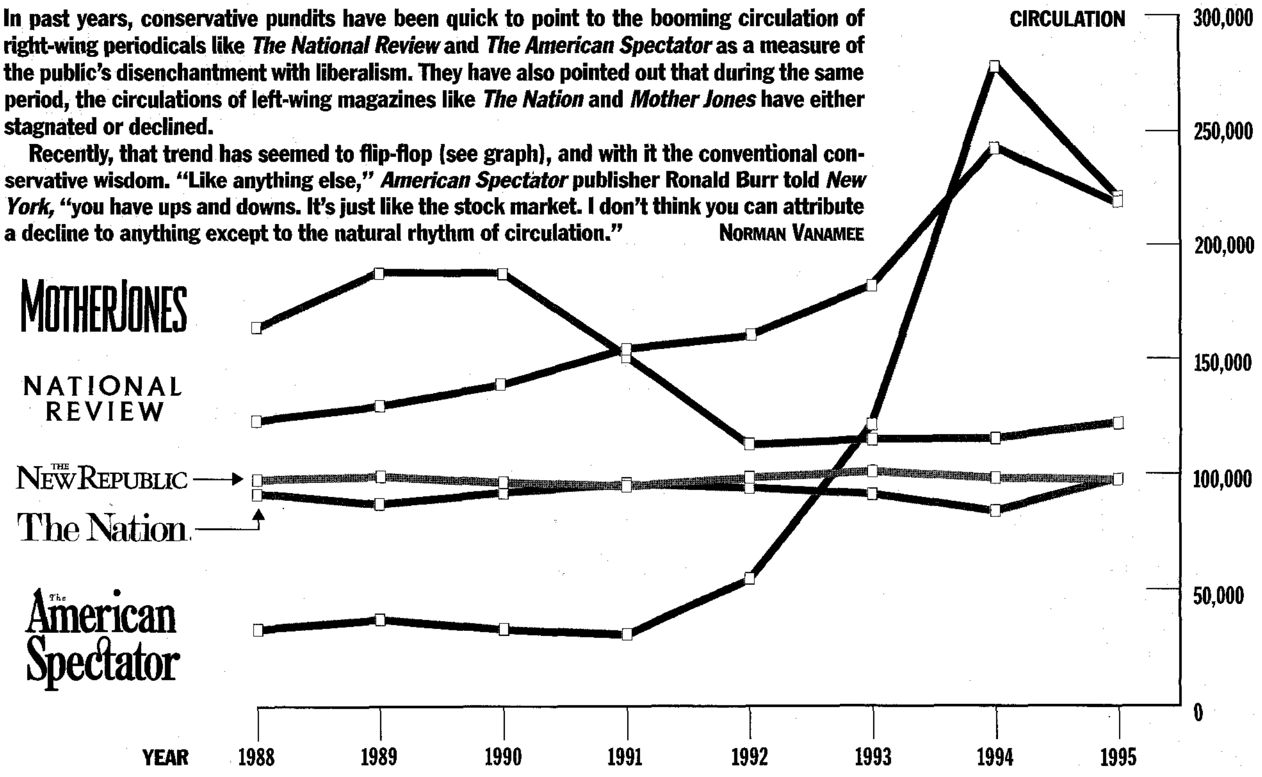
MEDIA

Trickling Down

In past years, conservative pundits have been quick to point to the booming circulation of right-wing periodicals like *The National Review* and *The American Spectator* as a measure of the public's disenchantment with liberalism. They have also pointed out that during the same period, the circulations of left-wing magazines like *The Nation* and *Mother Jones* have either stagnated or declined.

Recently, that trend has seemed to flip-flop (see graph), and with it the conventional conservative wisdom. "Like anything else," *American Spectator* publisher Ronald Burr told *New York*, "you have ups and downs. It's just like the stock market. I don't think you can attribute a decline to anything except to the natural rhythm of circulation."

NORMAN VANAMEE



He concludes, "It's got more of an energetic feel, and that's what people want." He picks up a crystal globe, a paperweight his mother gave him, and rolls it nervously in his hands.

There is little disagreement that the fashion business could use a forum to puff its wares and air its grievances other than Fairchild's down-and-dirty *Women's Wear Daily,* the drab *DNR,* and the Mortimers-centric *W.* Coffin stresses the need for a new-kid angle but seems loath to Fairchild-bash—on the record, at any rate.

Stipulating that *WWD* may have fallen victim to "complacency" in its 86-year reign as fashion oracle, Coffin hurries to clarify: "I'm not interested in going head to head against them. You know, they're a daily newspaper, and they serve the market very well." And yet, he can't help mentioning that "image-makers and decision-makers in the industry" keep calling and begging for subscriptions, keep saying they want "something that's a little more edgier."

"*Fashion Reporter,*" Coffin says, grinning, "is anything but Ladies who Lunch."

And yet, apart from a column on the Internet and a handy breakdown on magazine cover credits, the first issue includes many unsurprising topics like "how fashion's using pop culture to propel sales and image," a story about designers so exclusive that they can't sell their fashions anywhere, and a critique of Isaac Mizrahi's "Isaac" campaign. There had been a scoop, Coffin promised, on a "big designer," but the weeks slid into months, and sadly, the story, about the revivification of Gucci, has now long since been scooped elsewhere. "It's the peril of not being a daily," Coffin hazards.

Like editorial ingenue John Kennedy before him, Coffin has had the sense to hire people with actual magazine experience to help him. There are a couple of Fairchild imports—writer Dahlia Dean and managing editor Larry Carlat—and art director Karmen Lizzul, who previously worked at Coffin's structural model, *Entertainment Weekly.* ("They've got *great* compartmentalization," Coffin says emphatically about *EW.*)

But these professionals will ultimately have to submit to the vision of Coffin, the handsome kid from Machias, Maine, the one who read *Vogue* and dreamed of being Calvin Klein, the one who a few weeks before publication was riffling nervously through glossy mock-ups, worrying about the overall look and fretting about this one particular capital *F.*

"This *is* a visual business," he explained. LIESL SCHILLINGER

Beaming

At the Grand Hyatt for former mayor Abe Beame's ninetieth-birthday party, benefiting Baruch College's School of Public Affairs.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

Top, Spike Lee and Theresa Randle at Twilo for the *Girl 6* premiere party, hosted by *Interview.* Above, Muhammad Ali and Sylvester Stallone duke it out at the Official All Star Cafe, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of *Rocky.*

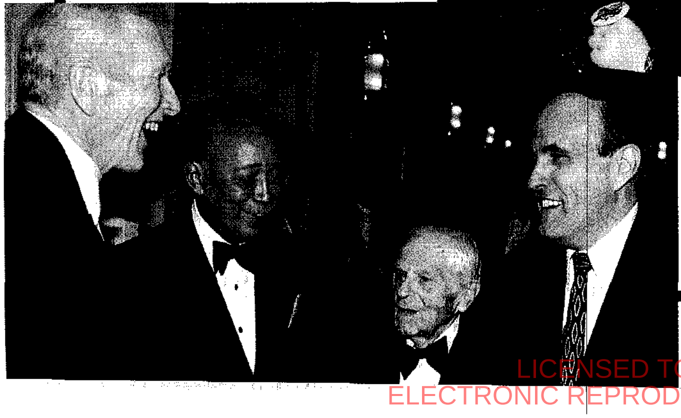
GIVEN ALL THE HOBNOBBING AND elbow-rubbing taking place, the evening's organizers could be forgiven for losing sight of little things.

"Where's the mayor?" one of the publicists repeatedly asked, peering well beneath the heads and shoulders of the local political power players in search of the diminutive guest of honor. Between the current and the former residents of Gracie Mansion, in fact, there were mayors all over the place. The one in question was over near the bar, receiving the warm wishes of many admirers—a reception that, it was frequently noted, he rarely got during his tenure. The transition to emeritus status had gone well. "He's part of the institutional memory of the city," said Fernando Ferrer. "Everyone who succeeds to office thinks that history starts with them; former mayors are there to say, 'Eh, we did these things, too.' "

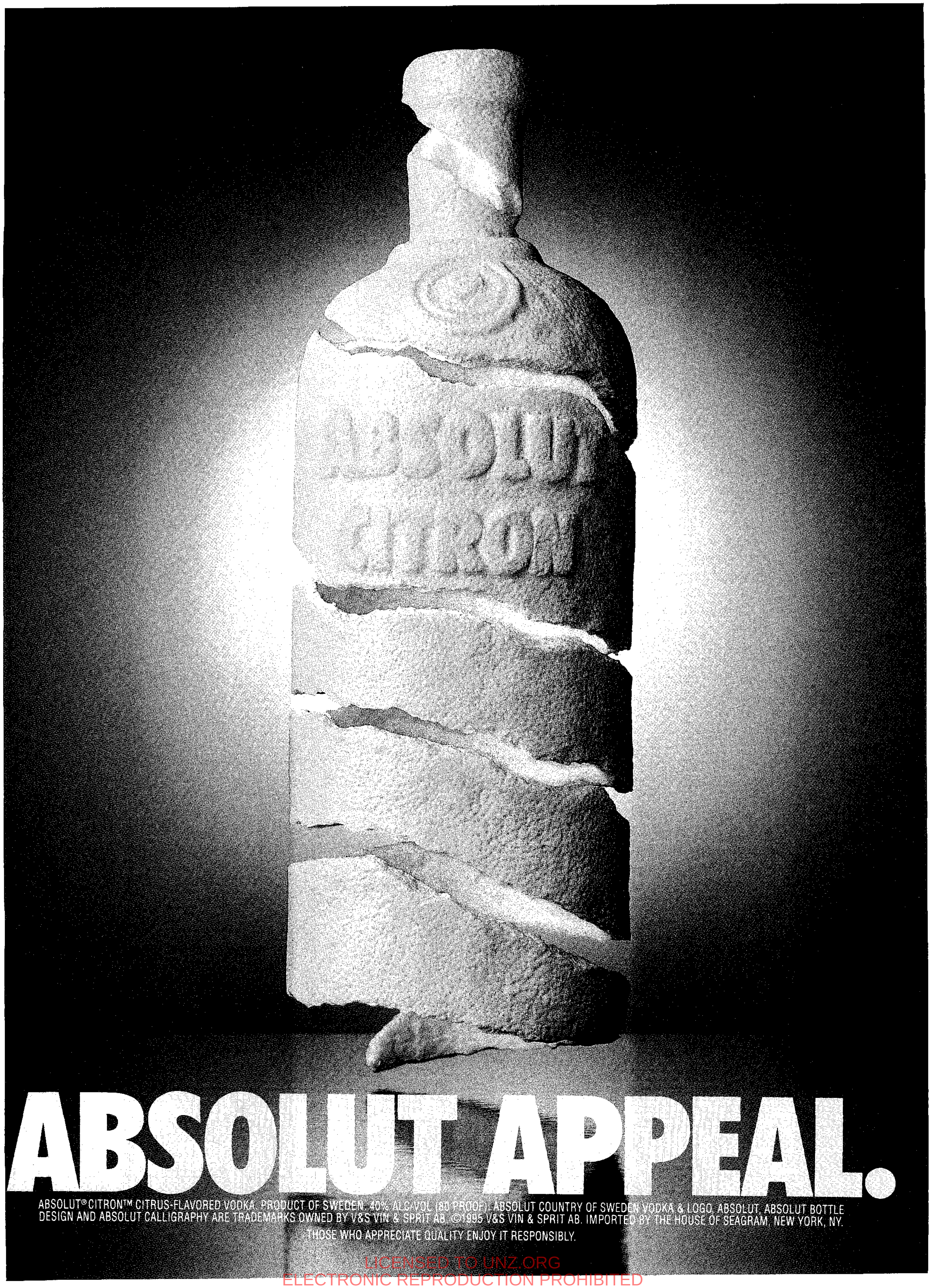
Everyone, it seemed, was working out his own theory about how best to play the difficult role of former mayor. Almost everyone, that is.

Any thoughts, Mayor Giuliani? "Not just yet," he said, stepping off into the glare of television lights.

Above, the Moody Blues at the Hit Factory, recording Mercury Records's "Timothy Leary Lives." Right, Marla Maples Trump with her daughter, Tiffany, at FAO Schwarz, where Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital hosted a Bunny Hop to benefit children with cancer.



Left, former mayors John Lindsay, David Dinkins, and Abe Beame with Mayor Rudolph Giuliani at Beame's ninetieth-birthday party.



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

ON SEVENTH AVENUE RENE CHUN

Garmento Class War

As New York's fashion week slips back into chaos, the CFDA's feisty director, Fern Mallis, comes out swinging.

FERN MALLIS IS FUMING. ON A SUNny Monday morning last week, the powerful executive director of the Council of Fashion Designers of America is sitting behind her desk in her modest midtown office, wearing a somber gray suit and a pained expression. A Joe Boxer smiley-face watch peeks out incongruously under her sleeve. Perched close by her side is a fidgety Stan Herman—the CFDA's ordinarily perky president—his face haggard and unshaven. While both try to downplay the disaster, their anxiety is palpable. Days before, Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan, two of the three linchpins that anchor the CFDA-organized tent shows at Bryant Park—backed out without notice. Karan, who will still show her DKNY line at the tents, said she was looking for a more intimate venue in which to present her collection. Lauren blamed his departure on "fabric delays." ("If Ralph can't get fabric on time," replied an insider, "nobody can.") Their defection is a rather staggering blow to Mallis, who has been criticized for catering to big-time designers—such as Karan and Lauren—at the expense of smaller lines. "It's the beginning of the end," crows one disgruntled designer. "The trickle becomes a flood."

Fern Mallis at the CFDA awards in February.

Indeed, wearying of the manic *dolce vita* spectacle that pervades the tent shows, influential designers such as Joan Vass, Badgley Mischka, Todd Oldham, and Ghost are deserting as well. Others, strapped by cash-flow problems, can no longer afford the CFDA's rental fees.

Replacing them on 7th on Sixth's lineup are the sort of retailers fashion insiders have long dismissed as de trop—wealthy mass-market giants like Bisou-Bisou, BCBG, Parallel, and Ski Industries America who have entered the mix in the hope that a snippet of their runway footage will be picked up by Elsa Klensch for CNN. Their presence this season has prompted a wave of snide complaints that 7th on Sixth has turned into the "Kmart collections." The conventional wisdom seems to be *There goes the neighborhood.*

Leaning back into her chair, Mallis embarks on a strenuous round of spin control. On the seemingly large number of designers who have left the tents: "I don't think that's true. It just *seems* worse because some of them have been very high-profile." On the proliferation of mass-market lines in the tents: "We can't afford to put up the tents if we don't have a minimum number of bookings." On rumors that Guess is angling for a Bryant Park show next season: "Guess is a manufacturer. If you say no to Guess, do you say no to Nautica?" Finally, she throws up her arms in exasperation. "Forget about Guess!" she says. "Did you know *Hervé Leger* is interested in showing at Bryant Park? We seem to be good enough for *Versace*!"

She has a point. For all the hand-wringing that has accompanied the recent defections, 51 other designers, including Calvin Klein and Isaac Mizrahi, are still onboard. And while it is technically Herman—best known for designing Federal Express's uniforms—who has the last word on CFDA operations, it is Mallis who deserves most of the credit (or blame) for its fate. A tough former publicist and editor at *Mademoiselle,* the Brooklyn-born Mallis kept a relatively low profile until she took over at CFDA five years ago. But her no-nonsense demeanor, $250,000 salary, and occasionally heavy-handed tactics have made her a controversial figure in New York's fashion world—a favorite target of John Fairchild's venomous *Women's Wear Daily*.

Even her detractors admit that the hardworking, resourceful Mallis has almost single-handedly put New York on equal footing with Paris and Milan as a fashion capital, successfully imposing order on an inherently anarchic, ego-driven confederation. The CFDA Awards—the fashion Oscars—have become the industry's glammiest event. CFDA's 7th on Sale and Fashion Targets Breast Cancer have raised millions for research.

But Mallis's most notable innovation has been the tents—which centralized New York's sprawling fashion shows in one convenient location. "Bryant Park is the best thing that ever happened to fashion week," says style writer and *Model* author Michael Gross. "Before the tents, it was like competing in a decathlon. Not only were you running all over town, but shows were scheduled on top of each other in these horrible little firetraps. Yes, some of the raffish excitement is gone, but in terms of increasing media attention and making it easier to cover, it's been great."

Even so, a few independent-minded designers like Marc Jacobs and Geoffrey Beene shunned *(continued on page 104)*

Photograph by Greg Pace/Retna.

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Riding Out the Jitters

Call them palpitations, corrections, mini-crashes—whatever. Get used to them. But that doesn't mean Wall Street is out of touch with Main Street.

READING THE PAPERS THE PAST couple of weeks, a person might get a little nervous. The stock market has been jittery and bumpy, 100 points up one day, 100 points down another, sometimes seeming as if it's on the edge of a deep slide, or worse. "Volatility," they like to call it. The result is supposed to be fear. But I'd like to offer a different spin on what's likely to be a wild-swinging Dow for months to come, as conflicting data about an uncertain economy roil the market. My message is: Lighten up. There is, contrary to the pundits' wisdom, an internal logic to all of this.

The last time the market dropped 500 points in a day, we called it a crash. In 1987, whole firms collapsed, mutual funds lost billions, and the Fed had to reassure investors that it would inject enough liquidity to preserve the banking system. The next time we drop 500 points in a single day—and it could happen soon—we should call it something else: an opportunity. Brokerage houses will thrive, mutual funds will take in new billions, and the Fed won't break a sweat. Part of this, of course, is the higher plateau of the Dow Jones Industrial Average—5500 versus 2800 last time around—so "500 points" isn't as scary on a percentage basis. But beyond that, there's been a fundamental change in the economy and the stock market during the great bull market we're still riding. And with one caveat (the possibility of a significant interest-rate hike, which I'll get to later), there's no reason to worry about these fluctuations.

When I started trading stocks two decades ago, market professionals had just come through several vicious bear markets, years of constant stock-market losses, and an understanding of what was then a basic truth: that playing the stock market was for gamblers only. Everybody would get his comeuppance. Those few seasoned graybeards who haven't yet retired tend to scorn the new breed of investors who are replacing them—the nimble, even perky, mutual-fund managers at places like Twentieth Century in Kansas City, Janus in Denver, Fidelity in Boston. Many of them haven't seen a down year in their trading lifetime. They have an institutional bias toward optimism because their mission isn't to allocate assets, it's to buy stocks (as opposed to bonds, say, or gold). And their hard-wired optimism has become self-fulfilling. They're driving the market, and spending millions in ad dollars to reassure people that stocks are virtually a no-lose game.

Their attitude has been the same one that shoppers take toward retail merchandise: Make small purchases when you have to, but save your big buying for when the market runs a sale, as it did March 8, the day stocks closed down 171 points.

They're very savvy shoppers. I'm always amazed at how skillful the mutual funds are at ferreting out the big turns in the market. Sure, the more grizzled trading professionals may be proved right someday, and this is the caveat mentioned above: There could indeed be a *real* Big One. If interest rates, now at 6¾ percent, go up a full two points, it is conceivable that money could gush out of stocks and into bonds. The market could drop 1,000. But those conditions don't exist now. If interest rates continue to stay low (and they've been in general decline for a decade), the fits and starts of the market are merely creating more chances to make money. One-day sales.

Take that Friday sell-off. It seemed irrational. The papers railed about how absurd it was that the market would decline in reaction to the obvious *good* news that 705,000 new jobs had been created. Conventional wisdom had it that Main Street and Wall Street were at odds again, and that the big-time traders were bouncing erratically off the walls of their own hateful parallel universe. When the market came back the Monday after, it was because the sensible public intervened.

But that nearly universal view is wrong. In fact, the mutual funds knew exactly what they were doing, and their performance was completely in sync with the macro-events that occurred. Even as I was spitting out my Chinese food while watching my quote machine flash bright red with losses, I was marveling at just how perfectly tuned the large funds were to what was happening. Everything that went down should have gone down, and everything that acted better than the overall market did so *(continued on page 106)*

James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. Of the companies mentioned in this article, he owns shares of Monsanto, Philip Morris, PepsiCo, and Boeing. He holds short positions in Coca-Cola and Merck.

Illustration by Hungry Dog Studio.

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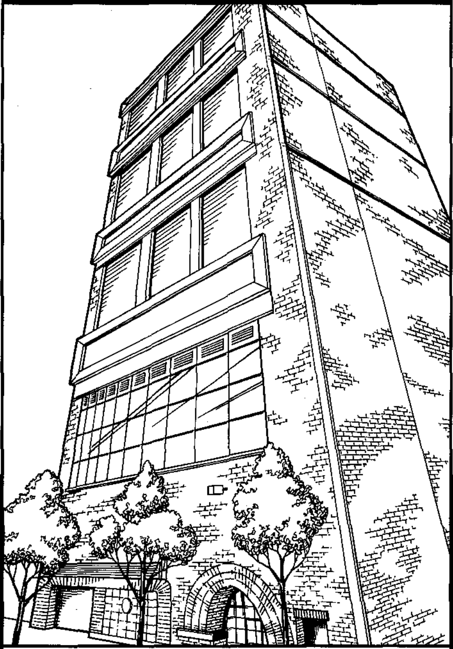

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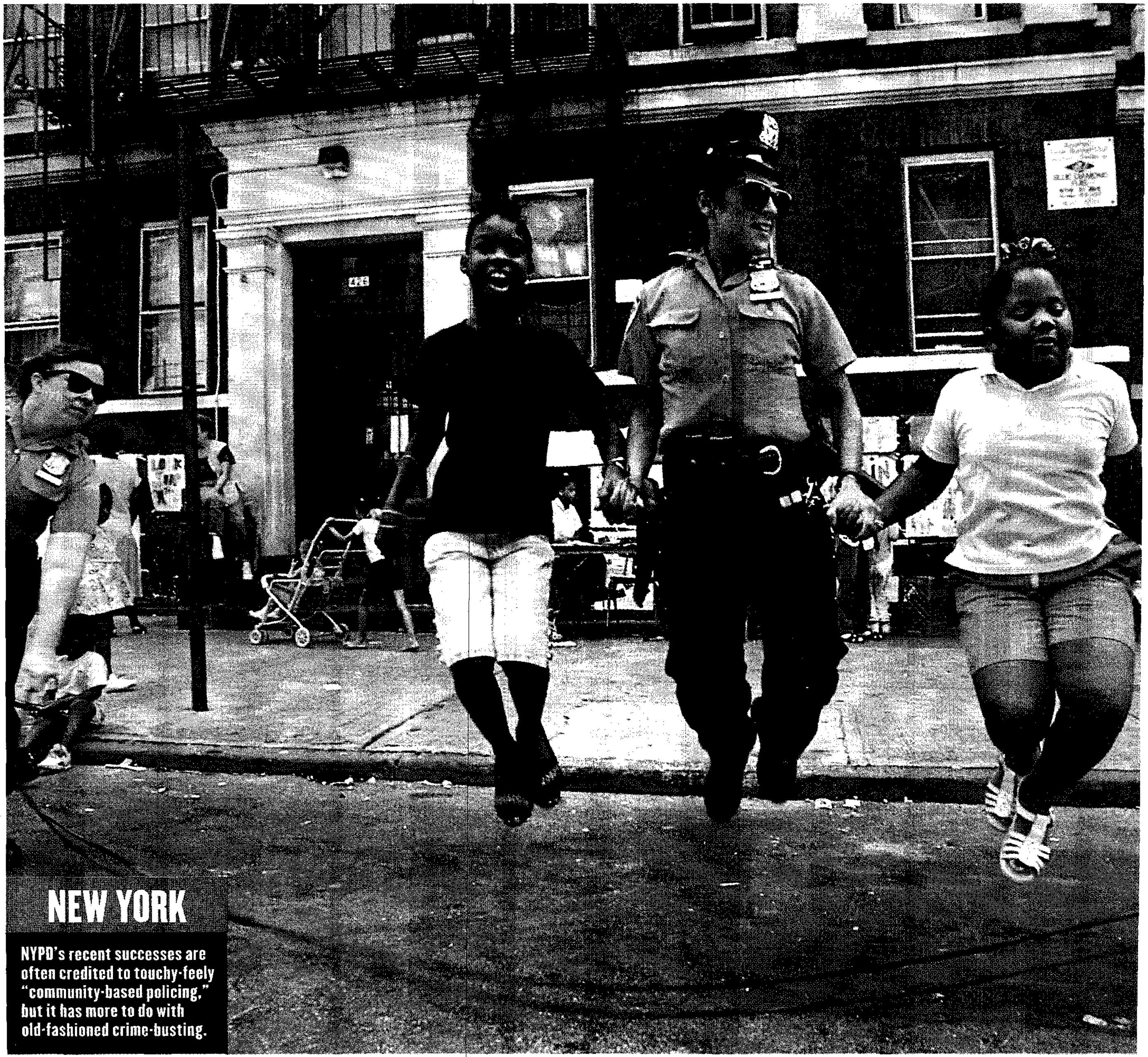


NEW YORK

NYPD's recent successes are often credited to touchy-feely "community-based policing," but it has more to do with old-fashioned crime-busting.

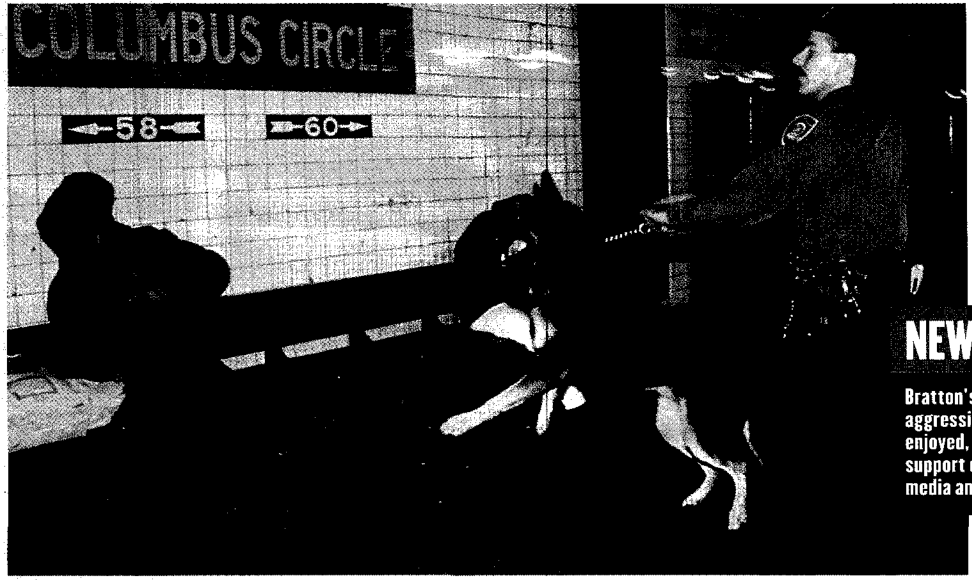
THE NYPD'S NEW METHODS HAVE THUS FAR BEEN AN UNQUA
DARYL GATES'S DEPARTMENT IN LOS ANGELES—AND WE KN

BAD COP

LOS ANGELES

LAPD was never shy about targeting certain neighborhoods—most of which happened to be minority neighborhoods.

SUCCESS. BUT "PROACTIVE POLICING" WAS PIONEERED BY HAT HAPPENED THERE. A CAUTIONARY TALE. BY DIANE K. SHAH



NEW YORK

Bratton's newly aggressive NYPD has enjoyed, so far, the support of both media and pols.

“THEY PRESENTED A CLEAN-CUT, POSITIVE IMA
SWAT WAS REPRESENTED ON TV—ALL THES

SIX YEARS AGO, LOS ANGELES POLICE SERGEANT PHIL TINGIRIDES was working narcotics detail in downtown L.A. With him was a visiting officer from the NYPD. When a man was spotted selling rock cocaine on a street corner, uniformed officers swarmed in to arrest him. The man tried to swallow the drug. The cops took him down and handcuffed him, as the visiting officer watched—dumbfounded.

“The New York cop couldn't believe it,” Tingirides recalls. “He said, ‘Man, if we tried to do that, the people in the neighborhood would jump us. That's how much respect we get.’ ”

How the tables have turned. Today, the officers of the NYPD are America's crime-fighting poster boys, with Police Commissioner William Bratton a hero. Bratton has seemingly made crime wither away on the New York landscape, and made it look easy—something so counterintuitive that it launched him right onto the cover of *Time* magazine. It also won his so-called community-based policing praise from President Clinton in the State of the Union Address. It got him a generous six-figure book advance. And maybe helped with that table at Elaine's.

Actually, though, New York's plummeting crime statistics have little to do with community-based policing, a warm-and-fuzzy buzzword that few understand and that, at any rate, has little to do with crime in the short run. It salves relations with the community by forging a patina of friendliness, but as any cop will tell you, patting a kid on the head on one block is not going to stop a dealer from peddling crack on the next.

No, what Bratton and his troops are practicing is old-fashioned, sharp-eyed, in-your-face policing. Target a troubled neighborhood quickly and precisely, flood it with cops and give them a mission: Sharpen your eyeballs and arrest anything that moves. Proactive policing it is called. And much of it has been borrowed from the now-demonized LAPD.

I know. I live there. And somewhere in this tale of two police departments lies an irony—if not a lesson. First, an irony.

“Bill was always telling me how much he'd like to work for LAPD,” says former police chief Daryl Gates. “He even applied for my job.”

Los Angeles would have been well served had it been able to hire Bratton, a commanding figure with a clear vision. But in the aftermath of Rodney King, the air over L.A. had grown thick with political smog. Instead of working to improve a police force that had often been cited as one of the best in the world—and one of the least corrupt—L.A.'s politicians and citizens set out to eviscerate it.

Bratton withdrew his job application, which was his good fortune, for if he had won the job, he would have spent the past year suffering the embarrassments wrought by the O. J. Simpson trial, the Mark Fuhrman tapes, and unending late-night-TV monologues. But the philosophy that has vaulted him to fame in New York isn't wildly different from what blew up in L.A.

“Through the eighties,” Bratton agrees, “LAPD was looked at as a professional model. As America began to grapple with the drug war, L.A. seemed to be a little further along than other departments. And it benefited from all those TV shows—*Adam -12, Dragnet, Police Story*—which presented a clean-cut, positive image.” Bratton smiles. “Even the way SWAT was represented on TV—all these clean-cut cops who busted down doors.”

But in the wake of the King video, the riots, and the fallout from the Simpson trial, those clean-cut cops are demoralized, their department a shambles, their new police chief suspect, their Police Academy crawling with dozens of reform-minded outside experts. More telling, arrest statistics have plunged dramatically in the past five years, from 290,000 in 1991 to 189,000 last year, despite the hiring of more officers. Traffic citations have dropped, too—by 232,000, even though the population has grown. LAPD brass insists the decline in arrests is a result of community policing, which emphasizes “problem-solving” over actual collars. But veteran cops scoff. “We call it ‘the Barney Wave,’ ” says one, alluding to the preschool purple dinosaur. “You drive down the street and wave.”

“Because of the high-profile cases, the extreme criticism of officers, and the lack of trust created by the media, we are fearful of doing our jobs,” says a now-dispirited Sergeant Tingirides. “We are not nearly as aggressive or proactive as we used to be. We tend not to see what we once did. ”

New York, of course, is a different city. It has more cops to deploy; in L.A., police were extra-aggressive to compensate for understaffing—one cop for every 400 citizens compared with one for every 195 here. And Bratton insists that in New York, “everyone's going to be treated equally. . . . There's no favoritism shown toward the white communities, and there's no large police presence in the minority communities.” But New York is still a city with waves of new immigrants, racial tensions, and a powerful media. It ignores Los Angeles at its peril. The line between proactive policing and harassment is thin, its success dependent upon media support and, at best, surface racial harmony. Both are fickle.

," SAYS BRATTON OF LAPD. "EVEN THE WAY LEAN-CUT COPS WHO BUSTED DOWN DOORS."

Even before I moved from New York to L.A., I knew to hate the LAPD—such was their haughty, iron-fisted reputation. And once I arrived, I began to hear stories—chilling stories about police harassment—from whites and females too. Then, in February 1991, on a magazine assignment, I found myself in the office of Police Chief Daryl Gates, depicted by the media as a scary, intolerant figure, who had once been called a Nazi by no less an Establishment fixture than Peter Ueberroth (he later swore he was misquoted).

Right away, I sensed something was amiss. Soft-spoken, thoughtful, and eager to answer all questions, Gates sounded no racist, sexist, or homophobic notes; at times he even advocated startlingly liberal themes, like pouring money into preschool programs in low-income areas. I grew suspicious. This was Hollywood, right? And Gates was giving a great performance.

I returned to his office two days after the King beating. He told me that he had watched the videotape 25 times and had actually become physically ill. "We don't train our officers to flog people," he said. "I thought that went out with the Civil War."

And I thought, *sure.*

That summer, I found myself co-writing Gates's memoirs. Lured by the prospect of getting a front-row seat to what surely would become a pivotal chapter in L.A. history, I was, nevertheless, filled with misgivings. Mostly what I knew about the police even then came from the daily bludgeoning they were receiving in the local press. One night, as a sort of crash course in the LAPD, I went on a ride-along with Sergeant Jack Hoar.

A twenty-year department veteran, Hoar was a thickly muscled six-footer who seemed straight out of central casting. He talked the talk, loved the streets, and—this being Tinsel Town—had appeared in the film *To Live and Die in L.A.*

Suddenly, on a dark, empty street, Hoar hit the brakes. Half an hour before, the owner of a market in Koreatown had been robbed at gunpoint. When we arrived at the scene, a uniformed officer reported that the tiny proprietess had wrestled one of the two robbers to the floor and sat on him until the police came. "My kind of woman," Sergeant Hoar sighed.

The second man, the one with the gun, had been described as a Latino wearing a blue shirt. Now, standing in the shadows of a parking lot was a young man who fit the description. As Hoar got out of the car and prepared to walk toward the man—who was inches shorter than Hoar and half his weight—what I saw in the sergeant's eyes was fear.

Hand on the butt of his gun, Hoar approached him. He patted him down. Then he stepped back and asked the kid several questions. Satisfied that this was not the robber, Hoar returned to the car.

Which is when it hit me in a flash.

A big, street-smart cop jittery when confronting a suspect half his size. A kid who will forever remember being hassled by the police, hassled because he was Latino.

I saw then how alienated the city was from the police, how the cops were as scared as the citizens, how the whole LAPD-*Dragnet* model had gone disastrously wrong.

"Just a few years ago," Gates says, "we were considered the best police department in the nation, and law-enforcement organizations from around the world sent their people to learn from us. Then came Rodney King, and the department became vulnerable to every attack imaginable."

It's not quite that simple. The LAPD's aggressive policing had begun to run afoul of the press and the liberal Establishment years before Rodney King. Choke-hold incidents, officer-involved shootings. The relationship worsened over time.

The proactive tactics were largely born of necessity. Behind the Hollywood image stood a tiny department with never enough officers to serve its big, sprawling city, a department always forced to do more with less. To compensate, in the fifties, it developed its aggressive style. Someone doesn't look quite right, or is acting strangely, you stop him, question him, maybe prevent a crime from happening. Even in the heat of summer, patrol officers rolled slowly through the streets with their windows down, ears and eyes peeled for trouble.

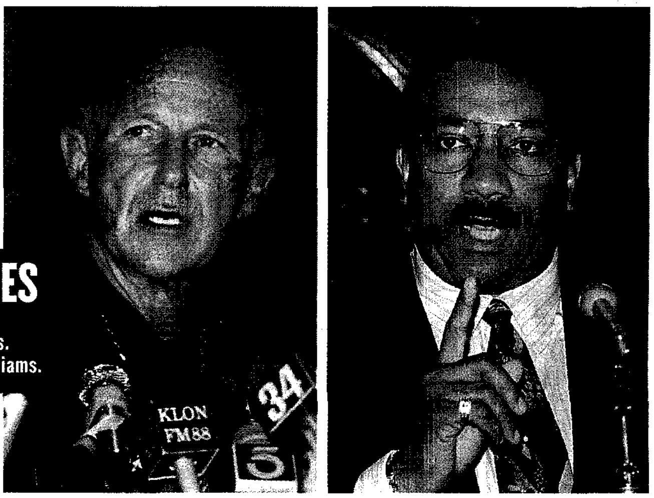
"We had this spirit," Captain Jim Tatreau remembers. "We were always deficient in manpower and equipment, but we were proud of the department and we wanted to do well."

For decades, the LAPD faced the kind of budget crunch that is now commonplace across the country, including in New York, and the cops had to be creative. In the late sixties, for instance, when Gates, then a deputy chief, masterminded the invention of SWAT, the team members cobbled together their own equipment and used street sets on the Universal back lot to practice their moves. In 1983, when Gates, then the chief, and the L.A. school district devised D.A.R.E.—a drug-education program taught by cops in schools—Mayor Tom Bradley refused to authorize funding. Gates raised some money privately and covertly assigned ten cops to the classroom. Only when the program was deemed a success did the City Council—over Bradley's objections—fork over some money.

It refused, however, to grant the funds that Gates requested to upgrade his crime lab. "If we don't do something soon," he repeatedly warned the council, "this will come back to haunt us." (Which of course it did, during the Simpson trial.)

Joseph De Ladurantey, now the police chief in suburban Torrance, was the captain Gates put in charge of the lab. "We were forced to engage in these conspiracies," De Ladurantey recalls. "We'd arrest dope dealers and you had only 48 hours before an arraignment. The dope wasn't getting analyzed in time. The equipment was antiquated and the number of people insufficient. You had dope stacked up in the hall. So we held a press conference: 'We're being forced to kick loose 40

(continued on page 35)



LOS ANGELES

Old chief: Daryl Gates.
New chief: Willie Williams.

THE NYPD GURU

WITH FOCUS GROUPS AND ZEN EPIGRAMS, $1,500-A-DAY CONSULTANT JOHN LINDER HELPED WILLIAM BRATTON REINVENT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND NOW IS TRYING TO DO THE SAME WITH THE CITY'S CHILD WELFARE AGENCY. IS THIS ANY WAY TO RUN A BUREAUCRACY? BY CHRIS SMITH

On the second floor of City Hall is the Public Hearing Chamber. Everything about the room is as admirably direct as its name. From the carpet—a proudly synthetic deep-blue pile measled by dozens of garish yellow city seals—to the mammoth imitation-Goya oil portrait of Henry Clay glowering into the distance, the room is ugly, no doubt about it. But every detail serves—no, shouts—one message: *Power.*

Two rows of straight-backed wooden pews face the stage at the room's east end, and as they fill on this frigid February morning, the human parade of clout announces itself as loudly as the décor. There's Paul Crotty, the city's dour chief lawyer. Behind him is John Timoney, No. 2 in the Police Department. Near the back slumps deposed power: Kathryn Croft, until very recently the head of the city's abysmal Child Welfare Administration.

This is the public launching of the campaign to salvage CWA—rechristened as the Administration for Children's Services, its fourth name since the sixties. Today's ceremony installs Croft's replacement: Bearlike former prosecutor Nicholas Scoppetta. Last to arrive is the mightiest of all, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. The TV cameras flick on their lights. The speeches begin.

THE SEEKER

John Linder's first task is to locate and bring forward "underactivated values" in an organization.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO
FOR *NEW YORK*

No one photographs the man who'll have the most to say about fixing the child-welfare system. He's sitting quietly in the third pew from the front, wearing an understated navy suit. He applauds when the mayor speaks movingly of Elisa Izquierdo, the 6-year-old girl whose death in November pushed Giuliani to the microphone today.

SCOPPETTA IS NEXT. IT'S HIS CHANCE TO MAKE A bold first impression, to rally the public and inspire his new team.

Instead, Scoppetta thanks the law-firm partners he's abandoning. The man in the third row stiffens slightly.

But finally, at the end of his remarks, Scoppetta stretches for a bit of the vision thing, trying to connect his life to that of the shattered 6-year-old buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery: Scoppetta, visibly uncomfortable, recalls when he was a boy and poverty forced him into the city's foster-care system. "Sometimes it's necessary to redefine what a family is," he says. "When I went to the Woodycrest group home, it changed my life. The community became involved, and it saved me. More people in this city are going to have to ask what you can do to change the lives of people in need."

The man in the third row nods. He rewrote that passage.

After the ceremony, TV cameras encircle Scoppetta. The navy-suited man, whose name is John Linder, glides unmolested past the media cluster, headed back to a conference room at 80 Lafayette Street to continue quizzing ACS managers. What Linder hears—and what he recommends to Scoppetta—may go a long way toward determining how many more Elisa Izquierdos are to be buried in tiny coffins.

"LINDER PUT THESE GUYS THROUGH A BUREAUC
PROBLEM, AND YOU HAD TO RECOUNT FOR EVER

JOHN LINDER IS THE MOST POWERFUL UNKNOWN FORCE IN CITY GOVernment. At $1,500 a day—more than the mayor, more than the governor, more, even, than a public-school custodian—he's also the highest-paid. Linder's title is "management consultant," but he's really a new sort of political operative, a bureaucratic visionary.

Even as he helped steer the biggest success of Giuliani's first two years in office, the astonishing turnaround of the Police Department, Linder has fought hard to remain invisible. But when Elisa Izquierdo's death exposed, once again, the fatal anarchy of the child-welfare system—and generated a torrent of bad press for Giuliani—the mayor needed to show he could transfer the Police Department's magic to another city agency. His first public move was to hire "reengineering" wizard John Linder.

Scoppetta, the boss, came later. It is Linder who will shine a flashlight into the dank corners of the bureaucracy, then design a plan to clean them up.

"John is simply the best at what he does," says Bill Bratton. Just what Linder does is mysterious, however, even to the police commissioner. "It's awful to admit," he says with a laugh, "that after working with John five years, I still can't pronounce what he does."

"The only way to describe John's work," says Linder's best friend, the writer David Quammen, "is that he whispers into the ears of the powerful."

THE FOOD IS PRETTY GOOD AT FORLINI'S, BUT PEOPLE COME TO THE Baxter Street restaurant for the talk, not the ravioli. Forlini's is the lunchtime clubhouse of defense lawyers and deputy chiefs. Today is promotion day in the Police Department, so at one table, six newly minted sergeants in full dress blues are celebrating with spaghetti.

John Linder hustles to a red leather banquette in the back room. He's coming straight from Bratton's office, where's he's part of the brain trust plotting NYPD strategy for 1996. Linder, 46, has the taut intensity of a terrier. Above his ears, tightly curled black hair is speckled with gray, as if he'd brushed against a newly painted wall on the way into the restaurant.

For a man who makes his living listening, Linder is stunningly prolix. When the conversation shifts to how overwhelmed, demoralized caseworkers can be taught to protect battered little children, Linder begins talking about Buddhism. "As the Dalai Lama says, Buddhism is a science of mind in which, if you see clearly, you don't need to believe. If you see what *is.* I think the process of 'seeing what is' is critical to freeing people to function without preconditioning, without fear, and without obstacle."

Sure, Linder will attack the paperwork glut at child welfare. Ultimately, though, he wants to cleanse the agency's soul—to get its workers to see what *is.*

"I would have probably picked John to be a Jesuit priest," says Quammen, an award-winning nature writer who has known Linder since their youth in suburban Cincinnati. "He was very serious religiously, and he was involved in the Liturgy and some of the church stuff they did at our high school. He tutored ghetto kids."

When Linder was 13, a sudden heart attack killed his father, and his tidy notion of virtue and evil was jolted. "Both my parents were social workers," Linder says. "My father worked for Catholic charities in Cincinnati. When he died he was head of investigations and counseling for the domestic-relations court in Cincinnati." His mother was remarried, to a former Jesuit who was also one of Linder's high-school teachers, then soon divorced. "I hit the point where being part of the church didn't make any sense to me," Linder says.

He has spent much of his life since then trying to construct a cleanly rational faith he can use to bend the world toward perfection. As an English major at Columbia, Linder found direction in the writing of philosopher William James, the popularizer of pragmatism.

"James wrote an essay called 'The Will to Believe,' " Linder says. "It argues that—James having been a depressive and immobilized for many years—the thing which people need, that is a prerequisite for being functional and effective, is belief. And therefore he postulated that if you make an act of will to believe, then you will be able to function.

"And I always thought that James kind of had it backwards, that the essay should have been entitled 'The Belief to Will'—that if you have belief, then you have the capability of willing in a concerted and effective way. And I think that's true in groups of people. If you can reach a group of people on a belief level, it's the source of their energy. If you can find that core value, they'll run through walls for you."

Looking around Forlini's, at the cops toasting their new promotions, it's hard not to wonder if a fatter paycheck isn't all the core value anyone needs.

THE THEORY, FAMOUSLY SHORTHANDED AS "BROKEN WINDOWS," originated with two conservative professors, James Q. Wilson and George L. Kelling: Let nuisance crimes like graffiti and pub-

FRONT MEN

Linder with the NYPD's Bill Bratton and Nicholas Scoppetta, the new head of Children's Services.

TIC AA MEETING. YOU HAD TO ADMIT YOU HAD A NE ELSE HOW...SERIOUS IT WAS," MILLER SAYS.

lic urination go unpunished, and soon rapists and drug dealers flourish. Giuliani and Bratton provided the political muscle to turn the theory into policy. Street-tested cops like Jack Maple, Lou Anemone, John Timoney, and Mike Farrell translated the policy into gritty practice—patrols, searches, interrogations.

So what was left for John Linder to do?

Bratton credits Linder with some tangible discoveries—that the NYPD was dangerously short of sergeants, for instance. And there are mountains of Linder-written reports, strategies, memos. But Bratton doesn't cite any of that stuff when groping to pinpoint Linder's main contribution. "The process," Bratton ventures vaguely. "Two years ago"—that is, pre-Bratton—"the NYPD, like the emperor, had no clothes. This was an organization that was living on reputation."

Unfortunately, too few cops shared the new commissioner's low opinion. So Linder led officers through an almost Maoist self-criticism, toward the realization they were deluding themselves. He created twelve groups—"reengineering teams," in Linder's lingo—to dissect everything from drug-arrest procedures to the way cops direct traffic.

"We forced them to come to a conclusion that 'Hey, we're not as good as we thought we were,' " Bratton says. "What began to develop in these structured environments that John kind of pollinated was that each team found significant fault with the organization. So we created the crisis. And with that crisis, you can then move the organization to reposition itself."

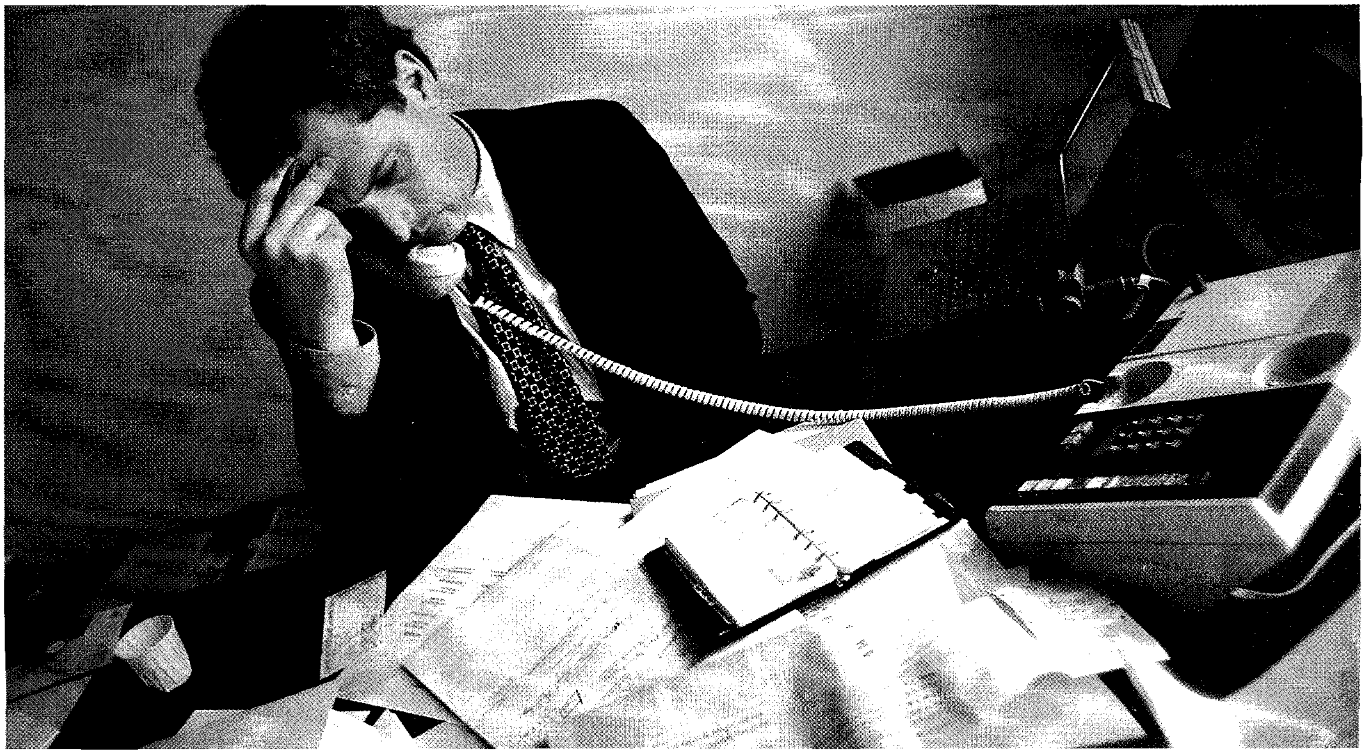
Linder calls his system to identify and manipulate the "key cultural trait" of organizations by a trademarked, Orwell-bland name: Performance Marketing Communications. Linder can be charming, but mostly he speaks with a technocratic confidence reminiscent of JFK's hard-eyed best-and-brightest boys. His goal: "Cultural change to produce a high-performance culture. I use focus groups to discover underactivated values in an organization. Then you operationalize those values by connecting them in concrete ways to the purposes of a strong leader."

His research—the "Cultural Diagnostic"—includes a minutely detailed survey plumbing workers' attitudes toward their jobs. Then Linder leads focus groups, where he promises anonymity in exchange for uncensored opinions. Next come "reengineering teams"; they churn out suggestions for change. Standard modern-management stuff—but Linder has been able to use it to move hardened hearts and suspicious minds.

John Miller, NYPD spokesman during Bratton's early tenure as commissioner, says that cops, trained to defend the department's image, detested Linder's therapy. "They hated the idea that you had to say it out loud. Linder put these guys through a bureaucratic AA meeting. You had to admit you had a problem, and you had to recount for everyone else in the group how long you'd had the problem and how serious it was."

The reengineering teams generated 600 practical crime-fighting ideas, Bratton says; many of those ideas found their way into seven strategy reports, written by Linder. The reports were handsomely bound into pocket-size pamphlets and 125,000 copies were distributed.

Bratton readily admits that few of the troops actually *read* the booklets. Reading was never the point. The seven strategies, Jack Maple's pin-mapping of crime hot spots, the bolder NYPD logo—their purpose is mood as much as direct utility. Creating the feeling that Bratton is everywhere, and



“IT'S GOING TO BE A HELLACIOUS FEW MONTH
THIS AGENCY CAN BE TURNED AROUND IN SIX

that the department's priority is catching crooks, not avoiding scandal—that was Linder's mission.

Police executives who were booted out by the Bratton regime offer a harsher assessment of Linder's role. “He's a spin guy,” says a former top cop. “Under John's theory, you paint everything that went on before as bad. Therefore, you tear it down and change whatever you can change. You change the light-blue shirts to dark-blue shirts; that's a Linder deal—and cops pay for their uniforms, so it doesn't cost the city.”

And when some of Linder's motivational carrots didn't work, they were backed up with old-fashioned stick-whackings. Bratton and Maple instituted Comstat, a blistering monthly cross-examination, after merely printing the new, Linder-written anti-gun strategy didn't alter habits. “Bratton and Maple questioned cops case by case, and made sure they were actually doing everything according to the strategies,” Miller says. “So, guess what? Everybody began to follow along.” Managers who didn't were fired or demoted, which also helped.

Still, by the fuzzy criterion of improved atmosphere, Linder has been extremely effective. “Bratton and his people have smoked out all the guys who were doing nothing in hidey-holes,” says one Brooklyn sergeant. “The spirit is so much better.”

Yet Linder is a realist. He knows all his work improving attitudes is extremely fragile. Long before February's brawl between Giuliani and the PBA over contract arbitration, Linder was warning that cultural change doesn't pay a cop's Long Island mortgage. The consultant himself didn't have to worry about the city deficit holding up his paycheck; Bratton arranged for the private Police Foundation to hand Linder $137,500 for his initial work. “A bargain,” Bratton argues.

TALKING CURE

To change attitudes, Linder uses Socratic questioning techniques.

Linder obsesses about a second unfinished piece of the crime puzzle. Without it, he believes, the NYPD's new anti-narcotics campaign might be hamstrung. “The key difficulty is, how do you connect police activity to the community's willingness to help themselves, in a way that has real impact and doesn't get people in the community killed?”

Recent focus groups with working-class residents of Bushwick and the South Bronx have told Linder that the avalanche of happy press about falling crime statistics hasn't melted their skepticism about cops.

How does Linder envision changing what he calls “the racial valence”? More minority cops? Residency requirements?

“Paid communications,” Linder says. “You do it on television. You can reach everybody. You have to hit them at a feeling level more than at a cognitive level to do anything.”

Better race relations . . . through TV commercials?

“I think the police need to see, taste, and feel the passion of a woman from Bushwick who's got three kids and doesn't want her kids exposed to drug dealers, guns, and gunshots,” Linder says. “And I think that woman needs to see, taste, hear, and feel the thousands of police officers who feel exactly the same way.”

Connecting the law-abiding is smart. But if Linder is going to do it on TV, he'll need round-the-clock coverage.

LINDER ASKS A WAITER AT SPARKS STEAKHOUSE FOR GEORGE DICKEL whiskey. He developed his taste for manly liquor in Montana. Linder went there to write speeches for the governor, after a job writing speeches for the governor of Ohio, after graduating from Columbia in 1971.

Montana reunited Linder with his old pal Quammen, and introduced him to new buddies like wild-woman writer E. Jean Carroll. Quitting politics, Linder moved to a remote lakeside cabin and wrote a novel. He emerged from the woods in 1985 and headed to New York to find a publisher, paying the rent with a job as a freelance copy editor at *Penthouse*.

The novel's protagonist was a son trying to find his way after his father's death; Linder gave the character the surname Vianney. "The real Jean Vianney was a nineteenth-century French priest, the parish priest of the village of Ars," Linder says. "He was a very saintly man who at night was reputed to have wrestled with the Devil." Linder sips some of his cocktail. "I think I was named for John the Baptist, but I like Jean Vianney more." Linder never did get the novel published.

A different hell—the subway—first joined Linder and Bratton. Then–MTA chairman Robert Kiley hired Linder as a consultant in 1986, later promoting him to director of marketing. Subway ridership had been sliding since 1970. Sixteen billion dollars bought graffiti-free, air-conditioned trains and tighter schedules; the subway's reputation was slower to improve.

Linder had been steeping himself in the leadership theories of mainstream business-school professors like Edgar Schein and in the values-manipulation techniques of social psychologist Milton Rokeach. Linder got his chance to test his behavior-modification theories with the 1990 arrival of Bratton, another student of management innovation, as transit-police chief.

Bratton provided the leadership, stressing arrests for turnstile jumping. Linder added the music: Transit cops felt they were the poor cousins of the NYPD, so Linder pushed for snazzier uniforms and powerful 9-mm. pistols, to make the transit police feel like "real cops."

O GET EVERYTHING TO CRITICAL MASS. BUT WELVE MONTHS. AND IF IT'S NOT, IT WON'T BE."

Subway riders were a tougher sell. "Just giving them the facts—that only 3 percent of crime occurred in the subway—didn't work," Linder says. "Perception always lags reality."

Instead, he appealed to their vanity. "People told us riding the subway was part of being a real New Yorker," Linder says. So he played on that pride in a $4 million ad campaign, capping it with the TV spots that launched Bratton as a media star. Subway ridership increased 9.7 percent over the next three years.

THE SKY ABOVE CORRALES, NEW MEXICO, IS SO BIG and so blue that all seems right with the world. Linder moved to this village of one-acre lots and gorgeous $400,000 adobes three years ago, when his wife, a radiologist, joined the staff of an Albuquerque hospital (the couple has an 18-month-old daughter). One Wednesday last November, a TV news blurb from New York caught Linder's eye: An ashen-faced Giuliani, at a funeral. A battered little girl. Soon Bratton's office was faxing Linder newspaper clips about the death of Elisa Izquierdo.

Linder started work three weeks later, summoning employees from across the city for two days of focus groups. "You have to talk to the people who are actually doing the work first," he says, "before you can know how much the people at the top are lying."

The sessions frequently spilled past their two allotted hours, as caseworkers, managers, and supervisors vented their rage. "The groups told me that the best people are profoundly motivated to do the job that they have," Linder says. "It's already a painful job, but it's made more so by systems that are put in place to try to manipulate them from afar and not really give them the authority, capability, and resources to do the job."

Linder didn't know yet how to give them those things. But he had a clear idea of which symbolic chords to play.

"The philosophy [of ACS] first, last, and always has to be the protection of children," the mayor declared in January, in his State of the City speech. Linder says protecting children was the core value that quickly surfaced in his focus groups—but that Giuliani selected the mission without any help from him.

"PROTECT CHILDREN?" SAYS AN ACS FIELD-OFFICE SUPERVISOR, HER voice rippling with incredulity. "I've been in this agency 27 years, and that's *always* been our mission."

Cynicism is perhaps the wrong word to describe the attitude of ACS employees about the promised reorganization; *hard-earned weariness* might be more accurate. They've been studied, task-forced, centralized, decentralized, and investigated nearly nonstop for the past two decades, with more than 50 thick reports compiled and promptly forgotten. "Nothing changes," says a foster-care worker, "except to get worse."

Imagine keeping daily track of every person in Atlantic City—by hand. That's the equivalent of what foster-care workers, who supervise 43,000 boys and girls throughout the five boroughs, try to do. Legally required forms stack about one inch high for each year of each child's life. Computers, 4,474 of them, are supposed to be installed by September. "We've been hearing about computers for, oh, ten years," says a senior staff member in a Brooklyn field office, rolling her eyes. "I'd just like my own phone."

The agency is incapable of providing basic supplies, despite a $1.2 billion budget. One caseworker describes cutting the logo from a scavenged piece of city stationery, pasting it to a blank sheet of paper, and Xeroxing hundreds of pages at her own expense to create semi-official-looking documents. "You get to court and they look at one of these records that's made on toilet paper and they laugh at you," says a social worker. "That's the reputation of this agency."

Linder won't have to spend any time manufacturing a sense of crisis at CWA. Casework is a permanent crisis. A woman we'll call Marie recalls a trip to the Coney Island Houses, to visit one of the 30 families on her caseload (double the maximum experts say caseworkers should handle). After climbing twelve flights of ominously dark stairs, she found three hungry children and an empty refrigerator. The youngest girl's two black eyes cinched Marie's decision.

On the street, this time trying to corral the petrified little girl, Marie searched for twenty minutes to find a functional pay phone. Next came a two-hour wait on a desolate corner of Surf Avenue while her supervisor navigated the paperwork necessary to call a car service. Taking the subway isn't allowed. Marie's salary for this war-zone work is $26,000.

Since February 12, when Scoppetta officially took control of ACS, Linder's been busy, from vetting Scoppetta's choice for chief of staff to attempting to untangle the multiple 800 numbers for child-abuse complaints. "The systems are a tremendous problem—bigger than in the PD," Linder says, exhaling a deep sigh. "And the systemic problems are more far-reaching, because much of it is beyond the control of the agency." This isn't Pandora's box Linder is opening—it's her warehouse.

First he tackled eight days of meetings with 42 senior managers. Cutting through the obtuse titles—"Director, Sibling Unification," "Director, Emergency Children's Services/Pre-Placement"—Linder tried to discover what people actually do.

Low-key but blunt, Linder fired questions: "How do you define the mission? What are your goals? What's in the way of progress against the mission? And what are the outcomes that you have measured and tracked? What are the key pieces of rules, regulations, statutes, and case law that pertain to your operation? Please recite them. What good do they do you and what ill?' ” Linder has two purposes. “It's a good way to find out what's going on,” he says, “as well as see how strong individual people are.”

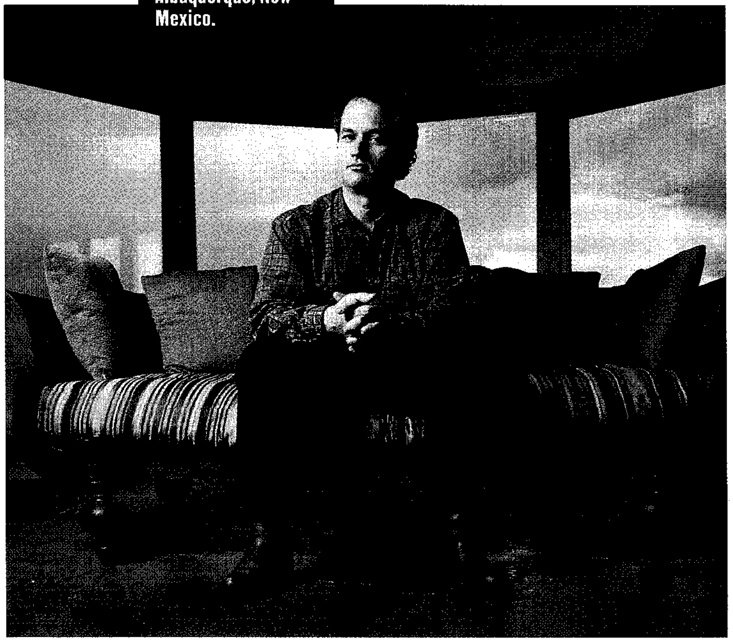
While some of them impress him, the pervasive mindset is troubling. “Right now,” Linder says, “the agency is a place that is very process-focused. Same thing the PD was.” He assumes a Lettermanesque dumb-guy voice to imitate a bureaucrat's rote monologue. “ ‘Oh, well, we're supposed to do this, we're not supposed to do that. It's in the regulations.' ”

Switching to the other side of the conversation, Linder's words bristle. “*What is your business? Why are you here?* I'm not surprised by that attitude; it's symptomatic of public agencies that exist to keep from getting yelled at. The bigger issue is, *What am I trying to get done here?*”

Linder's influence depends on letting the politicians take credit, so he quickly adds that he's merely a technician. “I'm basically creating the framework within which Nick will make decisions,” Linder says. “I'm not gonna make the decisions.” Years ago, he let his ego get in the way. “After that experience, someone said to me, ‘You are like a master plumber, who has golden tools, who can remove the filth and sludge from the water system of a house and restore healthy, free-flowing water.' She said, ‘Your problem is that you want to own the house.' And at that time, whether I was the sine qua non in a situation was an important issue to me.” His tone is that of a sworn penitent. “It no longer is.”

RETREAT

When not consulting in New York, Linder lives in an adobe house in a suburb of Albuquerque, New Mexico.



TELEVISION COMMERCIALS AREN'T YET PART OF Linder's plan for ACS, but he's mulling ways to promote civic republicanism. “Changing the culture inside the organization requires changing the culture outside the organization, as to what do we as a city do about this?” Linder says. “What if we need 15,000 more families to adopt kids? How are we gonna get them? First, we have to work on the nuts and bolts of the agency. But ultimately, the final movement of this has to do with changing external perceptions and working on the external-values hierarchy, to change the behavior of people on a more widespread basis.”

Child-welfare commissioners are notorious for sprinting from the spotlight. So it was startling to see Scoppetta front and center—voluntarily—at a February press conference, praising a Good Samaritan who'd found a neighbor's son covered with burns and bruises and phoned the cops. A skeptic would dismiss the event as a photo op. But a skeptic might not recognize the effect on the “external values hierarchy.” Deriding elements of Linder's work as slick public relations misses the point. Moving an inert bureaucracy like ACS requires sophisticated salesmanship, no matter how much you refine the agency's hardware.

“It's going to be a hellacious few months to get everything to critical mass,” Linder says. “But this organization can be turned around in six to twelve months. And if it's not, it won't be.”

By May, Linder plans to complete the Cultural Diagnostic (for eight months, he'll be paid about $150,000, solicited from private foundations; he stresses that the amount includes expenses). Already he's identified one way to raise standards: requiring caseworkers to speak English before they graduate from the agency's training academy. “Do we need a consultant to tell us to change that?” Scoppetta says. “Well, the agency wasn't doing it before.”

In the Police Department, pre-Bratton, the narcotics squad went home at 6 P.M. No more. Linder is pushing similar structural changes at ACS. “They come to work at nine in the morning, but the complaints don't start rolling in till the afternoon, and then at four o'clock, the complaints get turfed to a part of the department that's only got 100 people in it,” Linder says. “And the whole rest of the department goes home.”

Linder is transplanting one tactic from the NYPD—the centralized monthly grillings of supervisors and middle managers. The child-welfare equivalent of Comstat hasn't yet been given a media-friendly name but it will be up and running in April. Scoppetta has also endorsed another of Linder's favorite devices: An agency newsletter, which will start flowing from headquarters this spring. There will be howls of laughter when caseworkers receive yet another piece of paper.

More important is a Linder suggestion to redistribute the responsibilities of field workers. Currently, the same people who ask tough questions while investigating child-abuse complaints also provide more nurturing social-work services. “Those two functions bring very different reactions out of clients,” Scoppetta says. “John was able to pluck that idea out of a ton of information.”

Those kinds of changes, however, provoke growling noises from the social workers' union. The union is thrilled that Linder is seeking out the wisdom of the lower ranks, but less enthusiastic about what he seems to be doing with the information. “Linder is going to eliminate paperwork? He can't. It's mandated by the state legislature,” says Linda Schleicher, a top union official. “And we've heard that they want a certain category of supervisors to run new in-service training units. If Linder and Scoppetta want to implement something, then they have to deal with us. Certainly Giuliani has made the agency a personal issue, so it's possible things will improve. But if Linder tries to use corporate techniques here, he's dead.”

Down at One Police Plaza, cops who've worked with Linder cite his true belief that he can change the world. One cop thinks Linder's zeal is traceable to time spent studying for the priesthood. “They tease me about being in the seminary, but I wasn't; they must be confused about me going to a Jesuit high school,” Linder says, smiling. “But I *have* always liked to think I'm doing God's work.” Fix child welfare and he'll deserve sainthood. ▬

GOOD COP, BAD COP

continued from page 29

dealers a day,' we said. Within a week we got what we wanted. Well, *some* of what we wanted."

Few people outside the department were aware of the material deficiencies. Bratton recalls his surprise when, on a visit to L.A. in 1980, he got a glimpse of some chinks in the LAPD armor. "The behind-the-scenes reality was somewhat different than what you saw out front," he says. "They were spending a lot of money building their new emergency command center, because if I remember correctly, they were losing a million 911 calls a year. I spent some time on patrol, and while everybody looked professional and the cars were neat and clean, they were very old cars. The facilities were pretty beat up, too."

Still, despite the gang violence and the proliferation of drugs and guns, the LAPD shone. During the 1984 Summer Olympics, the department was credited with keeping the city crime-free and—talk about magic—the streets nearly traffic-free.

Ironically, two days after the King incident, as the videotape was first being aired on CNN, President Bush was addressing a conference on violence at the White House. "If you want to look at an all-American hero," George Bush declared, "then look at Police Chief Daryl F. Gates."

THAT SUMMER, UNDER FIRE, GATES ANNOUNCED HE would retire, and Bratton, then New York's chief transit cop, saw his chance to move up to the big time. "They got down to about eleven candidates," Bratton remembers, "and then I stepped out of it."

Bratton, an outsider, had underestimated the fury that the King beating had unleashed in the community. "I can see they are determined to get a black chief," he finally told Gates, and promptly withdrew his application.

"The emphasis on getting a black chief was very interesting," Bratton reflects, "because the blacks are, what—12 percent of the population?"

They are 13 percent, according to the 1990 census. Latinos make up 40 percent (though counting illegal aliens, they are probably a majority), whites 36 percent, and Asians 10. But these percentages reflect the demographics neither of the city's power structure nor of its criminals. From 1973 until 1993, L.A.'s mayor Tom Bradley empowered the black community, giving it a presence out of proportion to its size. It was no secret that Bradley, who had once been an LAPD lieutenant, disliked the department and its tactics, and so did his well-to-do liberal supporters. That L.A.'s ethnic groups tended to live in large, distinct ghettoes made it easy for the police to be characterized, and perceived, as an invading army. The police *did* focus on these regions, because allocating extra police to high-crime areas is one of the watchwords of proactive policing.

The minority neighborhoods were, of course, the high-crime areas—the crime reports showed it. "But we can't write that," Gates told me.

Two and a half years after the King incident, the LAPD was still operating under a cloak of racial suspicion. One evening I joined two uniformed officers at a coffee shop during their dinner break. One asked with real emotion, "Why can't people understand? When we're chasing a suspect, we don't give a damn what color his skin is. We care that he's breaking the law."

It sounded like more of the party line, but by then I had met so many cops who had uttered the same earnest-seeming plea that I was starting to believe them. I had also become friends with a number of officers, and at our social occasions—unlike the ones with my liberal friends—I had never heard an ethnic slight; indeed, most of the cop parties were racially mixed.

But presumptions of thoroughgoing racism continue. At the heart of them lies one inescapable fact: The police go where the criminals are. And today, an overwhelming majority of the city's major crimes are committed by blacks and Latinos. The gangs are black and Latino, too, with increased Asian and now some Armenian activity. So the question arises: How do you send the police into ethnic neighborhoods and not be accused of racism?

One solution is to assign ethnic officers to the troubled neighborhoods, which is a form of racism itself. The LAPD, operating under a federal consent decree to make the department's ethnic composition reflect the community's, is now 15 percent black, making it the only department in the nation's fifteen largest cities to field a higher percentage of blacks than are in the population.

So far, the quotas have had little evident effect. Some months ago, Chief Willie Williams, who is black, was speaking in South Central. Angry residents accused him, as they once did Gates, of sending in police to harass the citizens. Replied Williams, "I will send my officers wherever crimes are being committed."

It has hardly helped that many whites are wary of the LAPD, too. Unlike New Yorkers, who can go a lifetime without ever dealing with a cop, almost every Angeleno gets stopped sooner or later for a traffic violation.

"A big part of our training is a keen sense of officer safety," says Commander Charles Dinse. "So whenever you pull someone over, you put that person at a disadvantage, giving us the advantage. I would argue that an officer must have a sense of who's a threat. But that isn't always the case."

William Rathburn, who left the department five years ago to become chief in Dallas, and who now heads up security for the Olympics in Atlanta, says, "LAPD was quick to prone people out, something you rarely see in Dallas. I think they pushed the balance toward officer safety at the expense of the citizen. I remember how we would be investigating something and we would make people sit on the curb. Some blacks found that demeaning. But it had nothing to do with race, believe me. We did it because it gave us greater control."

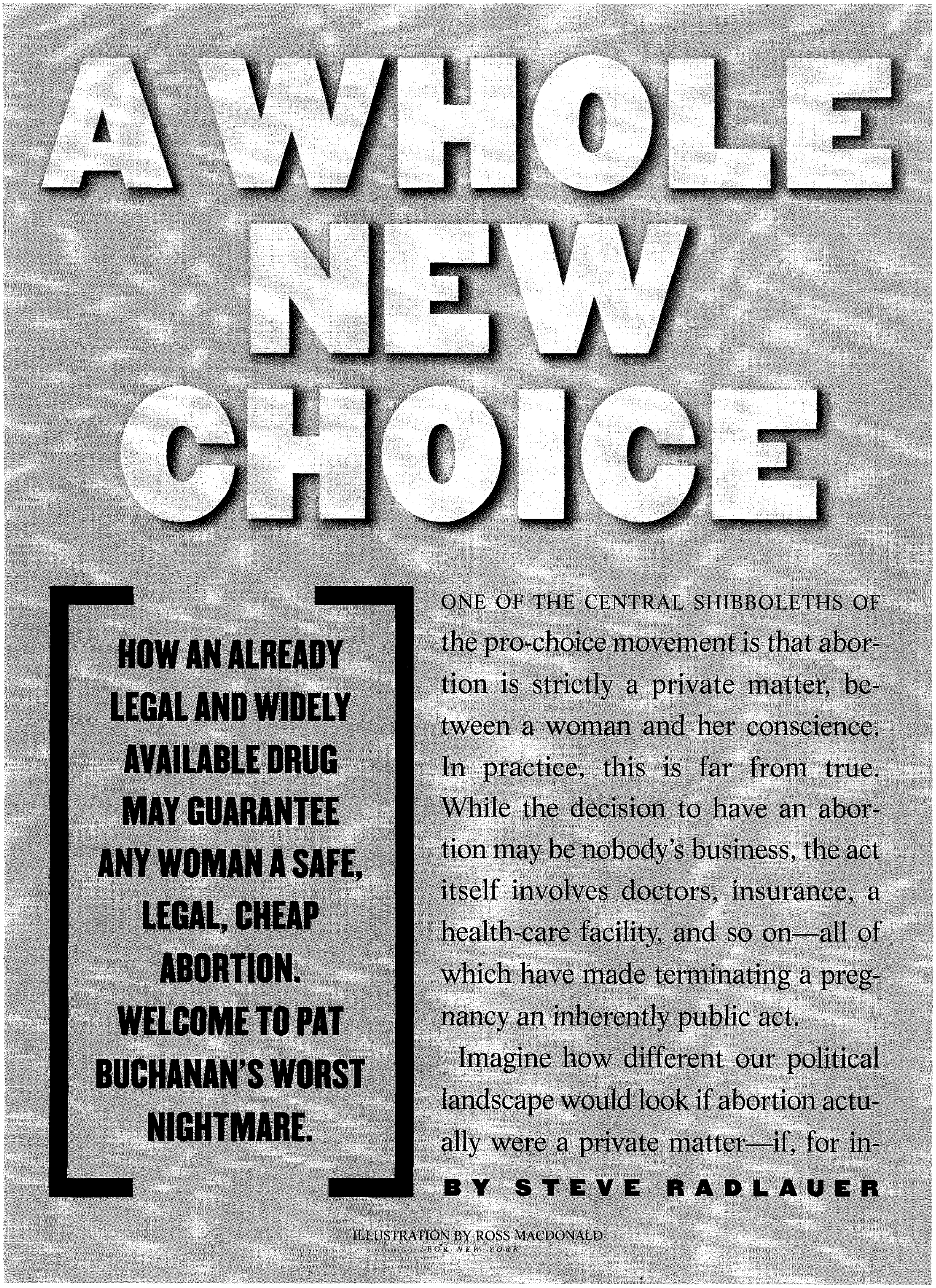
In New York, Bratton says, "This police force is being told to go out and do something, but do it the right way, don't do it brutally." Still, civilian complaints of police misconduct were up 12 percent in 1995 compared with the year before.

In the LAPD's case, though, every police incident—whether mildly overzealous or completely over the top—seemed to hurt the department. The L.A. *Times* routinely trumpeted LAPD errors. Bratton, basking in his crime numbers, hasn't had to face this. The public, the media, and even—in his wildly mercurial fashion—the mayor, have been largely behind him.

Bratton is aware of how fragile such an alliance can be. "It's hard to understand why certain cases attract publicity," he muses. "Lots of times it's dependent on the media savvy of the individuals who might be involved, usually attorneys. If you've got the right attorney with the right connection to the right reporter, you can make a story. When you have a department with 38,000 employees, you're going to occasionally have somebody who does the wrong thing."

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE RODNEY KING, AND THE LAPD IS A BROKEN department. Many officers feel abandoned by their leaders and their city, and more than 900 have quit in the past two years. In a desperate and rather pathetic attempt to keep the troops from fleeing, the City Council passed an ordinance requiring recruits who leave the department within five years to repay the city $58,600—the cost of their academy training.

Asked if it is true that cops no longer drive with their windows down, Sergeant Tingirides is blunt. "Nope. Windows up, air-conditioning on." And—oh, yes—the Barney Wave. ■



A WHOLE NEW CHOICE

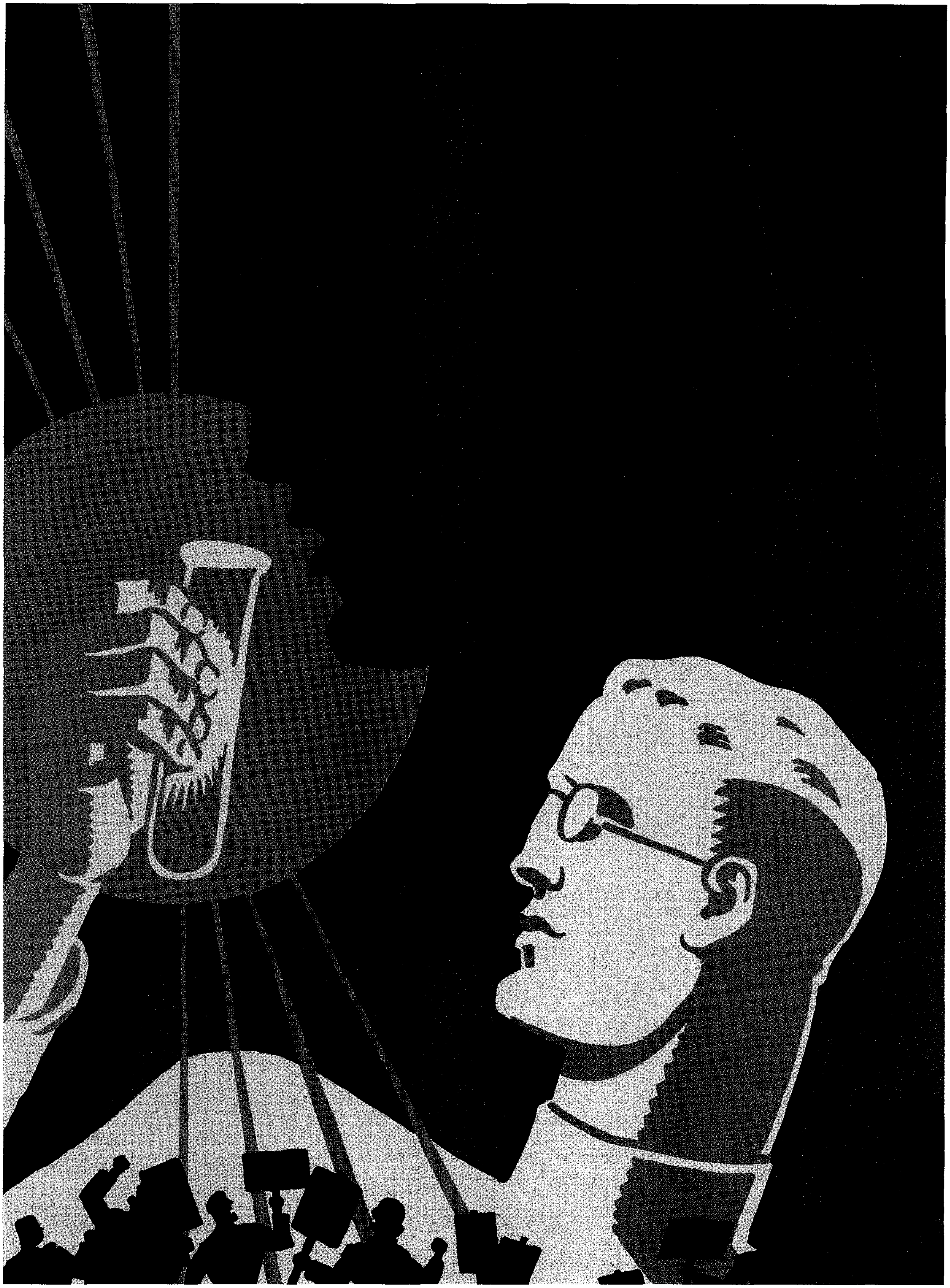
HOW AN ALREADY LEGAL AND WIDELY AVAILABLE DRUG MAY GUARANTEE ANY WOMAN A SAFE, LEGAL, CHEAP ABORTION. WELCOME TO PAT BUCHANAN'S WORST NIGHTMARE.

ONE OF THE CENTRAL SHIBBOLETHS OF the pro-choice movement is that abortion is strictly a private matter, between a woman and her conscience. In practice, this is far from true. While the decision to have an abortion may be nobody's business, the act itself involves doctors, insurance, a health-care facility, and so on—all of which have made terminating a pregnancy an inherently public act.

Imagine how different our political landscape would look if abortion actually were a private matter—if, for in-

BY STEVE RADLAUER

ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MACDONALD
FOR *NEW YORK*



stance, a woman could induce an abortion by drinking a gallon of tea or chanting a mantra. With no clinics where doctors and patients can easily be ambushed, and no substantial medical bills to pay, there might well be no noisy public-policy debate about abortion, no great divide in the body politic, no loaded gun for Pat Buchanan to hold to the temple of the Republican Party. Indeed, there would be no issue other than that of personal morality.

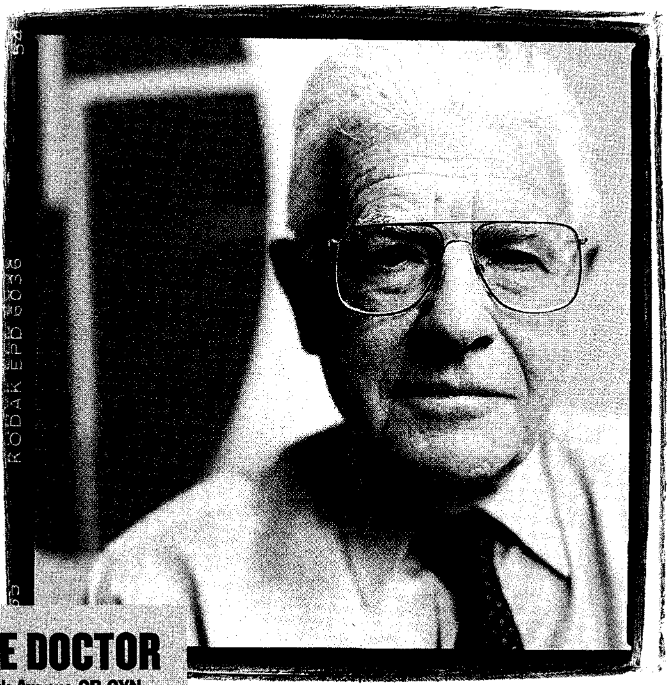
This is a fantasy, of course. But a new nonsurgical abortion method for women who have been pregnant eight weeks or less may take us a long way toward this hypothetical nirvana of privacy and civility. The procedure—details of which will be made publicly available this coming Sunday—is similar to one used to administer the French drug RU-486, but with a key difference: Unlike RU-486, this drug is already legal and widely available in the United States, and abortion opponents have no hope of outlawing it.

The drug is called methotrexate, and its implications for the stalemated, fractious, appallingly violent abortion debate are potentially monumental. The reason is easy to see. The standard abortion technique—vacuum aspiration—has been taught to very few young doctors in recent years. For various reasons, including lack of training, fear of being targeted by anti-abortion groups, and moral qualms, fully two thirds of the 40,000 OB-GYNs, and a vastly larger proportion of the nearly 700,000 physicians, in the U.S. can't or won't perform abortions. Widespread use of the methotrexate abortion—which involves a combination of injections and pills or suppositories and can be successfully performed with little special training—will surely lead to a large increase in the number of doctors willing to take on pregnancy termination. A recent Kaiser Family Foundation study, for example, found that about a third of California's OB-GYNs who do not perform surgical abortions would perform *chemical* abortions if an appropriate drug and a commonly accepted protocol were available (*a protocol* is a medical term for what is, essentially, a detailed set of instructions). This is bad news, indeed, for the anti-abortion movement. Targeting a handful of freestanding abortion clinics—where most abortions now take place—is one thing. Targeting several hundred thousand doctors is impossible.

Methotrexate is in fact much like the already much publicized RU-486, otherwise known as mifepristone. The important differences have more to do with the vagaries of U.S. drug politics. RU-486, though proven safe and effective on hundreds of thousands of women in Europe and elsewhere, is not yet approved for use in this country. The Population Council, a non-profit research organization that is licensed to manufacture the medication in the U.S. (no mainstream pharmaceutical company will touch it here), has recently completed a major multicenter clinical study. And another group called Abortion Rights Mobilization, hoping to speed the glacial licensing process, has just synthesized the first American-made RU-486. Nevertheless, rapid federal approval of RU-486 is by no means assured. Which is where methotrexate comes in.

Methotrexate is not completely unknown, but very few women have ever used it as an abortifacient, and very few doctors know how to administer it to end a pregnancy: Since 1993, when clinical studies began, only about 2,000 methotrexate abortions, an average of two a day, have been performed in this country.

If Dr. Richard U. Hausknecht has his way, all that will change. This coming Sunday, Hausknecht—an obstetrician and gynecologist with an office on Park Avenue—will announce a methotrexate-treatment protocol at the annual meeting of the National Abortion Federation in San Francisco. It will be big news. Similar protocols have accompanied medical-journal articles on methotrexate by Hausknecht and others—including the physician with whom he will share the podium, Dr. Eric Schaff of the University of Rochester School of Medicine—but Sunday will mark the first time a protocol is being presented to physicians specifically for use with their own patients. What's important to Hausknecht, however, is that he will be announcing to the women of America that there is finally a legitimate, available medical alternative to surgical abortion.



THE DOCTOR

Park Avenue OB-GYN Richard Hausknecht went solo to prove methotrexate was an effective alternative to surgery.

THE MERCK INDEX CLASSIFIES methotrexate as a folic-acid antagonist. Folic acid, a B vitamin, is necessary for normal cell division. Because methotrexate helps stop rapid cell division, the drug is ordinarily used in the treatment of a variety of cancerous tumors as well as arthritis, lupus, psoriasis, and other conditions. It has been available since 1948, and is no longer under patent. What's new is not the drug itself but this particular application, first tried clinically in 1993 by Dr. Mitchell Creinin of the University of Pittsburgh's Magee Womens Hospital. Even before Creinin administered his first methotrexate-induced abortion, however, others had proved it was safe and effective in terminating ectopic pregnancies, where the early embryo lodges in a fallopian tube rather than the uterus. It was a short leap to the conclusion that methotrexate could be used to terminate any pregnancy.

This is no great medical breakthrough, but it is a significant practical and political one. Because methotrexate is indispensable for its original therapeutic applications, it cannot be taken off the market. Which does not mean that every pro-choice doctor armed with Hausknecht's protocol will immediately start administering methotrexate. Matters are more complicated than that. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has not given the procedure its blessing—indeed, no one has sought it. The FDA classifies methotrexate as experimental for pregnancy termination, and physicians engaged in methotrexate-abortion studies are expected to work under the auspices of the FDA and a local institutional review board. Individual doctors, however, have always

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

had the right to prescribe an approved drug "off-label" for a non-approved use, as physicians sometimes prescribe Prozac, approved for the treatment of depression and obsessive-compulsive disorder, for weight loss. Indeed, says FDA spokesman Dr. Lawrence Bachorik, "the off-label use of approved drugs is considered to be the practice of medicine." The hitch is that prescribing such a drug may increase a practitioner's vulnerability to malpractice lawsuits, and many physicians are unwilling to take the risk.

Hausknecht's breakthroughs were, first, recognizing methotrexate's potential importance; second, figuring out how to end-run the research phase so the drug would be available to women as quickly as possible; and third, taking the message to the media. In a world in which surgical abortion is the only option for American women, in which those doctors who perform the operation are picketed and worse, and, as a consequence, in which a growing number of women have to travel great distances to find a physician who will do the job, Hausknecht reckoned that any alternative would be a step forward. Especially one that requires only an injection any doctor can give and any woman can afford.

HAUSKNECHT WILL BE ANNOUNCING THAT THERE IS FINALLY A LEGITIMATE ALTERNATIVE TO SURGICAL ABORTION.

He also recognized that in this poisonous political climate, the leap from clinical study to everyday reality could take years. With Congress increasingly eager to give in to right-wing pressure groups and with abortion now the issue most preoccupying the Republican Party, few American research centers are keen to associate themselves publicly with breakthroughs in abortion technology. The same goes for the manufacturers of methotrexate, including original-patent holder Wyeth-Ayerst, which is quietly manufacturing the drug under the trade name Rheumatrex. As long as the research was known only to the readers of medical journals, the vast majority of women would remain in the dark. And until a trustworthy protocol was available, even physicians who knew of the research would be unlikely to dare prescribe the drug on their own.

So Hausknecht embarked upon his own clinical trial—mentioning it neither to the administration of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, where he is an assistant clinical professor, nor to the Food and Drug Administration, whose approval is customarily sought in such matters. For the record, when you are a 64-year-old OB-GYN (now 66) with a post at a leading medical institution, a long-standing and highly successful private practice, a respectable list of publications in peer-reviewed journals, and a trade paperback (*Having a Cesarean Baby*) several printings into its second edition, you do not embark upon your own clinical trial. This is not the movies.

Why risk reputation and censure by your institution to go it alone? "The dean [of Mount Sinai] thinks that had I requested permission I would have gotten it," Hausknecht says. "He's probably right. I have some question, however, about how effective I could have been. Chances are, the whole thing would have been diluted—which can happen when research is done in an institution. There are 43 authors and everything is done by committee."

And so in the middle of 1994, going with his taste for undiluted research, Hausknecht placed a small ad in the New York *Times* for "nonsurgical pregnancy terminations." Hundreds of women responded. Screening out those who were more than nine weeks pregnant, and charging $550 for his services (a surgical abortion in a private doctor's office in Manhattan can cost anywhere from $700 to $1,500), he took on 126 patients. Apart from a round of detailed counseling, the medical procedure itself was very simple.

It started with an injection of methotrexate. A week later, Hausknecht gave patients a second drug, misoprostol, in suppository or pill form. A commonly prescribed ulcer medication, this prostaglandin also happens to cause uterine contractions, which expel the no-longer-viable embryo. (Misoprostol is also used in conjunction with RU-486 for the same purpose.) In effect, the two-step procedure is a chemically induced miscarriage. The treatment worked as predicted for more than 90 percent of his patients.

By September 1994, Hausknecht thought he had sufficient data to spring his results on the world. He was immediately vilified by some of his Mount Sinai colleagues, who were outraged that he had flown, solo, beneath the radar of institutional oversight. The FDA insisted that he stop performing chemical abortions until the agency could review his protocols. Creinin, the methotrexate researcher at the University of Pittsburgh, accused him of unethical behavior and predicted that no respectable medical journal would publish the results. And in the background, there was the automatic yelping from the anti-abortion movement.

Hausknecht didn't fold. He dismissed the notion that he wanted, or needed, the FDA's imprimatur to continue his research, going so far as to announce, in the Chicago *Tribune*, that even if he were shut down, his protocol would be available to others who wished to follow his lead. But he wasn't shut down. Perhaps because they recognized there was no way to keep methotrexate a secret, both the FDA and a Mount Sinai review board swiftly approved a second Hausknecht study. When the new investigation was completed, Hausknecht wrote up the results and submitted the paper to the world's leading medical publication, the *New England Journal of Medicine*. The paper was the lead story in the *Journal's* edition of August 31, 1995—a crucial seal of approval for the research and a signal honor for Hausknecht.

According to the article, 96 percent of the 178 women who participated in the new study had successful drug-induced abortions; the remaining 4 percent were given simple suction abortions. Most patients experienced cramping, bleeding, and other minor symptoms after receiving the misoprostol, but there were no major side effects or complications. The women involved in the study overwhelmingly reported that they preferred this method to surgical abortion.

Hausknecht made the media rounds for a couple of days after his *Journal* publication. While enthusiastic about methotrexate, he cautioned doctors to wait until there was more clinical evidence, and a more highly evolved protocol, before offering the procedure to patients.

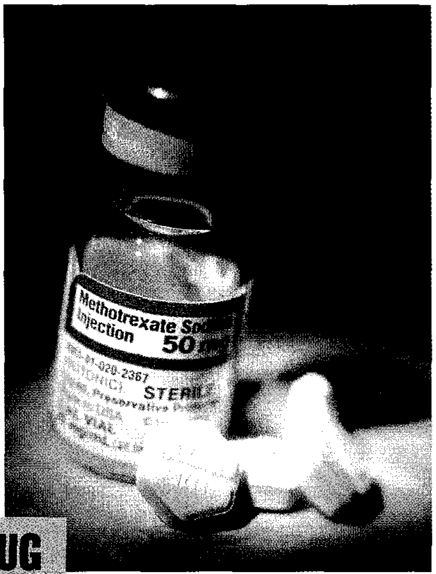
The wait is over. The protocol will be announced on Sunday.

“A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK I’VE JUST RECENTLY become a social activist. Not true,” Hausknecht asserts. “This is all part of the way I see medicine.” A 1955 graduate of Tufts Medical School, Hausknecht did his residency at Yale Medical School, where he had his first brush with high-profile controversy. “I was providing diaphragms illegally to the wives of Yale grad students in the late fifties,” he says proudly. It was here that the chairman of his department, Dr. Charles Lee Buxton, and Estelle Griswold, director of Planned Parenthood of Connecticut, were arrested for dispensing diaphragms, birth-control pills, and contraceptive jelly to married couples—a deliberate act of civil disobedience in prelapsarian Connecticut. *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* made its way to the Supreme Court, which struck down the state’s ban on contraceptives and established a generalized right of privacy that was later a basis for *Roe* v. *Wade*.

While Hausknecht wasn’t directly involved in the Griswold case, his résumé includes a mixed bag of other leftist causes, from the civil-rights movement to the Vietnam-era peace movement to the battle against nuclear weapons on behalf of Physicians for Social Responsibility. *Griswold,* however, set the tone for the future notoriety that would attach to him for persistently pushing the envelope on women’s reproductive rights. In the early seventies, for instance, he took heat for a *Journal of Pediatrics* paper he wrote that dared to address the issue of pregnancy termination among adolescents. He did it, he says, because teenagers were having abortions and nobody had studied the subject before. “I also wrote a whole bunch of papers about estrogen metabolism in postmenopausal women,” he says, his patrician voice filled with incredulity that anyone would question his scientific motives. “I don’t see this as being different from that.”

Ironically, Hausknecht bears a tiny bit of responsibility for creating the political problem that he hopes methotrexate will solve. “When abortions first became legal in the U.S.,” he explains, “the idea was to do them in hospitals. Well, that’s expensive; it’s a barrier to poor women. So I wrote about freestanding abortion clinics. Now 85 percent of all pregnancy terminations are done in freestanding centers”—so easily targeted by those who scream and carry plastic fetuses in their pockets. Did Hausknecht anticipate today’s problems in the heady days of the sixties and seventies? “It never occurred to me,” he admits.

Hausknecht freely acknowledges that there are members of his profession who consider his activism to be nothing more than a bad case of showboating. If so, he is an uncharacteristically circumspect grandstander. Last November, he kicked off our initial meeting by informing me that methotrexate “isn’t the greatest thing since sliced bread.” His first reservation was that the method is not instantaneous. A standard surgical termination—aside from the waiting and recovery periods—is over in minutes. Methotrexate, on the other hand, requires guidance and supervision of the patient, starting with a lengthy session in which the doctor explains how the drugs work, the amount of time involved, what the woman must do, what it is that she will actually abort (to the naked eye, it looks like a small blood clot), and how she should monitor her condition. “The quality of the counseling is critical with this procedure,” Hausknecht says. “The fact that I got well over a 90 percent acceptability rating is because I spent a lot of time talking.”



THE DRUG

Administered with a second medication, *misoprostol,* methotrexate abortions are simple, cheap, and apparently quite safe.

Second, the failure rate. Although even in last year’s study methotrexate was 96 percent effective, surgical abortion is very nearly 100 percent effective.

Third, Hausknecht considers the method to be safe and effective only during the first eight weeks after conception; beyond that, there are potentially serious dangers, including the possibility that an embryo may be damaged yet still survive to viability. The new protocol will limit treatment to patients who have been pregnant for no more than eight weeks. (Creinin believes the limit should be no more than six weeks.)

Finally, there are the potential insurance problems that come with using a drug for anything other than its approved purpose.

Hausknecht’s first two studies were relatively small-scale efforts, and the women who participated were not a cross section of America, or even of New York City. “It’s a biased sample, in a lot of different ways,” he told me in November. “They tended to be better educated and better off economically. When I first started doing this, at least 50 percent had had one or more previous surgical abortions. And they came here seeking a nonsurgical pregnancy termination, so they were already favorably disposed to the idea whether they’d had a previous abortion or not.”

Despite the caveats, Hausknecht allowed that the method “clearly is attractive to a large number of women. It’s more private and less invasive. It puts women in control in a way that men don’t easily understand. The perception is that this is somehow safer because you’re not using surgical instruments. I have some patients who say it’s ‘more natural,’ whatever the devil that means. Trained as a surgeon as I was, when I began hearing this [natural] stuff, I would say to myself, ‘Oh, you really think so, huh? Isn’t that foolish.’ And yet 90 percent of the women I’ve seen say they would go the same route again if they had to.”

“I’ve had a surgical abortion and I’ve also done this, and this is much better,” confirms Jean, a woman who participated in the *Journal* study. A 34-year-old, college-educated Manhattan-based financial-services professional, Jean exemplifies Hausknecht’s urban-upscale demographics. Her reasons for preferring methotrexate are eminently practical: “It’s better, not just because it’s less intrusive but, because it’s not surgery, you don’t have to deal with recovering from anesthesia and you don’t have to be out of commission for two weeks. There isn’t really a recovery period. Once you’ve passed what you need to pass, that’s it. You can exercise and do whatever you want. It’s very easy, and—I know the anti-abortion people don’t want you to hear this—it’s much more comfortable.”

“It feels like you’re more in control,” adds Sonia, a 26-year-old arts administrator, comparing her recent methotrexate abortion with a surgical abortion she had several years ago. “The whole activity is a nonevent in some way, because it takes so long. It’s not at all invasive. I felt like I was participating in the process somehow. It’s an incredibly different experience, and I would recommend it to anyone.”

Photograph by Joshua McHugh.

Sonia is one of hundreds of women Hausknecht has treated since completing the *New England Journal of Medicine* study last year. His colleagues around the country have been equally diligent. Rochester's Dr. Schaff, who has been conducting parallel research, says that as far as he's concerned, any lingering questions about safety and efficacy have now been answered. What's left is fine-tuning: improving the 96 percent effectiveness rate and seeing whether oral dosing of methotrexate works as well as injection. "It's time American women had access to this," he says.

Even Creinin has grudgingly come around, sort of. He has refused to ratify the protocol that Hausknecht will announce in San Francisco. "We have different agendas," he says of his rival. "The underlying thing for me is, anytime you're doing something new, you put your toe in before you dive into the pool." But, somewhat surprisingly, he concludes: "I think the work that he's done is really important."

"I think Richard deserves a Nobel Prize for courage, and for getting this method closer to American women," says Alexander Sanger, president of Planned Parenthood of New York City (and the grandson of birth-control pioneer Margaret Sanger). "We have a surgical-abortion-training program, which Richard"—who has been on Planned Parenthood's medical committee for thirteen years—"is helping us convert into a surgical-and-medical-abortion-training program. We hope to train as many family-practice doctors and general practitioners as OB/GYNs." Hausknecht, Sanger concludes, "has always been on the forefront of providing access to abortion to the women of this city. I'm very proud of the work we've done together."

"I'VE HAD A SURGICAL ABORTION AND I'VE ALSO DONE THIS, AND THIS IS MUCH BETTER," SAYS ONE METHOTREXATE PATIENT.

Hausknecht, meanwhile, has dropped some of his own reservations. "I don't think that it's going to change the world," he had said back in November. "I think it's safe. I'm not certain how effective it's going to be, and whether or not it's advantageous." Four months later, he is considerably more upbeat: "There is accumulating clinical material. The safety is becoming ever more apparent. The recent success rate has also been very good, much different from the original published data. If you're a little more aggressive in your use of misoprostol, you can reduce your overall failure rate to around 2 percent."

A WORLD IN WHICH PREGNANCIES COULD BE terminated in almost absolute privacy and, potentially, at little or no expense (the cost of the two drugs is under $10 for the entire procedure, and doctors with less impressive addresses than Hausknecht's can charge a lot less for their time) would obviously be a better place for those who support the right to choose. But it could also be a better place for many of those who oppose abortion. Apart from hard-core militants, who thrive on conspiracy, confrontation, and celebrity, the majority of pro-lifers would no doubt prefer to spread their message by emphasizing their serious, profound moral opposition to the taking of human life. (It cannot help the cause to have as its poster boy a wild-eyed loner who massacres nurses and secretaries in the name of saving babies.)

At the moment, the anti-abortion community's response to methotrexate is uncharacteristically muted. The loudest noises have predictably come from Randall Terry of Operation Rescue. In the days following the study's publication in the *New England Journal* he sent Hausknecht and the *Journal* menacing faxes. He also organized a small demonstration outside Hausknecht's Park Avenue offices, leading this longtime member of the medical establishment to install bulletproof glass, wear a bulletproof vest, and take other security precautions.

The people of the relatively more sober-minded National Right to Life Committee seem somewhat flummoxed. Aside from their standard protest against every abortion technique, the group's methotrexate strategy focuses on the method's physiological and psychological side effects. This is a more restrained approach than the one the committee has taken with RU-486—it is boycotting the American subsidiaries of RU-486's European manufacturer. (In addition to Wyeth, a number of generic manufacturers now make methotrexate. None of the companies has encouraged or promoted this new use of their product.) But RU-486 is a relatively new medication, which leaves it more vulnerable to this line of attack. Methotrexate, on the other hand, has a well-established, repeatedly proven safety record in various applications.

Hence, the muted, quasi-tautological tone of the Right to Life Committee's official position on methotrexate, which maintains that "such an abortion technique places a woman in the psychologically damaging position of seeing her unborn baby aborted before her eyes."

The group's most legitimate complaint is that a woman might change, or lose, her mind in the days between the shot of methotrexate and the dose of misoprostol, thus severely damaging but not destroying the embryo. This is an issue that concerns Hausknecht, too, and one of the reasons he stresses the importance of counseling. From the perspective of a woman who has already decided to have an abortion, however, it is not a convincing argument. And those who do reconsider methotrexate may, again, simply opt for the one-stop certainty of surgery.

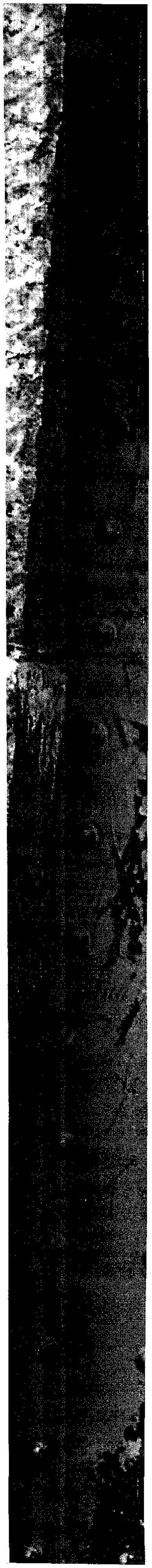
As for those conservatives who are not driven to continue the tedious, no-win abortion debate, many would agree, I suspect, that the widespread use of methotrexate (and RU-486 if and when it is approved by the FDA) will, in the medium and long run, reduce the visibility of the abortion issue, cool down the rhetoric, free the sullen loners to seek another cause, and allow the protesters to lay down their placards and figure out what they're going to do with the rest of their lives. It could also keep the Republican Party from splitting apart at the seams. Realpolitik, however, suggests that conservative pundits and politicians are not about to start singing the praises of chemical abortion—at least not for attribution. But even if they manage to intimidate the FDA into stalling the approval of RU-486, methotrexate guarantees that pharmaceutical abortion is here to stay.

"The genie is out of the bottle," says Hausknecht, "and no one is going to put it back in." ▬

What's a guy like **Ang Lee** doing in the movie industry? (And in White Plains?) Dissed by the Academy, the profoundly **independent director** has left Jane Austen and the nineteenth century for a fling with circa-1973 suburban **wife-swapping.**

sense and sensitivity

By Sarah Kerr



IT WAS THE YEAR JANE AUSTEN made a sudden, triumphant return to the screen, but it was also the year of a dizzyingly collaborative postmodern film like *The Postman*, shot in Italian, directed by an Englishman, and starring a Frenchman as the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. The former would suggest that we're pining for a narrow—and these days rare—kind of old-school moral accuracy, the kind you get when you grow up in a small,

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM LeGOFF

stable society and don't move around much. The latter, though its message was pure nostalgia, would seem to belong to a different, formless, cross-pollinating new world.

It's hard to see how these two points of view could intersect. But they do, in the person of a diminutive 41-year-old man with very pale skin, blue-black hair, salmon-colored lips, and a long, vertical dimple on his left cheek. His name is Ang Lee. He comes from Taiwan, but he moved to New York in 1981 and now lives—improbably, for a cultural man of the moment—in an 800-square-foot co-op in White Plains. Not long ago, Lee sat in an executive office near the top of the Sony Building on Madison Avenue (another incongruity: a corner of Japanese-owned Hollywood with a view of Central Park that makes the surrounding buildings look like squat, neglected outposts on an estate). He had just returned from London, where his latest film, *Sense and Sensibility,* was given a royal premiere. He seemed relieved, and—not surprisingly under the circumstances—a tad vindicated to report that "they embraced it." More than embraced, in fact: "Prince Charles said, 'I didn't know my country was so beautiful.' "

One wonders what "they" would think if they knew that twice a week, to help the actress Kate Winslet in her difficult role as Emma Thompson's impulsive young sister, Ang Lee took her aside and ran her through acting exercises loosely derived from t'ai chi chuan, which included crawling along the floor, hitting herself on the shoulder, and spinning around in circles to loosen up. Then there was Lee on the set, handling the problematic emotional climax in which Emma Thompson, hearing from Hugh Grant that he has broken his engagement and is free to marry her, lets out a pent-up lifetime of tears. It's natural for an actress to want to milk this kind of moment—to expect a full-frontal wet closeup—but Lee gave Thompson just one disorienting instruction: She wasn't allowed to turn her head toward the camera, not even for a second, for the duration of the scene.

James Schamus, the co-producer on *Sense and Sensibility,* compared Lee's style with that of most American and English directors: "It's funny. I was talking to some of our colleagues in England. And they said, 'Well, American directors, after every take they'll come out from behind the camera and go, "That was great! You were just great. Now, if I could just ask you to . . . ," and of course what they're really saying is "That was a complete pile of shit—do it my way or else." And British directors will say, "Thank you. Now do it my way." Ang will walk out from behind the camera, and he'll say things like "Now, *do it like you're a bad actor.*" ' "

If these small, Zen-like touches don't show in the final product, it's because that is exactly the point of Zen-like touches. What Lee was trying to do, he explains, was depart from the orthodox BBC treatment of such classics, and this meant toning down the English tendency to Act. In a speech accepting the National Board of Review Award for Best Actress, Emma Thompson said that Lee had taught her to understand the phrase "the whole is greater than the sum of the parts." Such subtle attention to the whole may be why Thompson, Winslet, and the movie were nominated for Oscars—Thompson twice, for Best Actress and Best Adapted Screenplay—while Lee was overlooked.

"He's a very quiet director, self-effacing in a certain way," says Sydney Pollack, who was *Sense and Sensibility*'s executive producer. "He's a philosopher. Maybe he doesn't know it yet, but that's what he is." In his sensitivity to actors, Lee is a throwback, in some ways, to an older generation of Hollywood director, but he works on his own terms out of New York. He is a hero of New York independent film who dreads being labeled "artsy." At a time when we celebrate directors with a signature, virtuosic style, he deflects attention away from himself. He claims not to mind the Oscar snub, but then, he is not one to publicly swan-dive into conflict. "I can't take argument," he says. "If there is a conflict between me and a person, I get very uncomfortable. I try to dissolve it, make harmony out of it—get back to the person later and prove by action what I really mean." Still, he didn't want to be photographed for this piece, arguing that he was through with publicity for *Sense and Sensibility*.

Lee's career began in Taiwan, with a failure. As a teenager, he flunked the high-pressure national college-entrance exam—a blow to his father, who happened to be the school principal. The ensuing rift between father and son would eventually supply the emotional backdrop of the three films he made before *Sense and Sensibility;* it also led to Lee's enrollment at the Taiwan Academy of Art, where he discovered the stage (he once played Tom in a Chinese translation of Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie).* After school, he put in two years of military service—running security checks on fishing boats in Taiwan's national port—and then, at the age of 23, on the somewhat random advice of a neighbor's son, he arrived at

From left: ***Eat Drink Man Woman; The Wedding Banquet; Sense and Sensibility*** **swordplay; Emma Thompson and Kate Winslet tackle Austen without Acting.**

Photographs by Photofest.

the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign to get a bachelor's degree in theater. He refers to this period as a "culture shock," but he appears to have hardly registered such features of Big Ten university life as football and keg parties; by "culture," he means something huge, powerful, and abstract—the whole inherited framework that people use to draw meaning from the world. "From the study in the theater [at Urbana-Champaign], I realized that the Western world emphasizes letting emotion out," he says. "Conflict. It's very Judeo-Christian. A man and a woman, the loss of Eden. All that stuff. It's very dramatic." Meanwhile, perhaps because the language barrier tended to restrict him from performing except as a mime, he gradually became obsessed with watching films. Back in Taiwan, censors had recut *Taxi Driver* so it had a happy ending, and *The Graduate* was rearranged in such a way as to make Anne Bancroft's Mrs. Robinson the *sister* rather than the mother of Dustin Hoffman's true love. Now he saw the racier real thing, along with *2001: A Space Odyssey, Citizen Kane,* and *In the Realm of the Senses,* and he knew that he wanted to make movies.

Five years later, when Lee was in his last year at NYU film school, the actor Chazz Palminteri was on Mulberry Street reading *Backstage* when he spotted an ad announcing tryouts for a short film called *Fine Line.* This was Lee's student thesis, which turned out to be a charming, clever caper about a jealousy-crazed Italian-American who, while chasing the man who cuckolded him, befriends a young Taiwanese woman on the run from Immigration. Palminteri, who had acted onstage but had never done a film before, won the part of the mustachioed, vaguely mob-connected nice guy named Angelo.

Photographs: left, Sygma; right, Clive Coote/Columbia/TriStar.

Of *Sense and Sensibility,* Prince Charles said, "I didn't know my country was so beautiful."

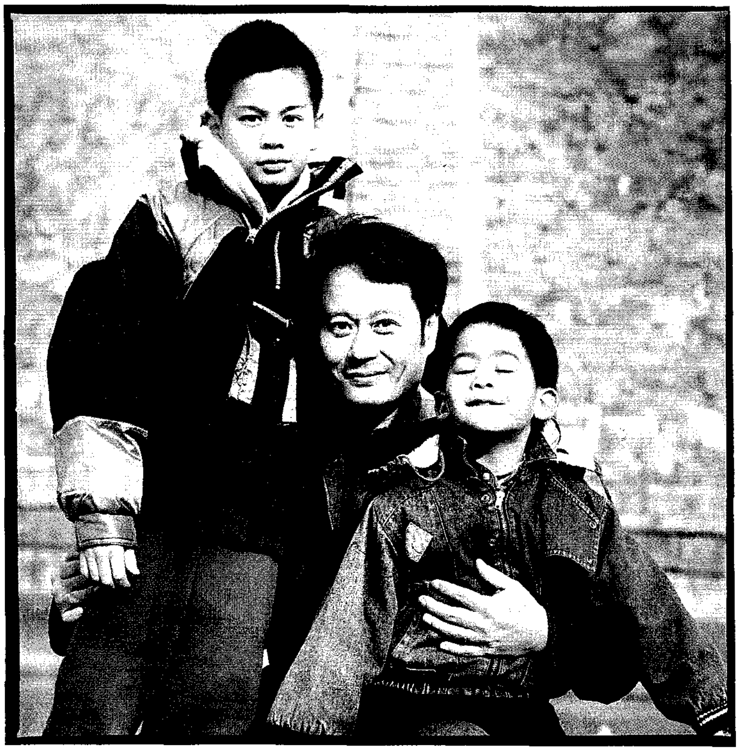
"It's a funny thing," Palminteri says. "He didn't speak much English back then. He'd say things like 'Less,' or 'More,' or 'Stand here,' or 'It's better you don't cry.' He'd be talking to the Chinese. And sometimes he would start talking to *you* in Chinese and then break into English. But he's an artist. He sees the movie in his head while he's telling you what to do—and those guys make the best movies." Palminteri's feelings about Lee seemed to be divided between awe and fond parental concern. "I just ran into him at the National Board of Review Awards, and it's a wonderful feeling. He's a pure soul. He's a very pure soul. You go, 'Ang!' And you want to hug him. He's a pure guy. He's just pure."

But purity—of the artistic, not the Sandra Dee type—is not particularly salable in Hollywood. Early one morning, on his way from White Plains to meet with me, Lee sat helpless for an hour while his hired driver attempted a shortcut in Riverdale and wandered through dingy sections of the Bronx. After Lee made his student film, his entire career took a wrong turn—for about six years. *Fine Line* took the top award from the NYU Tisch School of the Arts film program in 1985 (a favor Lee repaid this January by pledging $5,000 annually toward a graduate film-student fellowship). There followed a classic chapter in the anthology of suffering known as Development Hell. Lee's name was attached to various nonexistent or languishing, feeble projects. He sat at home in White Plains, practicing Zen meditation to keep calm and compulsively cooking. Every so often, he'd hit Hollywood. "I would go out for, like, two weeks and visit 30 companies. Pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch."

Lee speaks softly, slowly, deliberately, and even allowing for the accent, his voice has a lulling, nasal quality, as if he were just getting over a cold. Needless to say, he was a particularly lame salesman. But finally, he found someone who listened. Five years ago, James Schamus, a Berkeley grad student, and Ted Hope, a veteran of New York film production, were setting up a new company, Good Machine, to make what they called "no-budget movies." They'd seen *Fine Line* and wanted to work with Lee, but when they called his agent, they were rebuffed like groupies trying to book Elvis for the prom. "They said, 'Ha! You can't touch Ang. He's got this development deal here, he's working with Giancarlo Giannini there,' " Schamus recalled. "And then, literally, two weeks later, through a mutual friend, he walked through the door of Good Machine and said, 'Hi. I'm Ang Lee, and if I don't make movies I'm going to die.' "

Lee told them about a feature he had in mind called *Pushing Hands,* about a Taiwanese man whose father, a sad-sack former t'ai chi master, comes to live with him in New York. "I remember we just let him talk about 20, 30 minutes, very slowly," Schamus says. "It was not a pitch—the guy couldn't pitch his way out of a paper bag. But who the hell were we back then to be pitching to? And I remember Ted was saying, 'Boy, this guy talks like a director. He actually builds a story up through pictures.' "

With $200,000 from a Taiwanese production company and production assistance from Hope and Schamus, Lee finally made his first feature. It didn't sell in the States—Lee wasn't quite up to speed on writing for Western characters, and the son's American wife was mysteriously flat and reserved, as if she were doped up on tranquilizers. But in Taiwan, *Pushing Hands* became a huge hit, so the same production company green-lighted an old script called *The Wedding Banquet,* a farce about a gay couple; this time, both Mom and Dad come to visit from Taiwan, and to please them the son goes through a sham straight marriage. (It may sound like a variation on the *La Cage aux Folles* formula, but Lee co-wrote the screenplay with a journalist friend who knew a real-life couple in this jam.) *The Wedding Banquet* cost $750,000 and grossed over 30 times that much, making it, cost to gross, the most profitable film of 1993. Based on this success, Lee could have gone straight to Hollywood, but instead, working again with Good Machine, he went to Taiwan to film *Eat Drink Man Woman,* in which Dad is a famous chef with three daughters and old-fashioned, misconceived notions of how to raise them.



Ang Lee with his sons Han (left) and Mason, photographed in White Plains, New York.

Lee calls *Pushing Hands, Wedding Banquet,* and *Eat Drink* his *"Father Knows Best* trilogy." "It's firsthand life experience," he says. "After 30 years of age, you suddenly start to look back. You see beginning, middle, end—like a process, you see parents getting older, children getting stronger. The first time that became my theme, I dug into it, and it's treacherous ground. It's the secret about the most secret. I always make movies in the family bathroom, in the master bedroom. A puking scene, or the kitchen gets smashed. The world is falling apart."

"There aren't a lot of people who are interested in domestic drama, who don't want to just blow something up," says Lindsay Doran, *Sense and Sensibility's* producer. A couple of years ago, when Emma Thompson's screenplay was making the rounds, Doran saw *The Wedding Banquet* at the suggestion of a colleague and was intrigued by the combination of satire and romance. Thinking *what the hell,* she sent a copy to Lee. "He saw Jane Austen's name on the title page and thought we were absolutely crazy," says Doran. "The first word we got back was that he was cautiously interested, which was good, because if he'd said 'I can report to work tomorrow' we might have been worried. We had meetings with maybe fifteen directors. And Ang was the meeting we'd been waiting for. He knew where the jokes were—which a lot of the directors didn't—but he also said, 'I want this movie to break people's hearts so badly that they'll still be recovering from it two months later.' "

Besides continuing to collaborate with Lee, Schamus, working out of the Good Machine office in Chelsea, has gone on to midwife dozens of other independent films in New York, producing for Todd Haynes and Edward Burns, among others. But Lee, while he has steered clear of star vehicles written by 30 frightened Hollywood committees, sees no special virtue in coping with a low budget. "If you're independent, you only have enough money to do very small or strange things," he says.

Schamus teaches a course on the history of low-budget, often kitschy B-movies at Columbia, and he says that whenever Ang drops by the class, he teases, " 'Why are you teaching that stuff? It's just directors who couldn't get enough money to make a movie!' And in many ways he's absolutely right. I think there's a whole ethos around independent filmmaking that Ted and I in many ways represent to the film community here, which is like, Okay, let's go make a movie, let's put on a show. And Ang was always like, 'Yeah, I'll do that—until I can figure out how to get some more *money.'* "

"I think there's a range of audience there that needs to watch movies with content, with more sophisticated thinking—but not necessarily artsy-fartsy or stuffy," Lee says. "But sometimes, you want to be mainstream. You don't want to be odd or special from everybody else. You want your heart to go out like *everybody!"*

BACK IN HIS very first week in Illinois, Lee went on a road trip to Gary, Indiana, to see Taiwan play in the Little League World Championship. Taiwan took the trophy, and in the car was a young Taiwanese woman named Jane Lin who was studying to be a microbiologist. Lee married Lin in 1983. (Their ceremony, like the one in *The Wedding Banquet,* took place in City Hall.) They have two sons, and it is partly so that she can be close to her job as a research pathologist at Valhalla College that they live in White Plains. She never reads his scripts, he tells me. For his part, he seems to be shockingly unaware of what it is that she does, which he cannot describe beyond its having to do with "science" and "cholesterol." She's kept her own name, and he does all the cooking, but in every other sense, he says, she acts like a respectable old-fashioned Chinese matriarch, running the household, telling the "three boys"—two sons and a husband—what to do. "Basically she just gave up and said, 'This is the husband I have. He does movies, and if he doesn't do movies, he's a dead husband.' We're loyal to each other. Married life is very simple, based on trust."

It appears everywhere, in his life and work, this unusual juggling of a highly adapted modern approach to life with vestiges of old China. "I think the East's way of handling life is very different. It doesn't emphasize conflict, or the cry of

Photograph by Tom LeGoff.

injustice, or the cynical laugh. It's very anti-drama. It's about harmony in relationships, dissolving conflict to make things peaceful. I've become this weird mixture of drama and anti-drama, and that's become my style. I think that's why I got hired to do Jane Austen. She's very yin-and-yang, like a t'ai chi pole—everything has a flip side. When you think something is a really mean-spirited, cynical joke, there's a warm side to it. When you get involved with emotions and you feel embarrassed, there's a joke behind it."

If an American-born, Hollywood-based director compared Jane Austen to t'ai chi, people might suspect he'd fallen under the thumb of a smooth guru—à la Demi Moore, who recently flew to a conference in India with Deepak Chopra. Although Lee comes by his East-West philosophizing more honestly, it does have a slightly reductive easiness; when we talked, he applied pretty much the same yin-yang scheme to everything from modern romance to the current standoff between Taiwan and mainland China. On the other hand, this is exactly his appeal. Temperament and the unusual circumstances of Lee's life have encouraged him to generalize and seek the universal.

He is obsessed, in a loose, entirely nonacademic way, with history, particularly with high-stress periods of epochal transformation. On Jane Austen: "In some ways I probably know that nineteenth-century world better than English people today, because I grew up with one foot still in that feudal society. Of course, the dry sense of humor, the sense of decorum, the social code is different. But the essence of social repression against free will—I grew up with that." On the world today: "Democracy, women's rights, the sexual revolution, what have you—everything was set up by the West, and the rest of us are trying to catch up." When asked if all this change is good or bad, he shrugs, as if it weren't his place to judge. "It doesn't really matter, because the economics, the machinery, make a society, and you just have to adjust accordingly. Once you have the machine, you have to learn to live with the machine." It's a sympathetic fatalism: You win some, you lose some. The best you can do is faithfully record the pendulum's swing. "The Chinese used to bind women's feet—very cruel, you have to let that go," says Lee. "But as you're marching forward, pursuing what you think is the best for you, you left something behind. Like the old-fashioned family values, how people rely on each other. We miss them, but we cannot resist moving forward. My first movie, *Pushing Hands,* is very simple. The father and son cannot live together. The agricultural society, where the family is bound together and passes the heritage down, has changed."

It's a wildly flexible formula. Sometime in the next few years, Lee plans to do a blockbuster Chinese martial-arts epic, but not in the lurid style of Jackie Chan and John Woo: Lee will no doubt manage to set two historical phases against each other and film the friction. Right now, he is about to begin shooting *The Ice Storm,* a drama, both comic and sad, about two upper-class suburban-Connecticut families in crisis in 1973, based on the novel by Rick Moody. Lee says the new film, which takes place on Thanksgiving weekend as the title storm rages, is a Jane Austen situation in reverse—it's about that frightening moment when "the sixties hit the suburbs" and the social machine so thoroughly broke down that it was all but sold for scrap. "It climaxes at a key party. Wife-swapping—they all throw the keys in a big bowl and the wives get to pick the keys. It's the new social code. Adultery is one thing, but this is like the world is falling apart," he says.

Lee will walk out from behind the camera and say things like "Now, *do it like you're a bad actor.*"

He parodied the earnest, schematic way he might have pitched this back in the eighties, before he knew better. "I would have said, 'It's about family in the 1973 social context. There's nothing like mixing comedy and tragedy—let's mix it together!' All that won't work. You have to pitch them some combination of movies. What plus what? You have to say it's like Yasujiro Ozu meets Billy Wilder. Then they get all excited."

To get a feel for the period, Lee and Schamus (who will be writing the screenplay) have been revisiting Updike, Cheever, *I'm O.K., You're O.K.,* Ram Dass, and anarchic period masterpieces like *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice.* "It's an age of lost-and-trying-to-find," Lee said. "I'm thinking in my head a lot of shots, people spaced out, looking away." He opens up his bag and pulls out a compilation of pop songs like "Long Cool Woman (In a Black Dress)" by the Hollies, adding that what he really needs to bone up on is "the rock and roll, what the boys were listening to—the progressive rock, Jethro Tull and all those people. Male self-pity!"

IT'S TIME TO HEAD OUT TO *Ice Storm*'s production office, where preparations are under way for a meeting with Sigourney Weaver about a possible role. (Weaver has since agreed to play one of the mothers, and Kevin Kline, Joan Allen, Elijah Wood, and Christina Ricci have also signed on.) Perhaps it was jet lag from the London trip, but on the drive over to Eighth Avenue, Lee's English began to wilt. His speech became a tired shorthand. "I don't do social that much," he said. "Like in *Sense and Sensibility,* I'm more nervous off-set than on-set. Off-set, I don't know what to say to them, what to talk to them. Try to catch their conversation, and my head is just drifting away." He told me that every morning he still practices t'ai chi, which he learned during the shooting of *Pushing Hands.* He also confesses that he used to spend a lot of time watching TV—particularly NBA games, and especially the Knicks—but about five years ago, his wife got fed up and disconnected the cable. "She said I was turning into zombie, and she was right."

I wondered if this might not be the key to Lee's enviable tunnel vision. Through some rare combination of innocence, shrewdness, and luck, he has surrounded himself with people who block out the garbage that most of us no longer think twice about accommodating. It's not Pollyannaism but an instinct for personal and artistic safety, and it extends to the new movie as well: Schamus's wife, a book scout, knew the novelist Rick Moody from Columbia's MFA program and passed *Ice Storm* on to Schamus, who then passed it on to Lee. Working family-style, they were able to cheaply buy the rights to a book Hollywood had overlooked.

Ice Storm's production office is a chaos of busy young people, but another iron-woman protector—the line producer—quickly emerges and tells me Lee has no more time to talk. I stand for a minute and watch people scribbling on legal pads and conferring in the hallway. Researchers for the film have been gathering data on that embarrassing year 1973. There was the oil crisis, of course, and masses of women left home to become secretaries. Group therapy was big, and people ate a lot of Pringles and drank alcoholic milkshakes out of a can. A treacherous ice storm really did sweep into Connecticut shortly after Thanksgiving. I wonder if this new film will resemble the previous four: quiet, pleasurable, and ambiguous, like a cloth soaked in extremes of comedy and sadness and then rinsed so that only a trace of each remains. It should be interesting, at any rate, to see what a Taiwanese director who lives in Westchester and who can teach Prince Charles about England has to tell us about bad hair, bell-bottoms, and wife-swapping. ■

MOVIES/DAVID DENBY

Who's That Girl?

Spike Lee's inability to tell a fully evolved story is precisely what keeps his new film about a phone-sex worker from having an identity.

Working the phones: Theresa Randle in *Girl 6*.

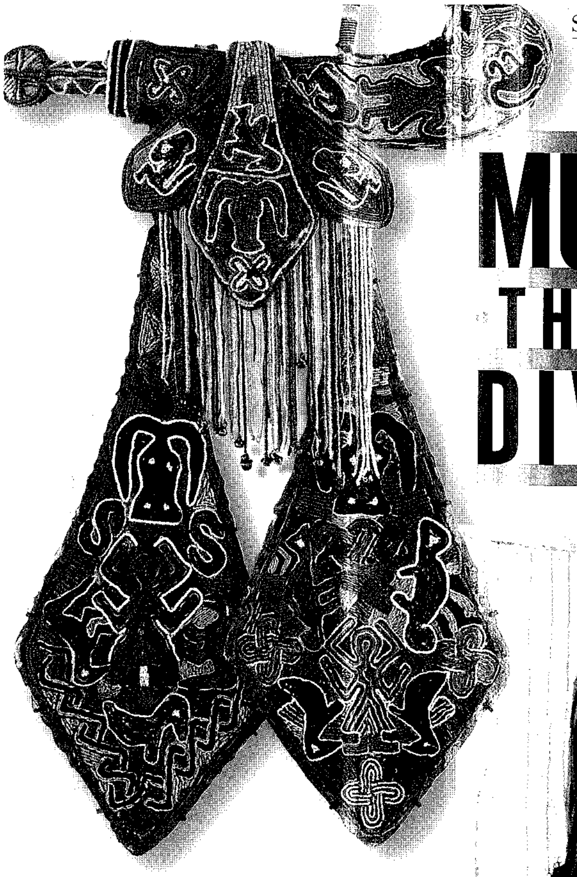
Girl 6, THE NEW SPIKE LEE MOVIE, BEGINS AS A slapdash, semi-satirical comedy about an aspiring young actress—a sweet girl trying to get ahead in the New York jungle of agents, acting teachers, and auditions. Lee keeps the tone volatile and loose, telling his story in charged vignettes, and for a while I thought he had found the same nice, easy groove he landed in with his breakthrough feature, *She's Gotta Have It*. Theresa Randle, who plays the actress, has the soft sensuality, wide smile, and rather shy manner of Tracy Camilla Johns, his earlier heroine. In this movie, however, the woman is passive, unsure of what she wants, and at first she gets pushed around. Quentin Tarantino inevitably turns up and plays a mean-dog variant of himself—a "hot" young director who bullies the actress into baring her breasts. When she does it without enthusiasm—she's shamed by the request—he dismisses her angrily, and her agent, John Turturro, wearing enough hair and beard to lead the Jews out of the wilderness (he's known as Murray the agent), screams at her, too. As always, Lee throws in fantasy episodes and street sequences, all shot in bold colors by the gifted cinematographer Malik Hassan Sayeed, who did the sensationally raw and powerful work on *Clockers*. On the soundtrack, Prince's lulling, mock-erotic songs cushion the actress's bruises. The movie feels a little crude, but at least it's rolling along.

No one wants to give the actress work, and she winds up handing out brochures on the street and spending a great deal of time avoiding her creepy ex-husband (Isaiah Washington), who comes on to her in between bouts of stealing vegetables from the Koreans. She finally takes a job doing phone sex, where she's given the title Girl 6. The phone-sex company works out of a high-rise corporate building, and it's funny that the girls sit under fluorescent light in front of computers and refer to themselves as "telecommunications sales representatives." But only for a while. We don't get too far into the phone-sex episodes before we realize that *Girl 6* has mysteriously died, and not all of Spike Lee's energy and invention can bring it back to life. What should have been an interlude takes over the movie.

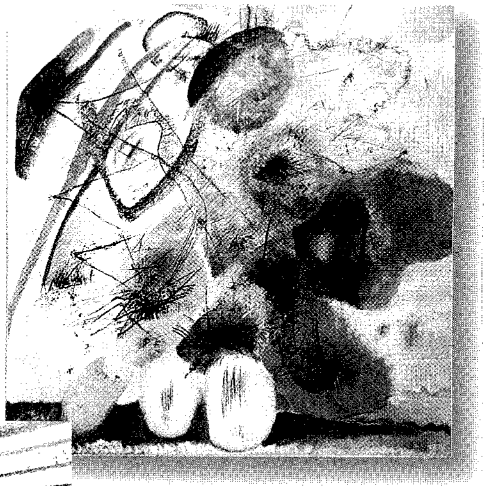
Men call from Texas or Arizona; they threaten and beg, and the girls sit there and say whatever is necessary to get the men off (toilet-training fantasies appear to be a real spark plug). Lee and screenwriter Suzan-Lori Parks seem mesmerized: We see this stuff over and over. The girls have a lusty supervisor who's like a perfect, caring madam (Jenifer Lewis), but they're a lot safer than prostitutes; they're protected from the lonely obsessives on the other end of the line, and in some ways they're in control, setting the tempo, creating the fantasy. After her initial discomfort, Girl 6 begins to enjoy herself; and finally she gets hooked on doing men on the phone (she doesn't get anything out of it sexually, but she does some acting, or at least pretending). But that's all we know about her. Lee dresses Randle in a dozen ways, and she puts on various wigs, as if she were trying out different selves, but it turns out she really is Girl 6—an anonymous beautiful woman on whom other people project their fantasies. Including, perhaps, Spike Lee.

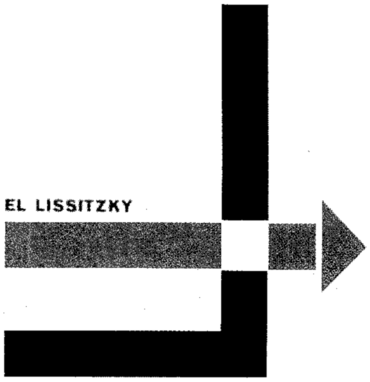
Just as in some of his earlier movies—*Mo' Better Blues, Jungle Fever, Crooklyn*—Lee can't seem to grab hold of the story he wants to tell. The idea that would unify all the whirling fragments and vignettes never emerges. The movie is framed as a liberation story, but in an early scene, when Girl 6 is being browbeaten by a vicious acting teacher, she reacts so passively that we can't tell whether she feels outraged or accepts the criticism as justified. A character can't be spiritually violated if she has no self to violate. Girl 6, wake up! Theresa Randle is lovely, but she lacks snap and temperament, and Lee seems to lose himself in the soft, velvety sensuality of her smile. He doesn't shape the *(continued on page 61)*

Photograph by David Lee/Fox Searchlight.



MUSEUMS
THE • ART • OF • DIVERSITY

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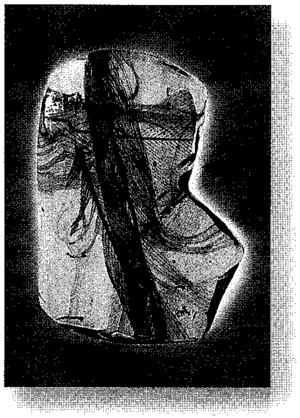
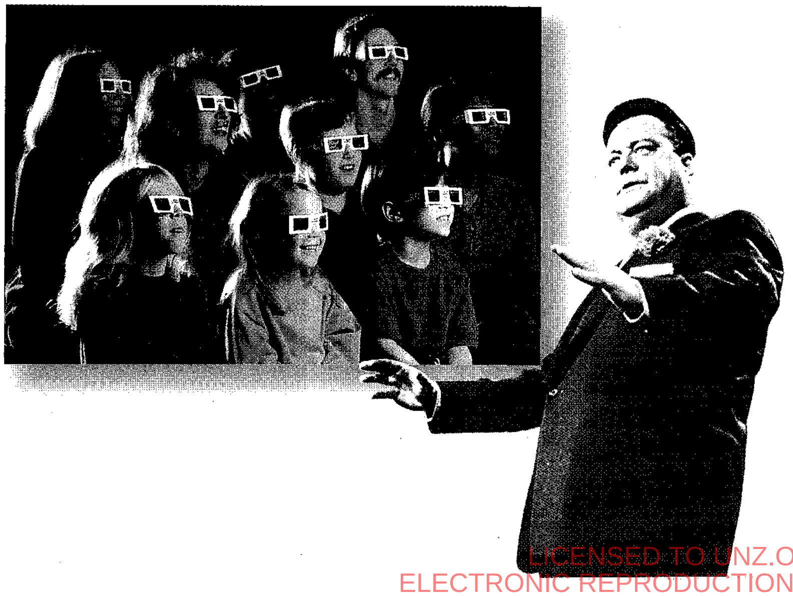


WIND BLOWS
1961
PIG PEN
EZRA POUND
DID
COONSKIN CAP
BLACK SOOT
BAD COUGH
THE CANTOS
MYSTIC POET
MUST BUST
PAVEMENT
REVOLUTION



One of 94 decorative carved objects on display at the American Museum of Natural History's "Amber: Window to the Past" show.

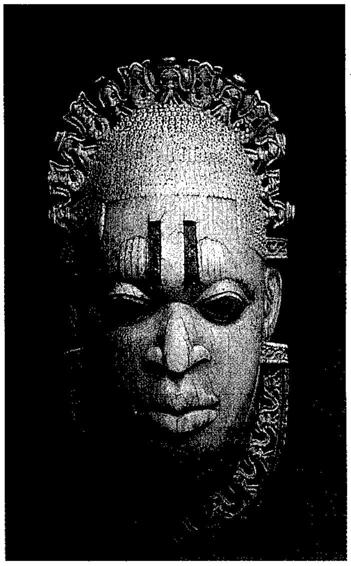
No other metropolis in America has amassed the depth and breadth of museum collections found in and around New York. From Ellis Island to The Museum of Modern Art, from the heart of Manhattan to the center of Queens and across the river, our cultural institutions celebrate the city's own multiculturalism, with a growing multiplicity of presentations.

As audiences become more savvy, museums bring them closer to exhibits, whether standing eye to eye with an Old Master portrait at The Metropolitan Museum of Art or taking part in the latest interactive media attraction at the Liberty Science Center in Jersey City.

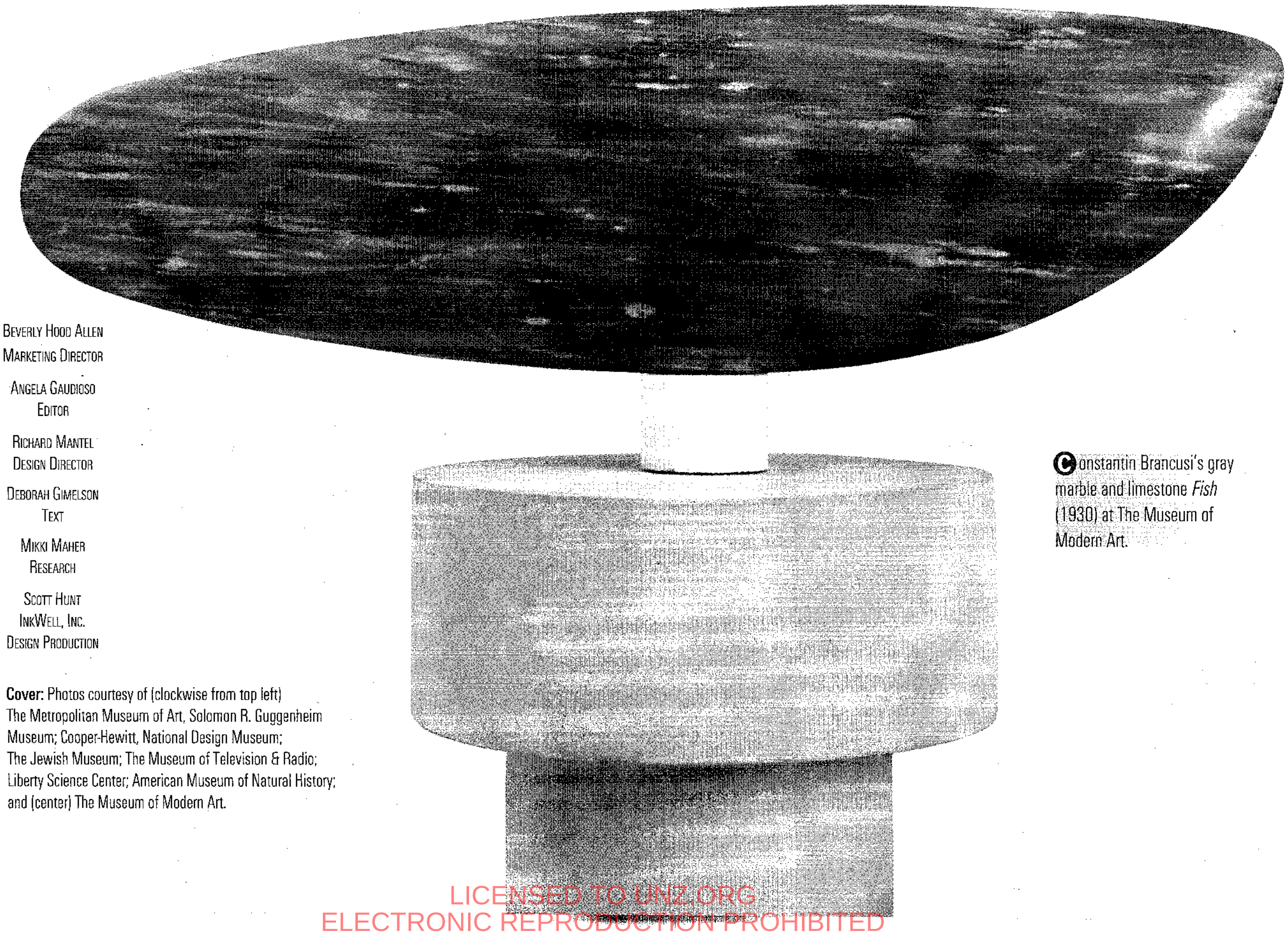
In fact, the choices of works on view are equalled only by the many ways to view them. If seeing a 17th century Dutch painting or an ancient Egyptian artifact in environments approximating their origins is appealing, spend an afternoon at The Frick Collection, housed in a replica of an 18th century villa, or in the Metropolitan's Temple of Dendur. (For information on current exhibitions at the city's museums, a reliable source is the recorded announcements of the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, 212-841-4100.)

The Internet is also sweeping the population directly into the "jump in and discover it for yourself" path of art and culture. Several museums, including the Metropolitan, now have websites, and the Whitney Museum is on-line through Echo. However, no substitute exists for experiencing cutting-edge contemporary art (or any art) up close and personal. An unmistakable electric charge awaits.

So, go look, and touch where you can.



An early 16th century pendant mask of ivory, iron, and copper from Nigeria at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Constantin Brancusi's gray marble and limestone *Fish* (1930) at The Museum of Modern Art.

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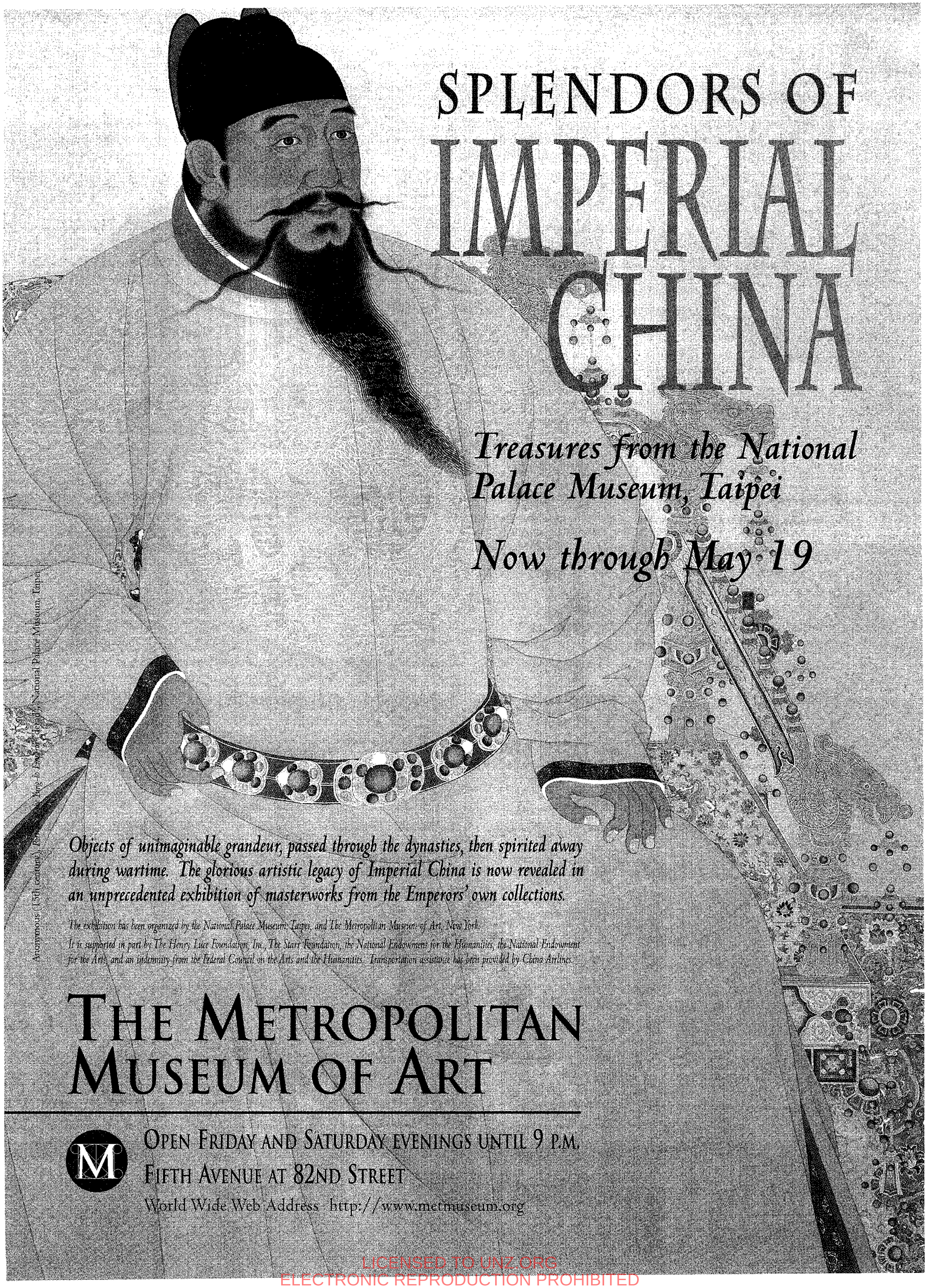

SPLENDORS OF
IMPERIAL
CHINA

Treasures from the National Palace Museum, Taipei

Now through May 19

Objects of unimaginable grandeur, passed through the dynasties, then spirited away during wartime. The glorious artistic legacy of Imperial China is now revealed in an unprecedented exhibition of masterworks from the Emperors' own collections.

The exhibition has been organized by the National Palace Museum, Taipei, and The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

It is supported in part by The Henry Luce Foundation, Inc., The Starr Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, and an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. Transportation assistance has been provided by China Airlines.

THE METROPOLITAN
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OPEN FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P.M.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 82ND STREET
World Wide Web Address http://www.metmuseum.org

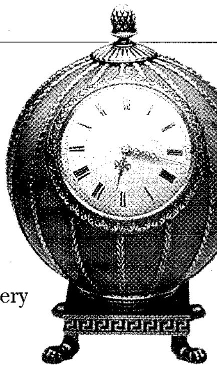
Anonymous (15th century), *Portrait of the Yung-lo Emperor* (detail), National Palace Museum, Taipei

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CITY'S ROOTS

A handful of New York institutions form the core of museum culture here. There is still no experience as quintessentially New York as walking up the majestic front steps of **The Metropolitan Museum of Art** (1000 Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, 212-535-7710). Founded in 1870, the museum has grown from its initial holdings of three European collections (numbering 174 paintings) to more than two million paintings and objects from every corner of the world. In its time, the museum has owned five of the fewer than forty known Vermeers, and has one of the finest collections of Greek and Roman glass and silver in the world. Its Egyptian collection is the most comprehensive outside Cairo, while The American Wing is comprised of the most far-reaching collection of paintings, sculpture, and decorative arts on the planet (including Louis Comfort Tiffany's dramatic windows).

Currently underway, "Fabergé in America" (through April 28) focuses on the legendary jeweler and goldsmith's objets d'art, crafted of precious metals and rare gems. The works on view come primarily from five American connoisseur collections, represent a span of more than 100 years, and exhibit the American fascination with Imperial Russia during that period. From now through the summer, much is happening with the Met's permanent collections. In February, the newly designed Benenson Gallery of African Art opened with an installation representing Equatorial, Central, and Southern Africa. The gallery features sculpture from the Kingdom of Benin (Nigeria). Carved ivory tusks, bronze palace plaques, queen mother heads, and court and ceremonial objects have joined the museum's installation, now numbering nearly 400 works—from elaborate masks to household objects.



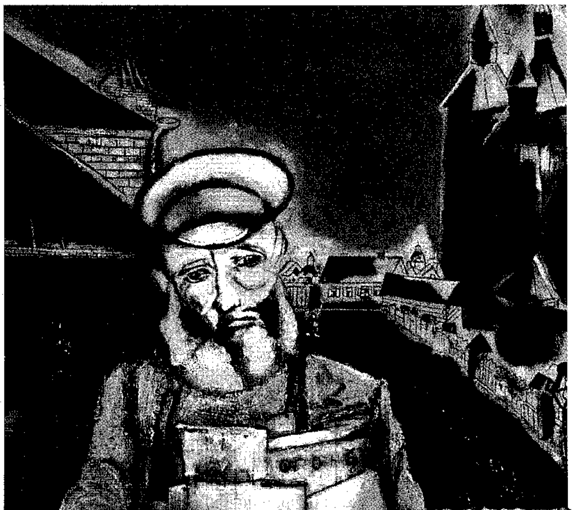
Opulence of the Czars: Fabergé globe-shaped clock (1886-96) at the Metropolitan.

The intricately inlaid Renaissance trompe l'oeil panels (from 1478 and 1483) which were the wainscoting for Duke Federico da Montefeltro's official study in the palace at Gubbio are also on display from May 21. *Hours: Sunday and Tuesday-Thursday, 9:30 A.M.-5:15 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, 9:30 A.M.-9 P.M. Suggested contribution: $7; students and seniors, $3.50; children under 12 free.*

At the **American Museum of Natural History** (Central Park West at 79th Street, 212-769-5100) "Amber: Window to the Past" (through September 2) is dazzling its audiences by focusing on the scientific value of amber, a fossilized tree resin that has preserved ancient life in infinitesmal detail. In 1992 the museum's researchers were the first to extract fossil DNA from an insect embedded in amber. Highlights include bird feathers, a myriad of insects and an exquisite array of plant life. The show also focuses on amber as a medium with its own artistic merit. The fascination of different cultures with amber is reflected through objects such as Mesolithic amulets, carved figures, and jewelry uncovered in Etruscan and Roman tombs. Natural History's permanent holdings include one of the finest collections of Chinese amber carvings in the world.

Open to the public since last June, the museum's dinosaur exhibit continues to attract numbers rivalled only by the audiences for *Jurassic Park*. Its clean, streamlined presentation, replete with interactive computer stations, examines the evolutionary relationships as well as the habitats of dinosaurs in different periods. The exhibit was one step in a major renovation of the museum's fossil halls, to be followed by the reopening this year of the Hall of Vertebrate Origins.

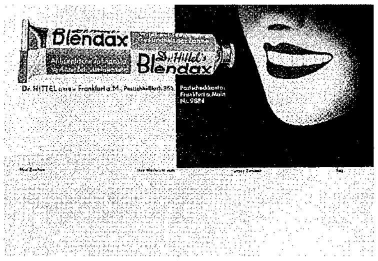
In June, the museum will be the site of the tri-state area premiere of the latest Sony IMAX film, *Stormchasers*, putting viewers inside the cockpit of a P-3 weather plane as it penetrates the eye of a hurricane. *Hours: Sunday-Thursday, 10 A.M.-5:45 P.M.; Friday and Saturday to 8:45 P.M. Suggested contribution: $7, children $4. Discount combination tickets are available for IMAX and special exhibits.*



Mark Chagall's *The Newspaper Vendor* (to the left) at The Jewish Museum.

An untitled galvanized steel and lacquer work (below) from Donald Judd at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

The chasse that held the relics of Saint Thomas Becket (Limoges, c.1180-90) can be seen at the Met through June 16.

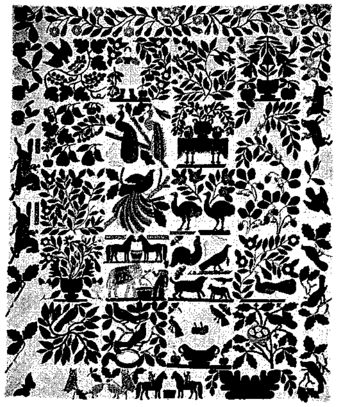


Bauhaus to the boardroom: Cooper-Hewitt's Avant-Garde Letterhead show and the Herbert Bayer design for Blendax Toothpaste.

The Museum of Modern Art (11 West 53rd Street, 212-708-9480) was founded on an enthusiasm for 20th century art. Today, nearly 1.5 million people visit MoMA every year to see Picasso's seminal Cubist painting, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,"as well as retrospectives of well-known artists and smaller shows of cutting-edge work.

"Brancusi: A Special Installation" (to April 23) juxtaposes fourteen of the artist's celebrated sculptures from Paris with ten from MoMA's own collection. From April 28 through September 17, the anticipated major exhibition, "Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation," will be on view. Featured are more than 224 examples of this prolific artist's portraiture, beginning with studies from his early years in Barcelona. It will include a selection of self-portraits spanning 80 years.

Photography buffs get their due with a Roy DeCarava retrospective, which runs through May 7. Two hundred black and white works by this central figure in postwar American photography were made almost exclusively in New York from the late 1940s through the present. Included are groundbreaking photos of the Civil Rights movement and daily life in Harlem, as well as more recent lyrical nature studies. *Hours: Saturday-Tuesday, 11 A.M.-6 P.M.; Thursday and Friday, noon-8:30 P.M. Admission: $8; students and seniors, $5; Pay what you wish Thursdays, 5:30 P.M.-8:30 P.M.; children under 16 free if accompanied by an adult.*



Quilts to treasure: "Bird of Paradise" design of cotton, wool, and silk (1858-1863) at the Museum of American Folk Art.

At the Frank Lloyd Wright-designed **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum** (1071 Fifth Avenue at 88th Street, 212-423-3500), the exhibition "Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline" (through May 12) traces abstract art from the beginning of this century to the present. With this mammoth installation, the Guggenheim forcefully reasserts its position as champion of non-figurative work. In one recent review, the show was credited with providing "serious pleasure that comes in several forms... it sets out to ravish the eye." Comprised of 136 works by 49 artists from Europe and the United States, the show ranges from early 20th century paintings by Vasily Kandinsky, Piet

AMBER

Life Captured

Imagination Set Free

Through September 2, 1996

AMBER: Window to the Past

The most comprehensive exhibition about amber ever mounted brings together the worlds of science and art. The exhibition features rare fossil specimens and spectacular decorative objects from around the world. Never before has such a diverse selection of amber pieces been on view, and — due to the fragility of many of the works — it is unlikely that such an expansive collection will be assembled again.

There is a special exhibition fee of $5.00 adults, $4.00 students and senior citizens, and $2.50 children (twelve and under), in addition to the suggested Museum admission. Every Friday beginning at 6:00 p.m. the special exhibition fee will be waived.

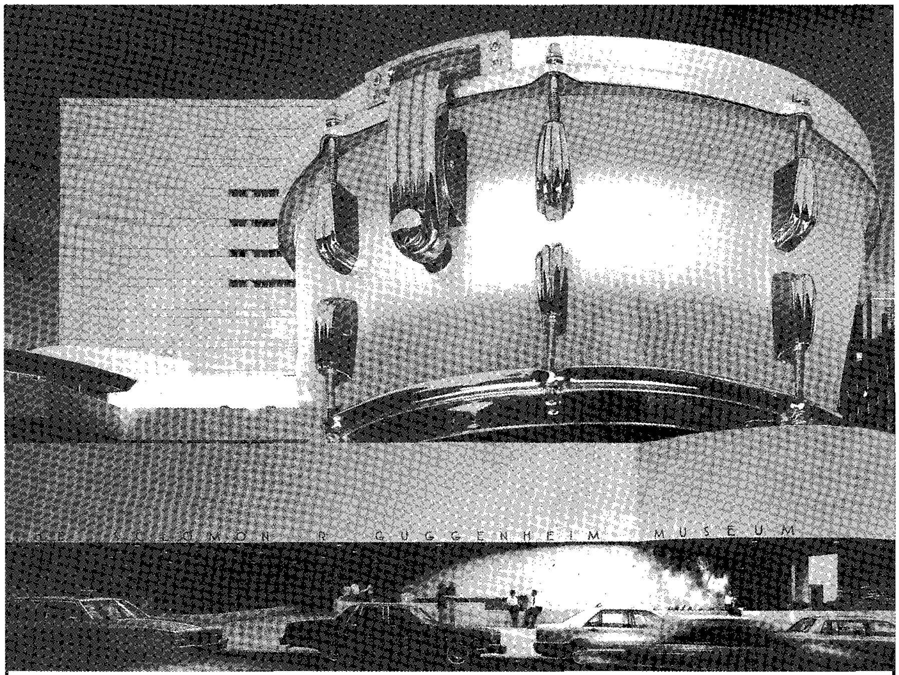
***Amber: Window to the Past** is generously supported by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross and The Ambrose Monell Foundation. Additional support has been provided by Mr. Plato Malozemoff and Mr. Don H. Nelson. This exhibition is supported by an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.*

Crane fly, private collection. Carp leaping out of the water, China, early eighteenth century, American Museum of Natural History. Woman with a [illegible] Etruscan

American Muse

of Natural Hist

Central Park West at 79th Street, New York City 212-769-5100



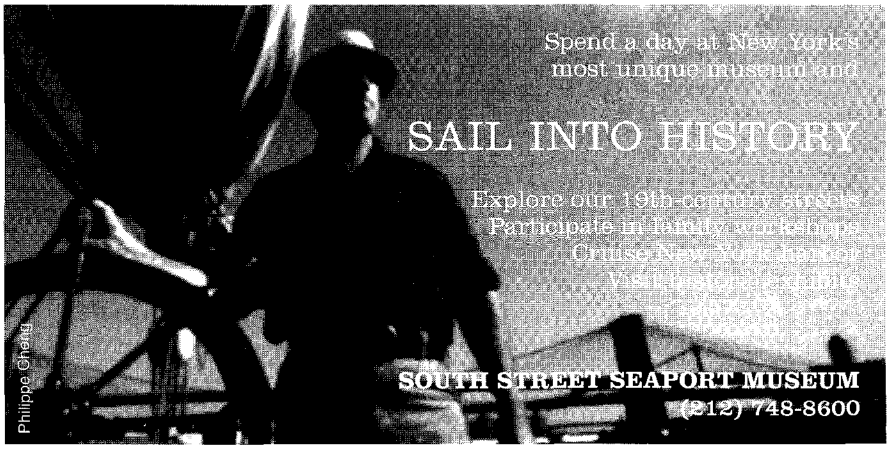
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

WORLDBEAT JAZZ
AT THE GUGGENHEIM

Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500

Cooper-Hewitt
National Design Museum
Smithsonian Institution

91st Street between Madison and Fifth Avenue 212 860 6868



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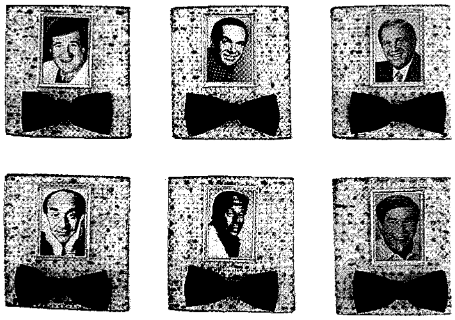


Matzoh, photos, and mixed media at The Jewish Museum: Neil Goldberg's *Shecky* (1992) from the ""Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"" exhibit.

Mondrian, and Kazimir Malevich, to spanking new works by conceptualist Richard Long and painter/sculptor Frank Stella. Adjunct activities and publications relating to the exhibit include a 352-page catalog with an essay by exhibition curator Mark Rosenthal, an evening of music entitled "Translating Abstraction into Music," and various exhibition tours. *Hours: Sunday-Wednesday, 10 A.M.-6 P.M; Friday and Saturday, 10 A.M-8 P.M. Admission: $8; students and seniors, $5.*

•SPECIALTY MUSEUMS•

Nowhere is there an urban center that exhibits the ethnic diversity of New York. The palette of specialty museums citywide represents a vibrant mosaic of cultures and ideologies that give the city its flair.

North of the Metropolitan Museum, **The Jewish Museum** (1109 Fifth Avenue at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200) has been dedicated to presenting the remarkable scope and diversity of Jewish culture. The museum got its start in 1904 with a modest bequest: a library and a collection of ceremonial objects belonging to Judge Mayer Sulzberger.

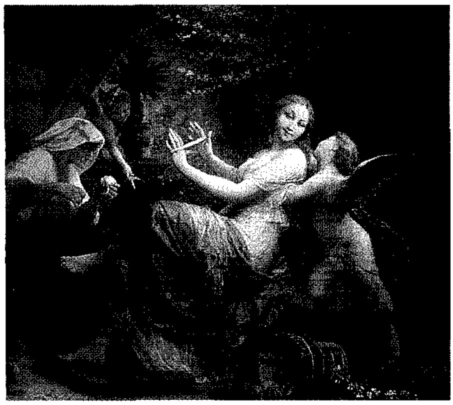
The must-see "Marc Chagall 1907-1917" (March 31-August 4) is a show of important and rare paintings, gouaches, and drawings that provides, for the first time in America, a complete and invaluable overview of Chagall's early career. By focusing on the seminal decade of his artistic development, the show conveys how Chagall's particular sensibility and aesthetic vocabulary were formed. There are self-portraits, portraits of the artist's family members, depictions of life in Russia and Paris (the sources of his inspiration), and religious themes surrounding Jewish life.

The permanent exhibition, "Culture and Continuity: The Jewish Journey" conveys the essence of Jewish identity, its values and culture, from antiquity to the present. This cornerstone exhibit includes video and an interactive computer program. *Hours: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 11 A.M.-5:45 P.M.; Tuesday, 11 A.M.-8 P.M. Admission: $9; students and seniors, $7; free Tuesdays from 5-8 P.M.; children under 12 free.*

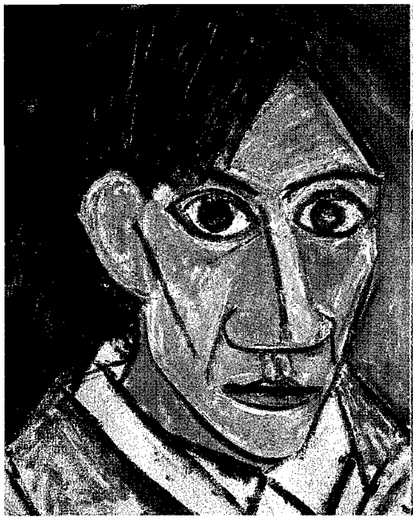
A museum at Fifth Avenue and 48th Street? That's the location of the new **Dahesh Museum** (601 Fifth Avenue, 212-759-0606). Occupying 1,800 square feet on the second floor, the Dahesh was named after the Lebanese art collector and writer who died in 1984. It has approximately 2,000 works in its collection—primarily French in the academic tradition of the 19th and 20th centuries. A social visionary with a passion for art, Dr. Dahesh's original intent was to introduce European painting to cosmopolitan Beirut. The war in Lebanon destroyed his dream for a public museum in that country.

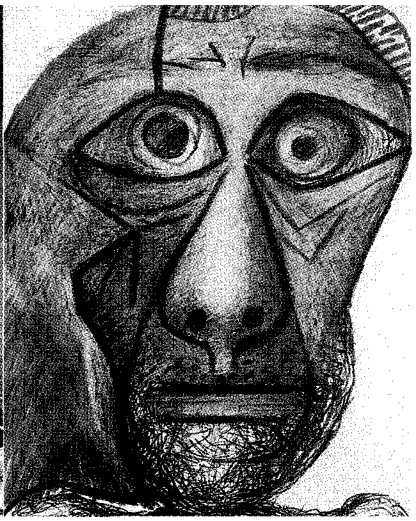
The Dahesh is wonderfully populist and eclectic. The latest exhibit, "Cupids: Flights of Fancy, Love and Mischief" (through June 8), presents myriad depictions of the infamous archer. The range is impressive—from late 18th-century trompe l'oeil painting to 20th century sculpture. There is also a pen and ink (a new museum acquisition) by Gabriel Ferrier—the man who filled the Palais d'Orsay's ceiling with a pack of *putti* (cherubs). And don't miss the special series held in conjunction with this show, which includes love-oriented literary lectures such as "Amorous Desires: Clothing's Role in the 19th Century." *Hours: Tuesday-Saturday, 11 A.M.-6 P.M. Admission is free.*

The Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum (2 East 91st Street, 212-860-6868) is the only museum in the United States devoted exclusively to



Henry's Picou's *Innocence Seduced by Love* oil painting (1886) at the Dahesh Museum's Cupids show through June 8.





Self-Portrait, 1907. National Gallery, Prague
©1996 Estate of Pablo Picasso/Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY

Self-Portrait, 1972. Fuji Television Gallery, Tokyo

See the largest exhibition of Picasso's portraits ever assembled. Only at MoMA.

Picasso and Portraiture **April 28 - September 17, 1996**

The exhibition is sponsored in part by Philip Morris Companies Inc. An indemnity has been granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. The Luxury Collection of ITT Sheraton is the exclusive hotel sponsor.

Tickets available now. Call (212) 708-9480.

The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street, New York

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PIC PEN
BAD COUGH
THE CANTOS

Real Chutzpah

Kenneth Goldsmith, *Bob Dylan*, detail. Courtesy Bravin Post Lee, NY

TOO JEWISH?
CHALLENGING TRADITIONAL IDENTITIES

Forty-five surprising, challenging and entertaining works by 23 contemporary artists trace a new ethnic consciousness.

March 10 - July 14

Fifth Ave at 92nd St., NYC, 212.423.3200.

Support for this exhibition is provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency, NY State Council on the Arts, NYC Department of Cultural Affairs Challenge Program and other generous donors.

T·H·E
JEWISH
MUSEUM

The Jewish Museum is under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

DISCOVERING ELLIS RULEY

through April 28

is made possible by Ford Motor Company

An American Treasury: Quilts from the Museum of American Folk Art
and
The Art of the Contemporary Doll
on view May 4–September 8

Museum of
American
Folk Art
Columbus at 66 Street
212/595-9533

Tues–Sun 11:30–7:30
Admission is Free

Dahesh Museum

NEW YORK'S MUSEUM OF THE
ACADEMIC TRADITION IN ART

Cupids

Flights of Fancy,
Love and Mischief

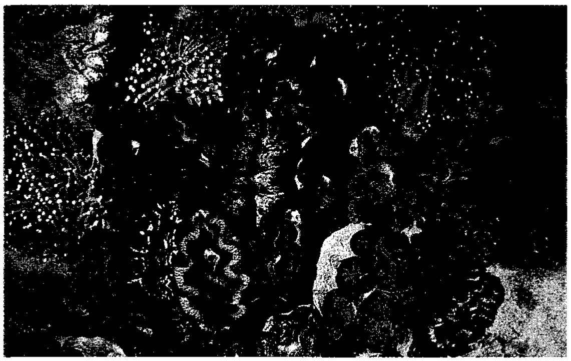
Through June 8

601 Fifth Avenue at 48th Street
New York City 212-759-0606
TUES-SAT 10 TO 6 ADMISSION FREE

American
Craft
Museum

Wednesday—Sunday
10 a.m.—5 p.m.
Tuesday until 8 p.m.

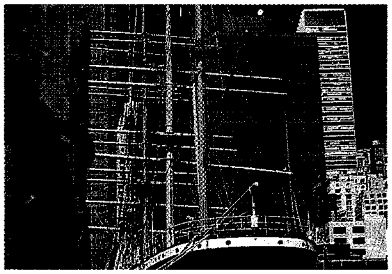
40 West 53rd Street, NYC
212-956-3535



New IMAX film, *The Living Sea,* at the Liberty Science Center from May 19.

historical and contemporary design. Featured objects may be genres as commonplace as a paper clip or works as distinctive as a Venini glass vase, a handmade 18th century embroidered sampler, or an industrially designed Olivetti "Valentine" portable typewriter. The museum is currently undergoing a renovation, and exhibitions are off-site until the fall. (Educational programs continue at the museum.)

The Cooper-Hewitt prides itself on its involvement with the surrounding community. "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis" will be on view at the PaineWebber Art Gallery (1285 Avenue of the Americas between 51st and 52nd streets, 212-713-2885) through April 19. It focuses on bridges built in New York between 1925 and 1965 by one of this century's greatest bridge engineers, Othmar H. Ammann, and includes photographs, drawings, and maps. "The Avant-Garde Letterhead" (through May 8) at the American Institute of Graphic Arts, (164 Fifth Avenue, between 21st and 22nd streets, 212-807-1990) features more than a hundred examples of writing paper, postcards, envelopes, and other ephemera that illustrate the range of styles in the Modernist movement. Expect to see some of the most important designers of this movement including Tristan Tzara and El Lissitzky. *Gallery hours: (PaineWebber) Monday-Friday, 8 A.M.-6 P.M. (AIGA) Monday-Friday, noon-6 P.M. Saturday, noon-5 P.M. Admission is free at both galleries.*



Passage to the *Peking* at the South Street Seaport Museum.

Much of our nation's cultural legacy is handmade. That much of it has achieved the stature of invaluable art is revealed through the exhibitions at the **American Craft Museum** (40 West 53rd Street, 212-956-3535). Across the street from the venerable MoMA, the museum, which looks forward to its 40th anniversary later this year, celebrates 20th century American craft in an international context.

The museum is currently exhibiting 67 of famed ceramicist Peter Voulkos's work. Arguably the most important artist working clay in America today, Voulkos pioneered non-functional, expressive claywork in the 50s and 60s. The survey includes his experiments with an Asian woodfiring technique, as well as related collages and monotypes. A major retrospective of the kiln-formed glass of Klaus Moje charts his evolution in style, and "Form-Light-Glass" focuses on contemporary works from six important Czech artists. All three exhibits run through June 9. *Hours: Tuesday, 10 A.M.-8 P.M.; Wednesday-Sunday, 10 A.M.-5 P.M.; Admission: $5; students and seniors, $2.50; children under 12 free.*

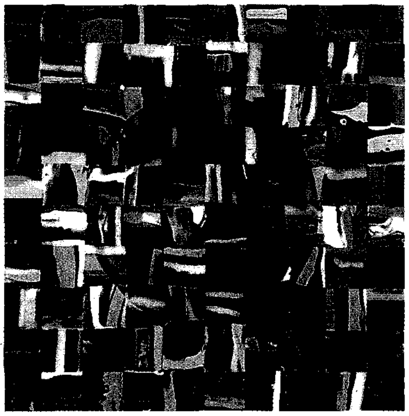
Founded in 1961 by a small group of dedicated collectors, the **Museum of American Folk Art** (2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533) has evolved into the pre-eminent urban center for the study and exhibition of American folk art. Aside from critically acclaimed exhibitions and lectures, and an outstanding permanent collection, the museum also publishes the influential magazine *Folk Art.*

Currently at the museum is "Discovering Ellis Ruley" (through April 28), showing the work of a little known African-American artist. Ruley's images of popular culture—Jesse James, The Lone Ranger, 1950s pin-up girls—are done in ordinary house paint on posterboard. From the institution's 400-piece quilt collection, "An American Treasury: Quilts from the Museum of American Folk Art" will show 29 traditional and modern quilts, with new information about their historical importance and design sources. "The Art of the Contemporary Doll" will illustrate the shift from toys to creative artistic expression. Dolls made out of every material imaginable by artists from all walks of life will be on display.

Both exhibits are from May 4-September 8. *Hours: Tuesday-Sunday, 11:30 A.M.-7:30 P.M. Admission is free.*

Most of us have shopped at the South Street Seaport, but may not know that the **South Street Seaport Museum** (12 Fulton Street, 212-748-8600) takes up a whopping eleven blocks of that historic district in Lower Manhattan. Dedicated to preserving, interpreting, and displaying the history of New York as a world port, the museum includes exhibition galleries, a working 19th-century print shop, a boat-building shop, a maritime crafts center, as well as historic ships in the adjoining harbor. The tremendous impact of seafaring enterprise on the economic and cultural life of the region is highlighted in the museum's exhibits.

Through April 21, "Sacred Waters" explores the works of self-taught Outsider artists inspired by nautical themes. A series of other exhibits includes "Immigration in the Age of Sail," which opens May 1, and "Flesh and Blood: New Yorkers Search for Their Roots," a photography exhibit from May 8. Adult lectures and workshops–and plenty of activities for the kids–are planned, so it's a grand way to spend a Sunday. *Hours (from April 1): Daily, 10 A.M.-6 P.M; Thursdays to 8 P.M. Admission: $6; seniors $5; students, $4; children under 12, $3.*

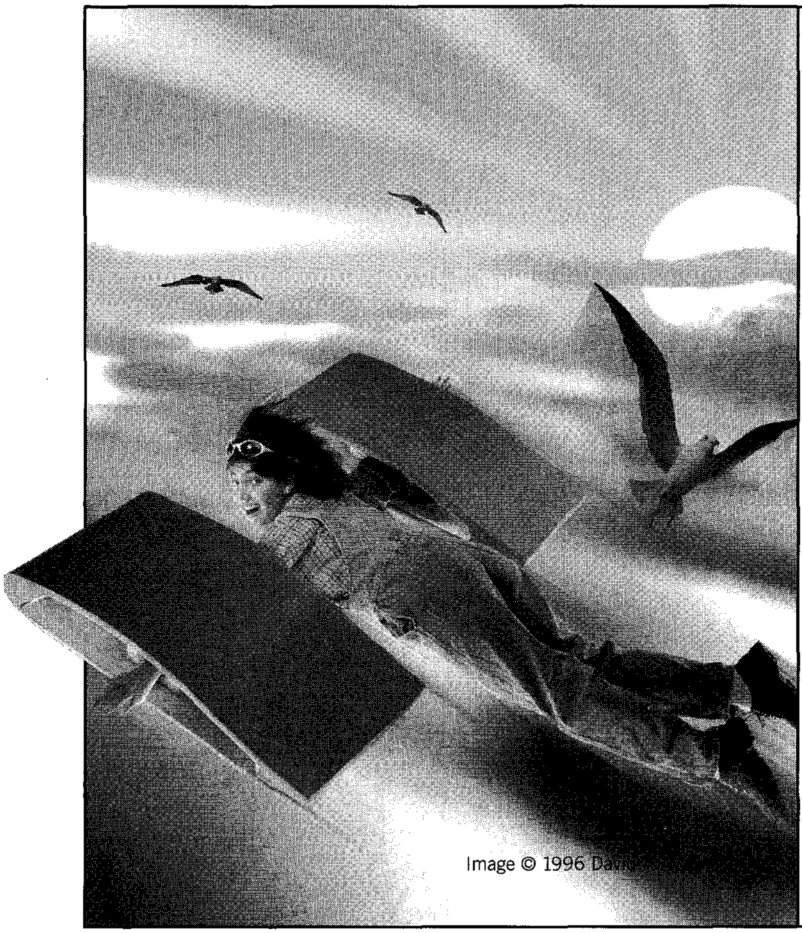


Mosaic glass: fused, kiln-formed, and wheel cut from Klaus Moje at the American Craft Museum's important retrospective.

For a hands-on experience in the world of science and wonder, the **Liberty Science Center** (Liberty State Park, Jersey City; accessible by car or PATH and bus, 201-200-1000) is the ultimate in high-tech museums in the greater metropolitan area. In its three years of operation, nearly 2.5 million people have come to play in its 70,000 square feet of exhibition space—four floors of touchable, interactive exhibits.

Fun for kids and grownups alike, environmental exhibits include "The Estuary," where visitors come eyeball to eyeball with starfish, horseshoe crabs, or snails. Dozens of local and exotic species of insects (including tarantulas, giant Madagascar cockroaches, and red-kneed spiders) co-habitate at the Micro-Zoo. (Many are available at the "Touch-A-Bug" table.) Health highlights include a Touch Tunnel in which visitors crawl through a lengthy pitch-black space with the sense of touch as their primary guide."The Heart" features a capillary computer race. And at the Workshop you can create your own invention and build imaginative structures. Laser light shows also await the adventuresome.

The Liberty Science Center's Kodak OMNI Theater is also home to IMAX movies, which have been a hit since their inception. *Hours: Tuesday-Sunday, 9:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M. through April 7. (Open daily from April 8 through Labor Day). Admission: $13 (includes access to the Kodak OMNI Theater); students and seniors, $11; children 2-12, $9.*



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Explore the limitless energy of the sun, the wind and the kid.

Learn how to keep the environment healthy in **Balancing Acts** at Liberty Science Center through April 28. It's the most entertaining exhibit on earth. Test your wings in a wind tunnel, control a solar powered car, visit a worm farm, and more. Not to mention our hundreds of other hands-on exhibits and the nation's largest IMAX® Dome theater.

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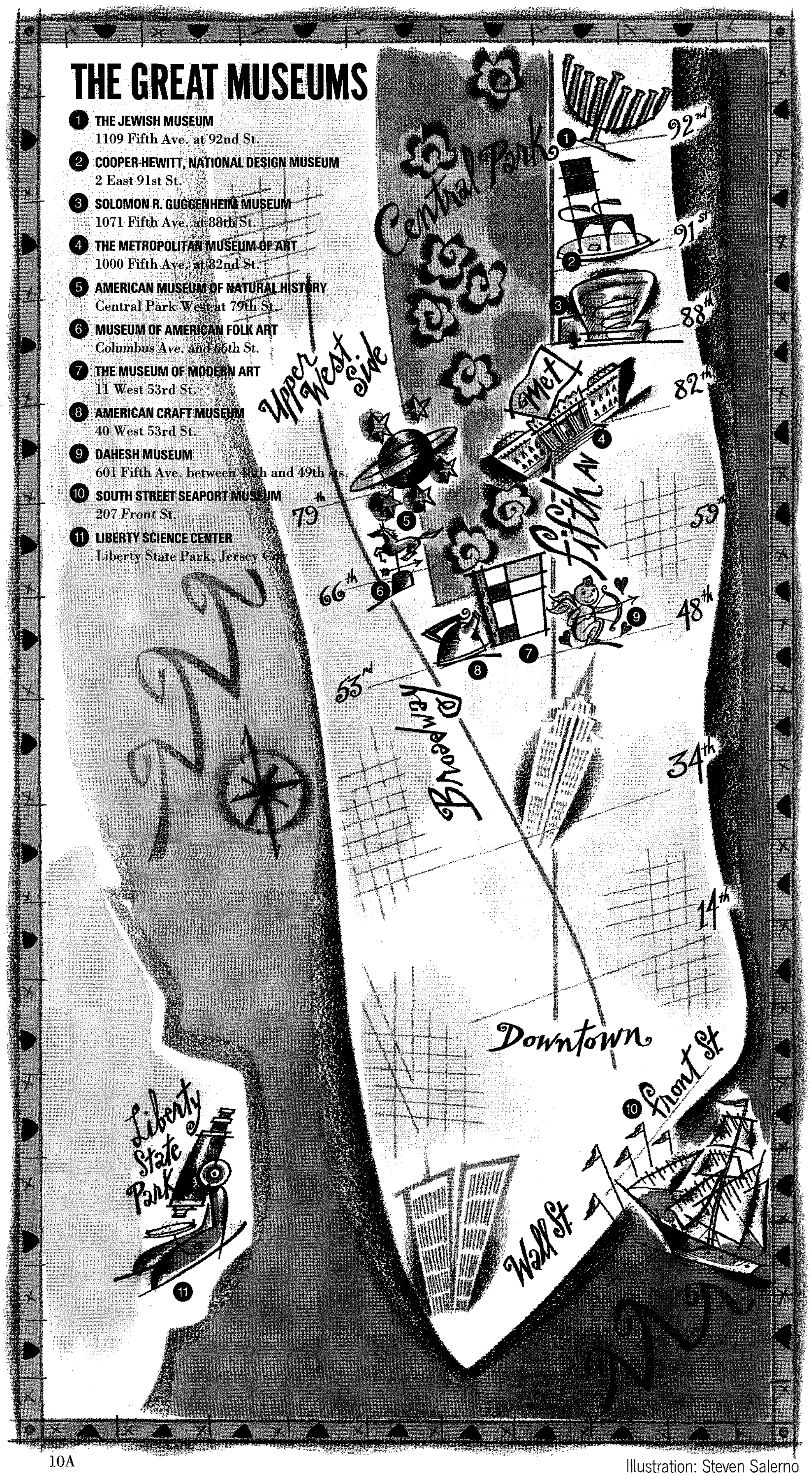
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Downtown
Front St
Wall St
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THE GREAT MUSEUMS

① **THE JEWISH MUSEUM**
1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.

② **COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM**
2 East 91st St.

③ **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**
1071 Fifth Ave. at 88th St.

④ **THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**
1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.

⑤ **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**
Central Park West at 79th St.

⑥ **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**
Columbus Ave. and 66th St.

⑦ **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**
11 West 53rd St.

⑧ **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**
40 West 53rd St.

⑨ **DAHESH MUSEUM**
601 Fifth Ave. between 48th and 49th Sts.

⑩ **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM**
207 Front St.

⑪ **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER**
Liberty State Park, Jersey City

Illustration: Steven Salerno

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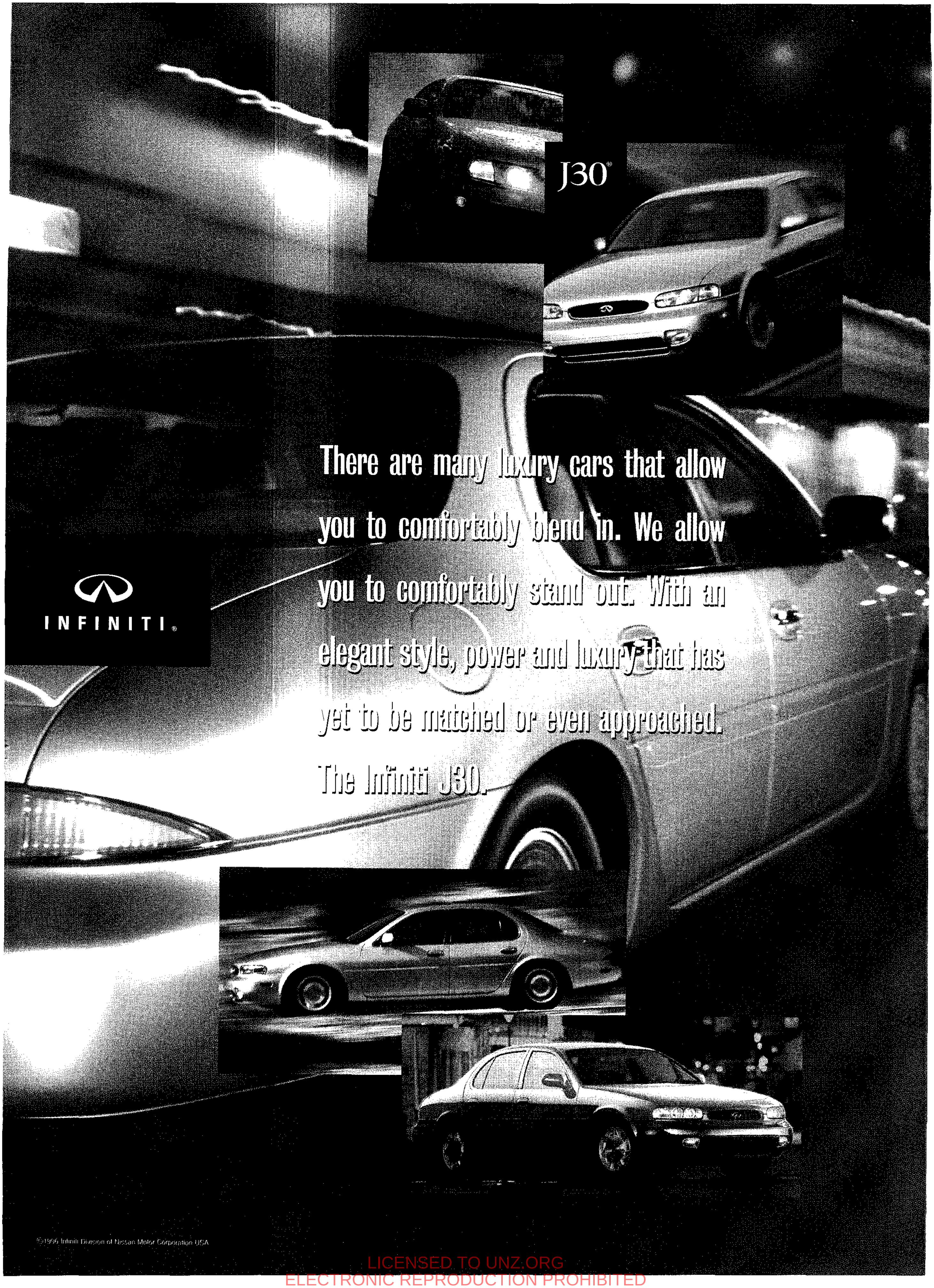
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Sunday Champagne & Lobster brunch rated "best brunch in town" by the 1996 Zagat Survey. $45 per person, plus tax and gratuity. Seatings at 11:30 a.m. and 1:45 p.m. All major credit cards.

BACK PORCH
Corner of 33rd Street and Third Avenue
212-685-3828

Free drink with the à la carte brunch, Saturday and Sunday noon–4 p.m. Beautiful tri-level restaurant, outdoor and enclosed café. French toast, eggs Benedict, omelettes, salads. Children's menu and spa menu. Lunch and dinner daily. All major credit cards.

BLUE NOTE
131 West 3rd Street
(Between 6th Avenue & MacDougal Street)
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The Blue Note, world's finest jazz club, is synonymous not only with great jazz in an intimate setting, but also critically-acclaimed food, top-notch service. The swinging Sunday Jazz Brunch & Matinee is served from noon - 6 p.m. with show times at 1 p.m. & 3:30 p.m. Special! $14.50 buys show, brunch and drink. All major credit cards.

BOXERS
190 West Fourth Street
(between Sixth and Seventh avenues)
212-633-BARK

This quintessential Greenwich Village bar and grill offers brunch every Saturday and Sunday, 11:30 a.m.-4 p.m., $9.95. Includes choice of entrée and two cocktails. Complete menu always available until 4 a.m. Private parties up to 175 people. All major credit cards.

CHELSEA BISTRO & BAR
358 West 23rd Street
(between Eighth and Ninth avenues)
212-727-2026

Heralded as one of the best bistros in N.Y., this popular Sunday brunch features outstanding chef's creations: eggs Benedict with black truffles, canadian bacon, asparagus on toasted brioche, omelettes, brioche french toast with berries, pasta, chicken and steak. Special brunch infusion drinks. Sunday noon-3 p.m. Lavish Easter menu, noon-10 p.m.

CIRCA
103 Second Avenue
(at the corner of Sixth Street)
212-777-4120

A real urban groove, cozy banquets, sidewalk cafe, an innovative brunch: Scrambled eggs with portobello mushrooms, grilled chicken sandwiches and olive tapenade twists the traditional items. Weekends 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; two for one cocktails 4:00-6:00 p.m. Prices range $6.50 to $10.00. All major credit cards.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN
Grand Hyatt New York
Park Avenue at Grand Central
212-850-5998

Treat your family to our sumptuous Easter brunch buffet, featuring a delectable assortment of seasonal specialties, carved ham, made-to-order omelettes and lavish desserts. Children under 6 eat free. 10:30 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Reservations recommended. All major credit cards.

FLOWERS
21 West 17th Street
(between 5th and 6th avenues)
212-691-8888

When you're all shopped out, tantalize your tastebuds with the Flatiron District's most innovative brunch menu. Enjoy grilled vegetable fritatta, poached eggs with smoked salmon hash and wild berry quesadillas while relaxing in our Roof Top Garden. This prix-fixe menu ($12.95) includes a complimentary cocktail and is available Sundays, noon-4:00 p.m.

Illustration by Margaret Hewitt

IRIDIUM
44 West 63rd Street
(opposite Lincoln Center)
212-582-2121

Live Gospel Brunch! Iridium's award-winning decor features a Saturday and Sunday prix-fixe ($7.95) brunch (a la carte available) with *unlimited* cocktails and your choice of entree. N.Y. Magazine called Iridium the "hottest new jazz club of 1995." Private parties from 2 - 400.

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Downtown: 160 Mercer Street
212-906-9177; 212-343-0020

Classic brunch with modern American and Pacific rim influences. Uptown is steps from New York's best hotels and Madison Avenue shopping. Downtown is nestled between shops, galleries and the Angelika Film Center.

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853 Lexington Avenue
(between 64th and 65th streets)
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Enjoy a wonderful Sunday brunch at this cozy French bistro; prix-fixe $12.95, noon–3:30 p.m. Featuring entrées such as eggs Benedict, strawberry-macadamia-nut crêpes, French toast with caramelized apples. Easter Sunday prix-fixe dinner, $26.95.

TAPIKA
950 Eighth Avenue (at 56th Street)
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Join us for our Sunday, midday meal where you'll feast on our unlimited buffet of Southwestern favorites all for just $12.50 (including $5 parking with validation next door). Easter Sunday, Tapika celebrates kids! Brunch, fun with a local artist.

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David Denby *continued from page 48*
scenes, including the many in which he appears himself as a neighbor and friend, a harmless little guy who collects sports memorabilia and who nags at Girl 6 to improve her life.

We get the idea (rather vaguely) that our heroine is ravaged by the uses men put her to. At the same time, the callers become more aggressive; they want to control Girl 6 rather than be controlled by her, and the movie leaves comedy altogether and turns menacing, as if it were on the verge of becoming a thriller about a mad stalker. But Lee and Parks can't figure out how to bring the story to a climax, and they let the resolution dribble through their fingers. We are left with very little except the idea that phone sex isn't much of a life for an aspiring actress. But who thought it was? In the end, phone sex allows the filmmakers to talk dirty and to disapprove of talking dirty at the same time. Spike Lee is spinning his wheels: *Girl 6* ends where it began.

THE NEW VERSION OF **Diabolique** HAS SOME exciting moments, but in general the movie is such a botch that a critic can do little in good conscience except say to the reader, "Get thee to a video store." The 1954 original, directed with devastating precision by Henri-Georges Clouzot, was set in a boys' school outside Paris. Two women in thrall to the school's sadistic director—his religious wife (Vera Clouzot) and his knowing and tough-souled mistress (Simone Signoret)—conspire to murder him, with unexpected consequences. Clouzot was a master of anticipation and suggestion: The uncanny experience of the murder and its aftermath was held together by silence and dread and our perfervid imaginings of who was doing what to whom in bed. The remake, directed ineptly by Jeremiah Chechik (*Benny and Joon*), puts new seats on an old chassis, and nothing feels quite right—not the school, now placed outside Pittsburgh and exploited rather obviously for conventional gothic atmosphere; not the casting of the very urban and proletarian Chazz Palminteri as the school's menacing director, "Dr. Baran"; not the performance, as the religious wife, of Isabelle Adjani, who looks as puffy as a cloud and who is so infuriatingly tremulous that one often wishes *she* were the corpse. The new movie is more explicit sexually but less interesting, and unclear on so many small points that the plot becomes less a series of startling revelations than an awkward, overcomplicated burden that has to be dragged from thrill to thrill. Sharon Stone, as the hard-shelled mistress, is the best thing in the picture—fast-talking, cold as ice. As she stands in the school courtyard radiating anger, Sharon Stone is the wickedest, most beautiful witch in the movies. ▬

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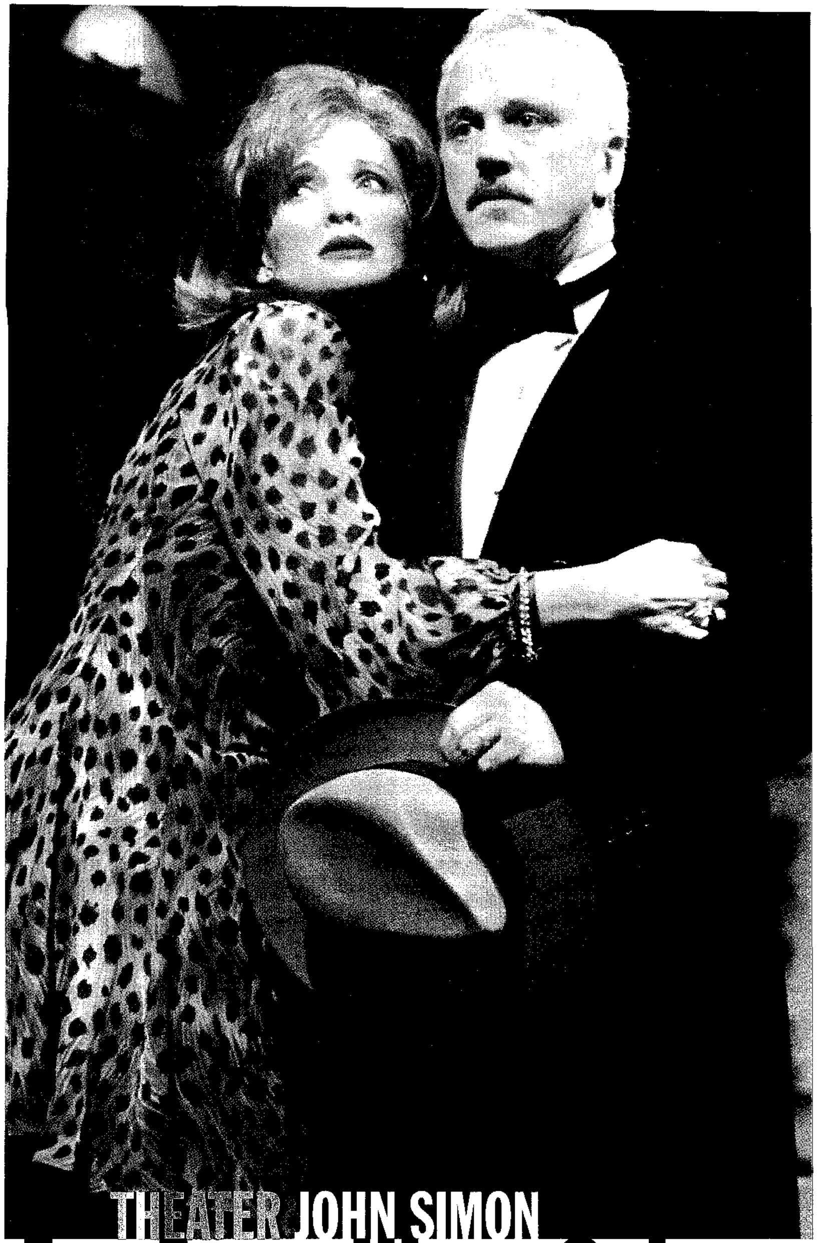


'Getting Away With Murder' may well succeed in boring you to death; a hyperactive 'Iguana' at the Roundabout.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

An Appalling Crime

Wages of sin: Christine Ebersole and John Rubinstein in *Getting Away With Murder.* Opposite: Cherry Jones in *The Night of the Iguana.*

IS THERE STILL MUCH CALL FOR THE ORDINARY STAGE thriller—one that, unlike *Sleuth,* for instance, has no dimension beyond the standard two? The run-of-the-mill whodunit has been preempted by film and television, where unlimited effects are available with which the resources of the stage cannot compete. It is not even a genre wherein actors can readily strut their stuff: Suspense depends on a preponderance of plot at the expense of character and depth or poetry in the dialogue. Perhaps today's directors, when they are not too busy ravaging the classics, may still enjoy a bit of ordinary stage mayhem.

I am glad, in any case, that **Getting Away With Murder** has two authors, Stephen Sondheim and George Furth, which should allow each of them to blame the other for the fiasco. Underlying the plot are the seven deadly sins (which, under that title, inspired the great Brecht-Weill-Balanchine songspiel-ballet much in need of revival). The sinful septet has also hit the screen, most recently in the splendid movie *Seven,* so good that it was naturally overlooked by the Oscars. Here now we have a play about a Pulitzer Prize–winning psychiatrist-author who has assembled seven individuals for group therapy, each of whom personifies a capital sin and all of whom will make the subject of the psychiatrist-author's next bestseller. Unfortunately, he also owns seven heavy statuettes representing these deadly sins, any one of them deadly enough when used as a weapon with which to clobber first the good doctor himself, later the person who offed him.

The unmagnificent seven patients are Martin Chisholm, political consultant and New York's mayor presumptive, who has just joined the group and whose sin we do not know as yet; Dossie Lustig, a restaurant hostess with a powerful appetite for men; Pamela Prideaux, a society lady who shot her husband, ostensibly mistaking him for a prowler; Vassili Laimorgos, an obese Greek-American who carries around shopping bags full of food to tide him over till his next meal; Dan Gerard, a police detective who lost the use of one arm while fatally bungling a stakeout, which also got him suspended; Gregory Reed, a Trumpish real-estate tycoon who caused the death of four construction workers; and Nam-Jun Vuong, an academic who resents being Asian-American, to which she attributes all her failures and grievances. The top-floor Upper West Side apartment that serves as Dr. Conrad Bering's office is in a building soon to be renovated and inhabited only by Roberto, the Hispanic super, whose English is poor but whose pot is potent.

I'll let you figure out which person stands for which capital sin, but the play's co-authors clearly represent a few not-so-venial ones themselves: implausibility, manipulativeness, and creakiness in the dramaturgy. And I haven't even mentioned yet a couple of other characters who make mischief outside in the park, a narrow area at the front of the stage that can just accommodate a pair of additional murders. Dr. Bering's building has one working elevator and one nonworking one, whose shaft gapes wide open except for two cross strips of yellow paper provided as a warning. Need I tell you on which elevator the (one-way) traffic is heavier?

I am told that the authors kept changing the ending until the very last. In my view, they should have been changing everything preceding it as well. By the time we reach that last gasp of improbability, absurdities have been accumulating like ink stains on a police blotter, until all is black, inscrutable, and uninvolving. Perhaps the most notable element here is Douglas W. Schmidt's set, which occasionally moves on its axis a bit this way, a bit that, for not very compelling reasons. The skills of Gregory Meeh (special effects) and Kenneth Posner (lighting) are similarly wasted. The actors, who may

Photographs by Joan Marcus.

thank me someday for not naming them, are all competent in their disposable, ten-little-Indianish way, and Jack O'Brien has directed them trickily. The question remains, though, whether the co-authors can get away with murder.

THERE IS ONE GOOD THING GOING FOR THE ROUNDABOUT'S revival of Tennessee Williams's **The Night of the Iguana**: the play itself. It is engrossing, though not in the way Robert Falls interprets that term: making something gross with his direction. Williams's plays became over the years more spasmodically overwrought and underwritten, but in *Iguana* he was still pretty much in control, except for some repetitiousness, occasional overexplicitness, and sporadically awkward syntax. But behind it all is a driving force, a need to understand and forgive, a compulsion for compassion. Also a moving search for belief and belonging, or at least for some way to escape the spooks, the blue devils, a senile and spiteful God.

Summer 1940, at the Costa Verde Hotel on the west coast of Mexico. The Reverend T. Lawrence Shannon—unfrocked priest, alcoholic on the wagon, womanizer against his will, and now tourist guide for a shoddy agency—has brought his busful of Baptist schoolmarms from Texas to an unscheduled stop. He has a high fever, fears an approaching breakdown, and needs a little rest at his friends' hotel, even though the Baptist banshees want to press on. The tough proprietress of the Casa Verde, Maxine Faulk, has just lost her husband, and thinks to replace him with Shannon, who fantasizes about readmission to the clergy. An underage passenger, Charlotte, by whom he reluctantly let himself be seduced, pursues Shannon frantically; she in turn is pursued by her hysterical, and possibly lesbian, teacher, Miss Fellowes (note the name!). Miss Fellowes is Shannon's even worse nemesis, demanding the ignition key that the misguided guide refuses to hand over.

As if this weren't steamy enough, along come Hannah Jelkes, a fortyish New England spinster, and her "97 years young" grandfather, Nonno—actually Jonathan Coffin (!), a very minor poet, blind and all but senile. She peddles her watercolors and makes portrait sketches; he accepts donations for reciting the verses he keeps composing in his head. The two, taking loving care of each other, have traveled the world over; now they are stranded, stony broke. A strange sort of love erupts between Shannon and Hannah, making Maxine jealous. The two Mexican houseboys, her inadequate sex objects, have captured an iguana and tied it up, to provide a future meal. A storm is brewing in the heavens, even as it is among those on the ground. The iguana is desperately tugging at its bonds.

You get the picture, symbolism and all. But the picture talks less loudly than a thousand poetic Tennessee words. If only Falls, a director of the Chicago, constant-vehement-movement-or-else school of directing, would trust them. Instead, he keeps prodding, pummeling, goosing his cast into a frenzy of near-perpetual motion. The play becomes a Roman arena, a three-ring circus, a catch-as-catch-can scramble for attention. Some of it is so over the top, it has to be scraped off the ceiling.

The acting, too, is problematic. Cherry Jones, so wonderful in *The Heiress*, recycles that performance, to give us (in a hairdo too blatantly asexual) a Hannah who is soft, subdued, monotonous. As Shannon, William Petersen is a trifle effete, almost as if his trouble might be with underage boys; at times, he is more hysterical than Charlotte and Miss Fellowes combined. As Maxine, Marsha Mason tries hard to convince us that she is a sexy Earth Mother, but her antics come across more coarse that sensual. Mary Beth Fisher is a one-note Miss Fellowes; as Charlotte, Paula Cale may be the most unappealing young actress I have seen in years. Lawrence McCauley, as Nonno, mumbles and dodders perhaps a shade too definitively.

The worst flaw is the vacationing Nazis, whom Williams doubtless encountered in Mexico but whom he wrote up as cartoon figures, here further caricatured by the actors (one of them, Dan Frick, seems ready for the freak show), speaking terrible German, and further falsified by Falls. Even underplayed, and they should be, their scenes are grotesque enough. Loy Arcenas's set is workmanlike: James F. Ingalls's lighting (and lightning) is almost de-tropical. Susan Hilferty's costumes work; the uncredited piano mood music does not. Alas, the production could not afford, it seems, a real iguana, whose absence is sadly missed. But not so much as that of *The Night of the Iguana*, lost in the not so much shuffle as scuffle.

". . . In its latest incarnation, 'The Night of the Iguana' has become a **three-ring circus,** *a catch-as-catch-can scramble for* **attention** *. . ."*

IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER: A New Jersey Harold Pinter. Such a one has materialized in Charles Evered, whose worthless **The Size of the World** has been mounted at Circle Rep by its artistic director, Austin Pendleton, who surely knows better. Peter Hogancamp, a young man who purports to give seminars in public speaking but has no visible means of support, rents a room from a retired blue-collar couple, Stan and Vivian Merkle. He'll have to walk the dog, Kelly. "What kind of a dog is he?" Peter asks. "He is dead," Vivian tells him. And several times a day he walks him. Peter's father tried to commit suicide by sticking a gun, which Peter mistook for a rotten banana, in his mouth, and shooting. But he missed. "That was the ping," Peter explains.

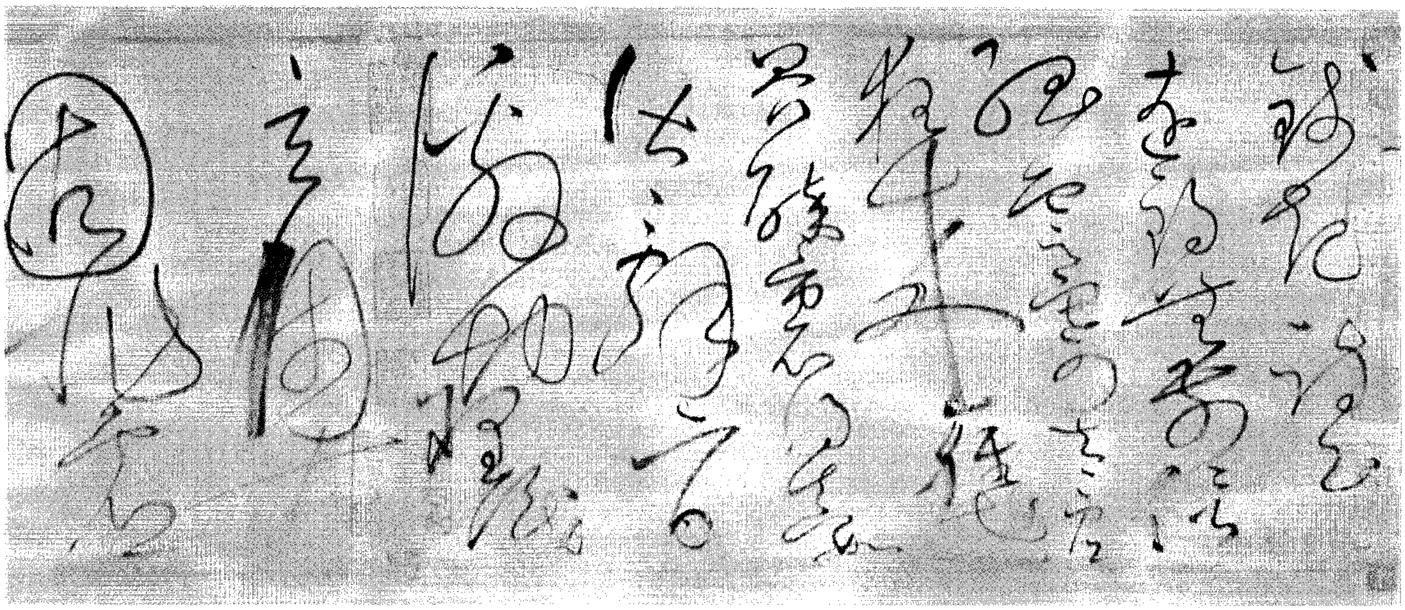
I feel sorry for Rita Moreno, who deserves better. Why, even Louis Zorich does. As Peter, Frank Whaley gives a performance all head-waggling, finger-pointing, and spectacular hand-waving, as if two crazed, wing-flapping birds were trying to break out of their cage. The play is so bad that not even the worst madman would attribute to it legs enough for the shortest walk.

MUCH LESS IS WHAT WE WANT OF **Forbidden Hollywood,** Gerard Alessandrini's overextended movie spoof that wouldn't hurt a fly or amuse an intelligent dog. Old wheezes dying of asthma, sophomoric takeoffs on films that have long since taken off for the elephant graveyard, numbers exhumed from Alessandrini's many *Forbidden Broadways* mingle with failures to score even off such an easy target as Quentin Tarantino. In the cast, Michael McGrath is sometimes funny despite his material, Toni DiBuono and Christine Pedi do what they can, and Lance Roberts is hopeless. Satire bites, Mr. Alessandrini; come back when you've grown a few teeth. ■

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Old China Hands

Amid roiling conflicts in the Taiwan Strait comes the Met's "Splendors of Imperial China," a magnificent reminder of a pre-liberation nation.



An inspired autobiographical essay written by Huai-su, a monk and a tippler, in A.D. 777.

IMAGINE SENDING A SHOW TO CHINA CALLED "SPLENDORS of Europe" that included 500 great works, ranging from an Etruscan sarcophagus to a Velázquez portrait. The show would be both a delight and an absurdity, too large and not large enough, equally a recognition of supreme achievement and a scholar's skate across history. Something similar is true of **Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei,** which displays nearly 450 works ranging in date from the Neolithic period through the eighteenth century. You could well find yourself reluctant to linger for fifteen minutes over a sublime piece of early calligraphy when you know that you still have another millennium to go.

Yet this exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum contains so many great works of art, of such visual power and serious aesthetic interest, that it renders any complaint foolish. Moreover, Chinese culture has a whispering continuity over the centuries that Western culture lacks, so that artists separated by 2,000 years may almost seem to be village friends; there is an odd but exhilarating intimacy a show of this scale can, paradoxically, convey. Of course, no review can possibly take the measure of Chinese art through the millennia, and I won't try. The exhibition comes with two catalogues, one a quick study, the other a large and handsome work of scholarship.

But the exhibition also has a historical poignancy that is rich, dark, and haunting—and worth thinking about. China today is much in the news, as Beijing fires missiles into the water off Taiwan. And it will be increasingly in the news as a society of more than 1 billion people asserts itself and, quite possibly, comes to dominate the next century. In a variety of ways, laying out these great works of classical Chinese culture—"like a patient upon the table," said a wry Asian friend of mine—illuminates some of the most painful and important cultural fissures that now cut across, divide, and disturb the world.

To begin with, the collection of the National Palace Museum symbolizes China's cultural patrimony and embodies, in a vivid and ongoing way, the fraught question "Who and what is China?" Three times in the twentieth century, the collection has undergone a profound change of circumstance, as if in confused answer to that question. Composed mainly of the imperial holdings of the Ch'ing dynasty (1644–1911), it was finally opened to the public in the years following the revolution of 1911. (In 1913, one of J. P. Morgan's partners began negotiations with the imperial family to purchase the core of the collection, but Morgan, then president of the Met, where presumably the works would have been housed, died before the deal went through.) Then the Japanese invasion of China in 1931 led to more than a decade of desperate and heroic efforts to save the art from destruction. The collection was often moved—escaping by just a day, for example, the infamous "Rape of Nanking" in 1937.

During the Chinese civil war, the Nationalists had no intention of letting this collection fall into the hands of the Communists: They took most of it with them to Taiwan in 4,000 crates. The implication was that they, rather than the mainland rulers, possessed the true spirit of China. Not surprisingly, Beijing does not now believe the collection belongs in Taipei. Without the ongoing hatred between Beijing and Taiwan, in fact,

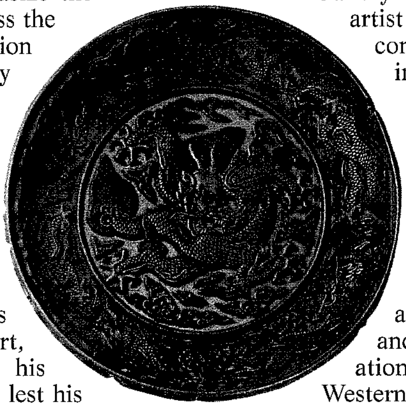
Photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

this show would probably not have come to the United States, for it serves as a political card that Taiwan can play to irritate Beijing and curry favor here. (And even in Taiwan, protests have been staged against having the show travel to the U.S., lest Clinton then proceed to hand it back to the mainland.)

How grotesque, finally, that a collection that represents the subtle genius of a civilization, one particularly rich in philosophical musings about the ultimate meaning of existence, should have been subjected to this dark and tortuous history. How pathetic that the mainland Chinese—for whatever reason—can still not see these great paintings, works of calligraphy, bronze vessels, and exquisite porcelain vases. Thus a collection that embodies the inner cohesion of Chinese culture becomes a symbol of division.

The collection is just as telling as an illustration of the fissures between East and West. It comes to New York as an important survey of Chinese art, with a worthy academic purpose. This, of course, is how we pretend to bridge cultures: We learn our Mings and Sungs. We act responsible, authoritative, in control. That is our way. If we were truly interested in entering into the spirit of Chinese art, however, we might respectfully emphasize the imposing edifice of learning a little less—and an attitude of serious play a little more. We might learn *and* unlearn.

The great Chinese sages, after all, almost invariably emphasize the folly of trying to possess the world through the illusion of knowledge. They don't disparage learning, of course, but understand its place. Nothing is more elegant—philosophically elegant—than the way a great Chinese painter or calligrapher, having spent arduous years mastering his art, will momentarily let his brush drag awkwardly, lest his art become pretty with pride.



Ming Dynasty dish with dragon motif.

One of the greatest artists in the show, for example, is an eighth-century Buddhist monk named Huai-su. His line is as alive as any in art. In his calligraphy, you cannot distinguish freedom from control, learning from inspiration, man from nature. "Good calligraphy," he said, "is like a flock of birds darting out from trees, a startled snake scurrying into the grass, or cracks bursting through a shattered wall."

Huai-su's friends thought he did his best work while inebriated. It would perhaps be unreasonable to ask a museum to teach a visitor, in the interest of bringing together West and East, how to behave like a drunken monk—drunkenness is an honorable state in a spiritually disciplined temperament—but perhaps those at the show can find other ways to loosen up. Chinese space is rarely as fixed as Western space. It seems defined without being claimed, meandering without loss of direction. Even the great decorative objects, for all their vivid physicality, retain an immaterial quality. In the famous blue-and-white porcelain, the color has the fluidity of the sea and the sky. There is in this exhibit a polished jade disk from the late Neolithic Period of such ineffable color that it could almost be a circle carved from light, and a bowl in which cracks seem to clarify time.

The main catalogue of this exhibition is called *Possessing the Past,* a title that suggests a final fissure—one as important here as in Asia. If Chinese culture for centuries made a point of moving ahead by looking back, through reawakening a tradition that seemed eternal, there is no certainty that the China of the future will regard its past in a similar light. So much in modern culture, both East and West, conspires to break the present from the past—to settle the past in a museum, where "tradition" grows wan. Something owned, not possessed.

IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, THE ENORMOUS CULtural pressures in China will produce an upwelling of art. So far, however, New Yorkers have seen very little work by contemporary Chinese artists. At the Z Gallery in SoHo, a Chinese artist named **Niu Bo** is now confronting many of the implications for contemporary China raised by the exhibition at the Met. Niu Bo, who is 36 years old, has built a work called *A Tale of Two Rooms and a Blind Man,* in which he creates a startling image—and a visionary reconciliation—of Eastern and Western ways of knowing.

Inspired by a work of Tibetan Buddhism, the installation contrasts two ways of seeing. It consists mainly of two rooms, one "Eastern" and entirely dark, in which visitors touch and sense objects without being able to use their eyes; the other, a white space that symbolizes in various ways the "Western" objective way of perceiving the world. The work is not static but active. A congenial blind man sits in the brightly lit room (on Saturdays) and asks visitors to describe what they have felt or sensed in the dark room, fashioning from clay the image of what he hears. In a dark room, I once heard someone say, the eye begins to see. ■

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CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Saint and Sinner

One soprano is on the side of the angels; the other plumbs the depth of depravity. Nobody wins.

Are you there, God? It's Dawn Upshaw, exploring spirituality at the 92nd Street Y.

ANYONE WHO CARES TO TEST MUSIC'S POWER TO express the sacred and profane will have plenty to ponder this week, and from two sopranos who seem typecast for the job. On the side of the angels, **Dawn Upshaw** is at the 92nd Street Y on Wednesday night singing the last installment in her lofty three-concert series, "Voices of the Spirit," devoted to music that sets out to examine "the path of the human spirit" and explore "a framework of common spiritual development." Meanwhile, as Strauss's Salome at the Metropolitan Opera on Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon, **Catherine Malfitano** celebrates the flesh as she doffs her seven veils for Herod, lustfully paws the severed head of John the Baptist, and finally kisses the prophet's bloody lips. A study in contrasts, then, and one that seems entirely appropriate for two very different, adventurous singers who have taken on risky projects that stretch their voices and artistic priorities to the limit.

But are Upshaw and Malfitano—and their respective good and evil messages, for that matter—really so far apart? Both are ambitious American singers who started out roughly in the same place, as light lyric sopranos who once excelled in portraying such perky ingenues as Mozart's Susanna. Malfitano left those goody-goody roles far behind some time ago in favor of heavy dramatic heroines like Lulu, Tosca, and Leonore in *Fidelio*. Her soprano may not have grown in size and tonal allure to keep pace with her hunger to sing these juicy parts—vocally, Malfitano's Salome continues to be mainly a triumph of willpower and sheer grit—but the voice has survived, more or less, and its owner has become a star player in demand everywhere. Indeed, during the early nineties, when the Met seemed to shun her, Malfitano was busily performing in all the world's major opera houses until she was finally invited back home one season ago to sing Madame Butterfly. It must have felt good; obviously, the Met needed her more than she needed the Met.

Even when vocally out of her depth and pressing hard on a voice that can often sound forced and unpleasantly curdled, Malfitano presents a more credible teenage Salome than her Met predecessors Eva Marton and Hildegard Behrens—not an unimportant detail to legitimize a feeble postmodern production (designed by Jürgen Rose and directed by Nikolaus Lehnhoff) that places the opera in a harshly lit, heavy-metal seventies disco, its tilted walls frozen in a state of imminent collapse. Malfitano has also sensibly replaced the silly pink party dress with a more appropriately shimmering bauble-and-bead number, and her new seductive dance has been choreographed to order by Lucinda Childs—a cool, languorous shedding of veils that leaves nudity to the imagination. Some admiring critics have said that Malfitano positively possesses the role, and they may be right. This driven-to-succeed diva identifies so completely with Salome, her obsessive personality as well as her skill at getting exactly what she wants, that the whole opera eventually turns into a delicious Malfitano metaphor: prophet's head equals big career.

In some ways Upshaw faced a riskier challenge when she put together "Voices of the Spirit," even if this concert trilogy contains nothing to overtax her natural vocal capacities. Although Upshaw's approach to career management is comparatively understated, she is no less intently focused and resolute than Malfitano about pursuing an aggressive agenda. This high-minded project has been devised by a thoughtful, serious singer who clearly feels more compelled to make a genuinely individual musical statement than to travel around the globe and earn a fortune by singing the same dozen soubrette roles over and over. But the devil, they say, gets all the good tunes, and in that respect I'm

(continued on page 123)

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Heart and Craft

A pair of well-made dances that hark back to the days before postmodernism gave up on the family of man.

Rika Okamoto and Martin Lofsnes in Pearl Lang's *Shira.*

TWO RECENT CONCERTS—BY THE **Pearl Lang Dance Theater** and **Shapiro & Smith Dance**—recalled the virtues of mid-century modern dance: sound craft coupled with humanistic concerns and values. Postmodern dance, the rebellious child of "classical modern," as the older genre has come to be known, has little use for clear, logical structure, finding its conventions banal. As for content, postmodern choreography tends to "dis" life, representing it as disjunctive and discordant, with personal relationships chronically dysfunctional.

Classical modern is not altogether ingenuous; it knows that life is not simple or easy, but its governing attitude is optimistic. *You can engage with trouble,* the classical modernists tell us, *and emerge triumphant, or, if you're defeated, at least go down with your flags flying. Mutual understanding is possible. A community based on common ideals exists. Problems can be examined and resolved. Life at its darkest is still worth living.*

"Get real," retort half the disaffected postmodernists, their bodies taut with all-pervasive, unfocused rage. "Gimme a break," the other half sigh apathetically, limp on their bed of despair. Obviously, both the mid-century and millennial moderns reflect the mood of the periods in which they evolved.

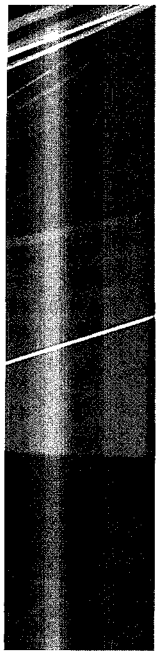
Though postmodern efforts prevail at the moment, pockets of the old school can still be found—in older repertories, loyally maintained, such as those of Martha Graham and José Limón, and in the ongoing work of choreographers like Lang, one of Graham's greatest performers, who has been creating her own work for four decades. Lang's recent concerts at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse featured the revival of her signature piece, *Shira,* which had its premiere in 1960.

Shira is based on a Hasidic parable about the mutual dependence of the material world and an animating spirit beyond it—a tale observing, wisely, that this relationship must be rewoven every day. The female center of the dance is radiance itself, animated by unalloyed joy; her two male foils are grave and grounded, as hardworking as laborers, ardently intent. The three operate in the surround of an ensemble whose movement expands on Semitic dance motifs—incessant circling, as if the body were hypnotically spiraling in on itself, and assertive rhythmic vibration, heels thrumming against floor, fists beating on breastbone. Lang's great achievement here is to evoke two realms existing simultaneously—one the home of a specific culture rooted in time and place, the other the unconfined kingdom of the spirit.

To say that *Shira* is well made is to understate the case. Its structure is so sound and gracefully balanced, it eludes your attention; everything that occurs in the dance simply feels inevitable. The beautifully patterned work for the chorus seems to give birth to the solo passages, like heavy, fertile loam producing astonishing fruits and flowers. You always know where you are in the course of the work; you're always confident in its orderly dramatic progression. And when the ritual reaches its ecstatic climax and skeins of slim white cable are stretched across the width of the stage, the dancers both manipulating their shimmering web and moving through it, you're quite ready to believe in the old allegory's proposal that with sufficient desire, the hearts of humanity can be inextricably bound together, existing in a concrete present and intent on the eternal.

I have seen better performances of *Shira,* better (and forever irretrievable) because they had Lang in the leading role. Rika Okamoto, who has inherited the part and is one of the Graham company's current stars, does not even approach the weight and passion that characterized Lang's own dancing. But Martin Lofsnes and Kevin Predmore were distinguished as the male foils, and the

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.



members of the ensemble were obviously doing their fervent best to embody the central factor in Lang's aesthetic—the understanding of emotional impulse and physical action as one thing.

Danial Shapiro and Joanie Smith, a husband-and-wife team, have been choreographing collaboratively for nine years, after a longish stint as performers with Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis. So they're hardly fledglings, but they can't claim Lang's experience of being bred in the mid-century modern ethos. Some of their dances, though—the more ambitious ones—suggest that they share Lang's concerns. Their tenderly observed and deftly executed *Fathers and Sons,* created for the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater back in December, captured the poignant mix of difficulties and joys in the volatile parent-child relationship. All around them, their peers were turning out dances of alienation and rage—poster-slick or inscrutably shaped—and here they were, working with simple clarity in the Family of Man vein. I don't think I was the only audience member who responded to the old-fashioned principles of this piece with relief and gratitude.

The couple's recent engagement at Dance Theater Workshop with their own handsomely athletic company saw the premiere of *What Dark/Falling Into Light,* which took on no less a subject than the Holocaust. (Shapiro's great-grandparents on his mother's side were among the small number of Jews released from Theresienstadt during World War II.) I wish I could report that the piece succeeds, but it does so only fitfully. The topic, of course, is defeating because any attempt to render it in art seems to trivialize its reality; in truth, it is almost beyond the reach of the imagination. Two passages work. The first, a duet for captive lovers, shows them alternately finding solace in each other—their embrace the only sweetness left in their lives—and forcing themselves to confront the horror of their almost probable extinction. In the second, a small heap of felled bodies continually reaches out to claim a man with a little more life left in him. The choreography reflects the seductive nature of death in this situation and the dilemma the man faces in escaping the ghosts of his comrades and, against all odds, surviving. The dance needs radical work—rethinking and revision—if it's to honor its theme. Such a job might be the making of Shapiro and Smith, their real calling. ■

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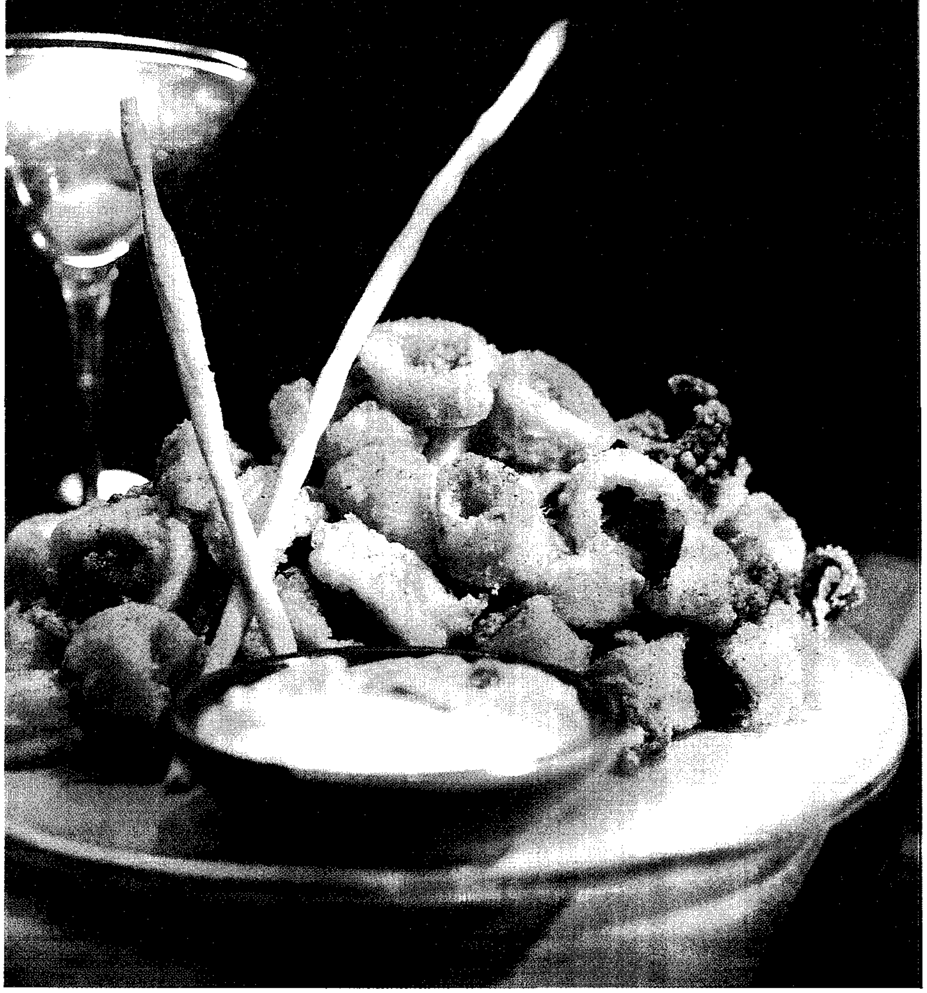
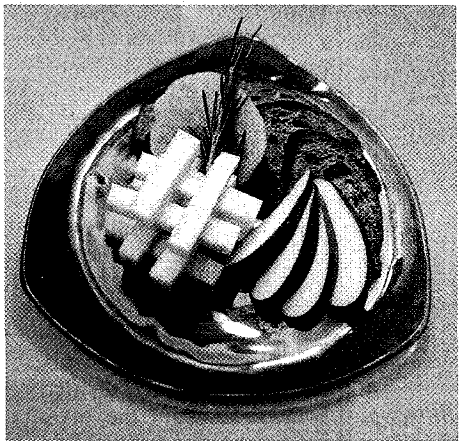
RESTAURANTS CORBY KUMMER

No Mere Morsels

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven distinguishes itself (but the best bites are at the bar).





Nosh pit: left, a martini and the fried calamari at Fifty Seven Fifty Seven's bar. Right, the organic-cow-cheddar plate.

I ALWAYS EXPECT TO BE TREATED WELL AT HOTEL restaurants, but I don't often expect memorable food. My expectations are heightened, though, at the Four Seasons hotel chain, my favorite in the country for its unstuffy but generally superb service. The Four Seasons has pulled off the trick of having not only the highest-rated rooms in many cities but also the highest-rated restaurants, notably in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia.

New York hotel food counts more: A good restaurant brings visibility and business. One way to guarantee both is to back a star chef, as the St. Regis has done with Gray Kunz, putting $1 million into a state-of-the-art kitchen. Susan Weaver, the executive chef of the Four Seasons hotel, is less pampered. Like most hotel chefs, she must oversee all the hotel's food down to the room service—unlike Kunz, who directly supervises only the food that goes into the jewel-box Lespinasse (where luxury is almost oppressive), or Christian Delouvrier, who can perfect his nouvelle-tinged French food at Les Célébrités, in the back of the Essex House, and not concern himself with the equivalent of the coffee shop (the surprisingly good Cafe Botanica) or catering, any hotel's real moneymaker.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven is as spectacular as any hotel restaurant in town, in a different way from the old–New York cream-and-gilt Louis XV walls and chairs of Lespinasse or the red-carpeted plush of Les Célébrités. The light-stained maple-and-walnut floors and paneling, the 22-foot-high windows that during breakfast and lunch flood the room with light, the inlaid light-wood tables with no tablecloths—they all have a familiar feel, and that feel is West Los Angeles. It's no surprise that Disney, which already owns a chunk of 57th Street, has made the restaurant its power-breakfast headquarters, and that so many of the patrons are tieless and tanned.

Weaver's food would naturally appeal to Angelenos. She has worked for twelve years within the Four Seasons system, which before, during, and after the spa-cuisine craze has offered "alternative cuisine," spurred on by the health concerns of its founder, Isadore Sharp. Weaver prepares the regulation reduced-calorie dishes with great imagination. At several recent meals, I've been impressed at how summery the ratatouille tastes on her vegetarian sampling tray, and marveled at the true tomato flavor of the five-tomato-and-bocconcini salad (well, the average has run two out of five real-tasting tomatoes each time I've tried it, which is pretty good for March). After Weaver arrived, in 1994, Gael Greene pronounced her (non-spa) lemon-ricotta hotcakes the best in town, and they still are—cloudlike and in need of no syrup, just some of the restaurant's exceptional Oregon olallieberries, which seem to retain the true taste of the fruit when everyone else's are just decorative.

Somewhere Weaver acquired a knack for terrific bar food, perhaps from planning hundreds of cocktail parties. So jammed is the bar, which has separate cigar and martini menus, that there's a door policy—unexpected in a big hotel where there aren't even doors separating the public spaces (bouncers man velvet ropes leading to the bar and restaurant). Two or three of the substantial snacks, which cost $10 to $15 apiece, can make a meal. The fat grilled shrimp, with

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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a pepper-laced Cajun marinade, make you wish that more than four came for $14; the organic cheddar with walnut raisin bread and apple ($10), prettily sliced and stacked, comes at just the right temperatures, the cheese only slightly cool and crumbly, the apple refreshing and crisp, the bread a bit warm. The salt-baked golf-ball-size potatoes filled with homemade clabbered cream and Sevruga caviar make you think anew about that cocktail cliché, so right are all the flavors.

But if many of the peripherals are dazzling, what should be in the spotlight is spotty. "Don't worry," a friend, Arlene Wanderman, tells me when I arrive at lunch after she and another guest have started eating. "I've got the whole menu mesmerized." If only Weaver did too. Outside alternative-cuisine territory she is less sure of herself: Flavors are muddled rather than distinct, put together with little of the focus evident in the bar food. It's less a question of errors (although the coating on the "crisp and crunchy" turkey paillard, which is neither, is mysterious, and anything to do with pasta is best avoided) than preciousness. "Blood-orange olive oil and squash juice," for instance, are conceits that do nothing for dull salmon, and "gingered pasta pearls" and nonfat lemon yogurt are as pallid as the grilled swordfish they accompany. The only current dinner entrée that merits the charge (the average is $25) is rack of lamb with flageolet beans and roasted tomatoes, which shows Weaver's sure touch with vegetables.

Desserts are back into worthy-frills territory, and one in particular astonishes. Bruno Feldeisen, the pastry chef, is proud of the technical wonders he can achieve in his customized chocolate kitchen (he likes entering cooking competitions). I'm not much on chocolate desserts, but a big disk of devil's-food cake layered with milk-chocolate mousse and covered with nearly black cake crumbs is a dream, especially when it's been out of the refrigerator for a good long time. It also seemed on first and second tasting to be what many Brooklynites nostalgic for the old days of the original Ebinger's bakery have long considered to be the Holy Grail. Not trusting myself to tread on sacred ground, I ask Wanderman, a longtime New Yorker and former food editor whose taste memory is as good as her palate, to dig a fork into the cake. "Blackout!" she cries, and my suspicions are confirmed.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 East 57th Street. Breakfast, 7 a.m. to 11 a.m. daily; lunch, Monday to Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. daily; brunch, Saturday and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Bar snacks served from 6 p.m. until midnight. ■

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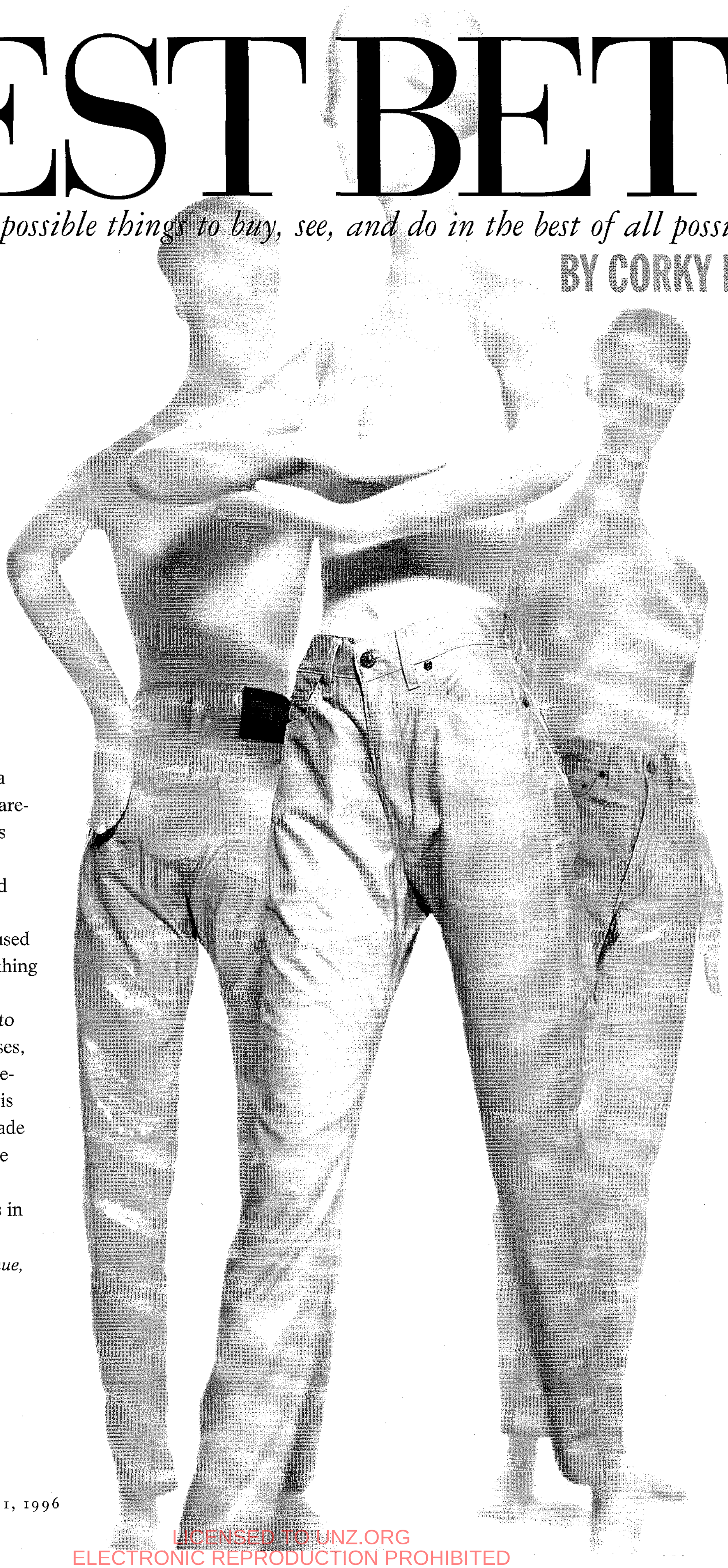
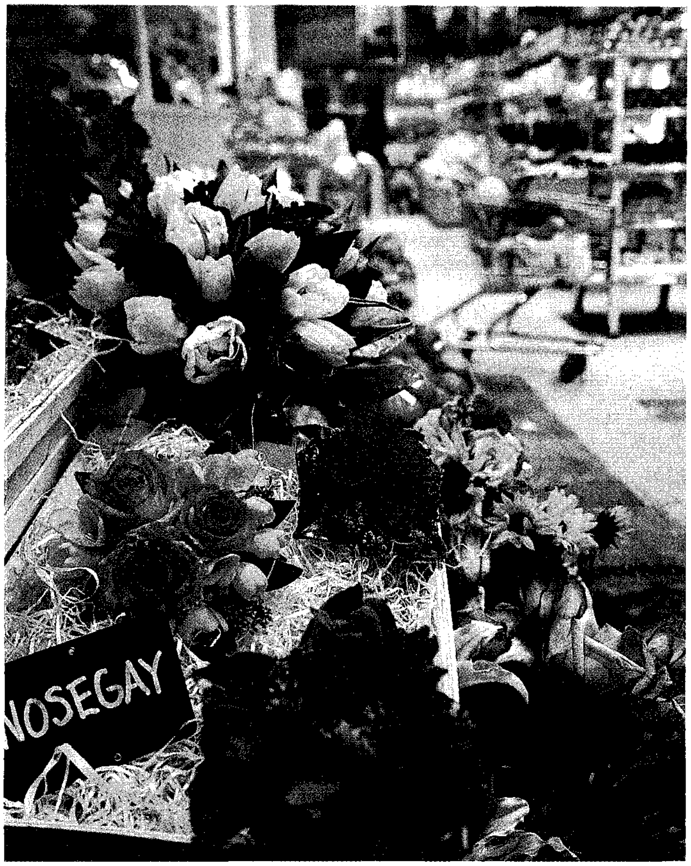


It's a Gas

Fiorucci redux? Diesel, a high-energy, 14,000-square-foot superstore that adds sorely needed flash to Lexington Avenue, could pass as a nineties reincarnation. Rave-focused club kids can find everything from magazines to cappuccino, underwear to outerwear, jeans to dresses, on its two loft-size, space-age-ish floors. The stuff is supercool and mostly made of high-tech fabrics—like these *faux*-leather (laminated-cotton) jeans in sherbety shades ($139).

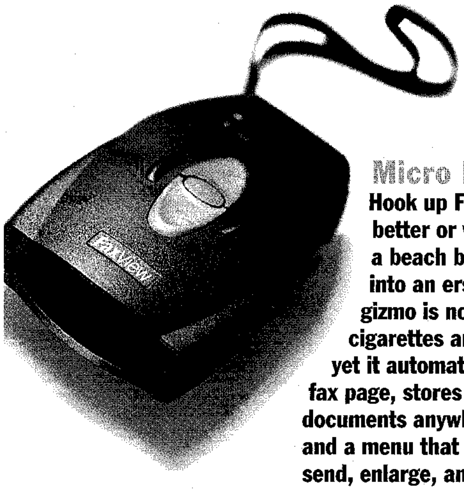
DIESEL/*770 Lexington Avenue, at 60th Street/755-9200*



Branching Out

Every week, or so it seems, Eli Zabar expands his empire on 91st Street. Last summer, he added fish; this year, it's flowers: Daily deliveries of the freshest blooms have transformed the Vinegar Factory into a European-style market. Albert Gleckler scours the flower district each morning; later, he assembles (with a nod to Paris) tightly clustered bouquets. Customers select the stems when they enter the store, then pick up their custom-made nosegays as they leave (nosegays, $25 and $35; French-market bouquet, $75).

THE VINEGAR FACTORY/*431 East 91st Street/987-0885*



Micro Manager

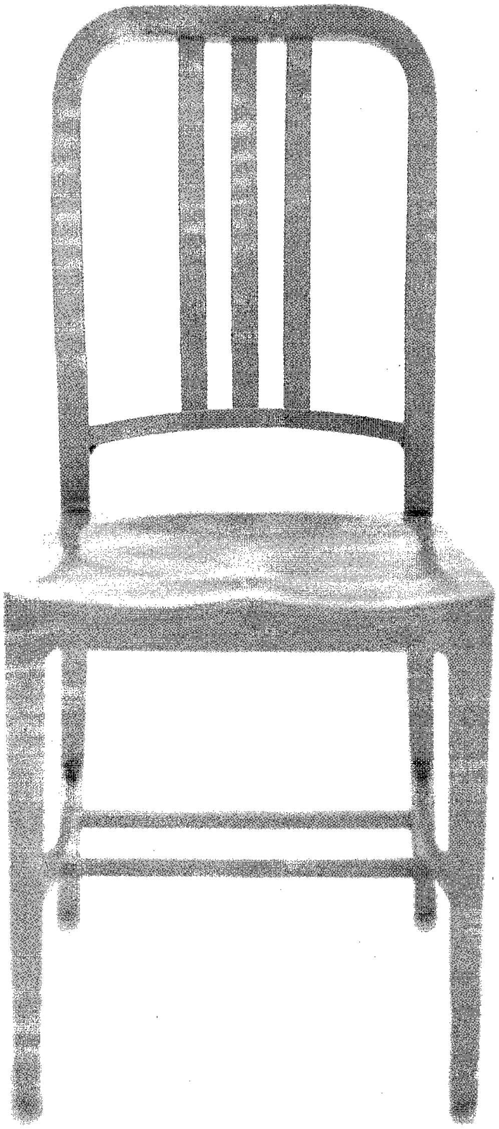
Hook up FaxView to a cellular phone and, for better or worse, a backpack, a dinghy, even a beach blanket could be metamorphosed into an ersatz office. Reflection Technology's gizmo is not much bigger than a pack of cigarettes and weighs less than eight ounces, yet it automatically receives faxes, displays a full fax page, stores up to twenty pages, and sends documents anywhere. There's an onscreen keyboard and a menu that allows the user to choose view, send, enlarge, and reduce functions ($599).

SPECTRA SECURITY GROUP/*762 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street/744-2255*

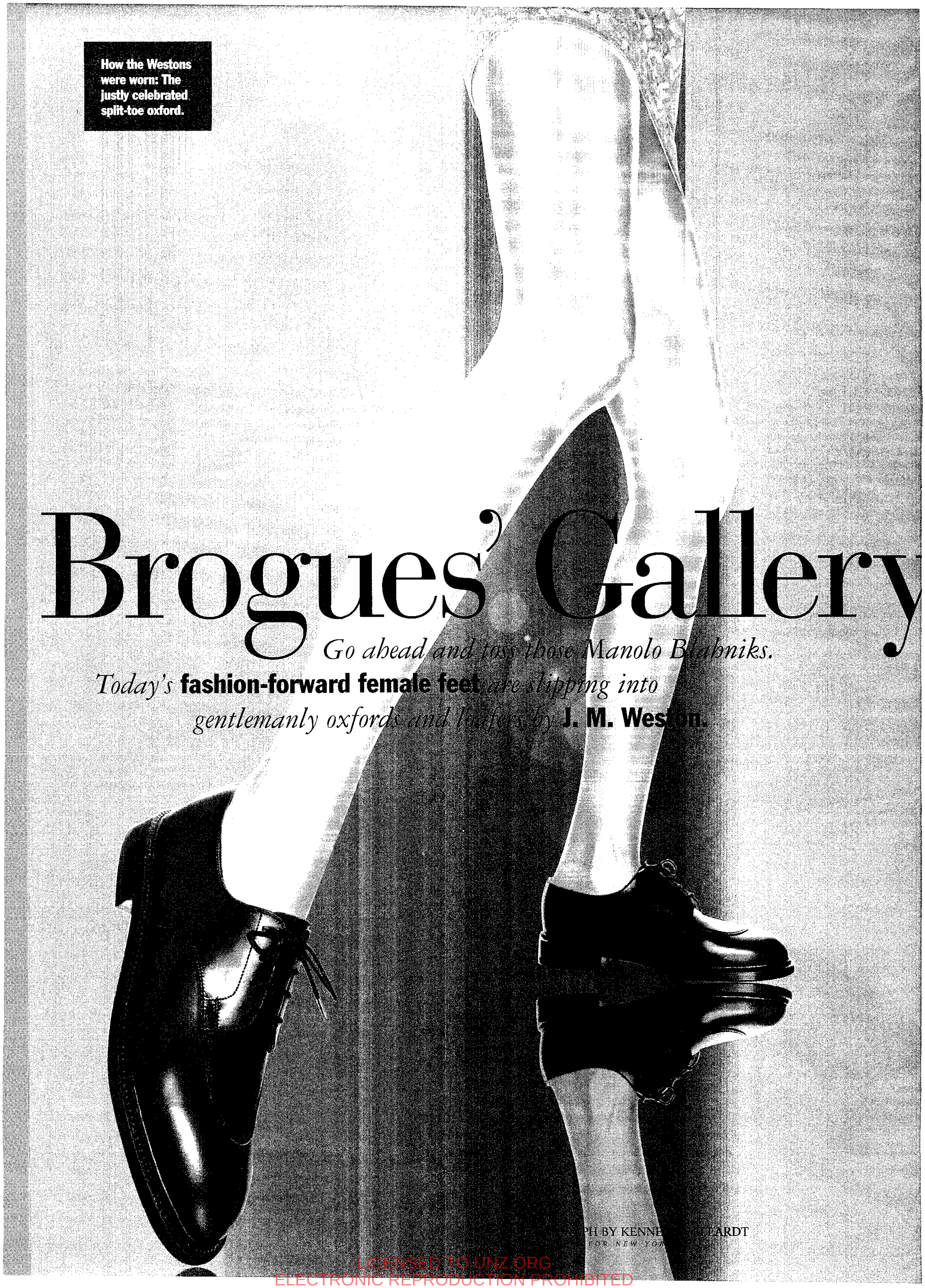
Old Navy

Never mind that these molded-aluminum chairs were designed for the U.S. Navy in 1947 as the perfect utilitarian furniture. Emeco, a Pennsylvania company, still makes them, and they're as lightweight, durable, and comfortable as they were then. But today, there's another adjective that applies: *voguish* ($230; armchair, $275).

LOST CITY ARTS/*275 Lafayette Street/941-8025*



A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.



How the Westons were worn: The justly celebrated split-toe oxford.

Brogues' Gallery

Go ahead and toss those Manolo Blahniks. Today's **fashion-forward female feet** *are slipping into gentlemanly oxfords and loafers by* **J. M. Weston.**

PH BY KENNE LARDT
FOR NEW YOR

WHY DO SOME MEN PAY UP to $2,000 for a pair of J. M. Weston shoes? Because they're so quintessentially male: thick-soled, hand-stitched, and built to last a lifetime. To their aficionados, they're known simply as "Westons," and the French craftsmen who've been producing them in Limoges since 1865 have made few concessions to fashion: The Weston split-toe oxford—knocked off by practically every upscale merchandiser—has not changed appreciably in the past 50 years. Philip Johnson, Tim Robbins, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and Tom Cruise all have at least one pair of Westons in the closet.

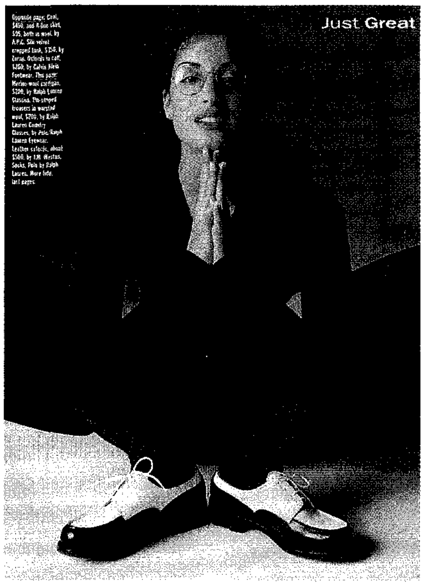
Given that the footwear is so aggressively macho, it is interesting to note that Linda Evangelista, Nicole Kidman, makeup artist Bobbi Brown, Karen Mulder, Melanie Griffith, and Christie Brinkley are all members of the 4-W club—women who wear Westons. "These are very snappy shoes," says Lauren Hutton, who wears her Westons without socks. "I've always believed it's sexier to wear men's shoes rather than spike heels."

Though launched in 1979, Weston's women's line has surfaced in the fashion magazines only in the past few years. The four most popular models include the ubiquitous loafer ($375); a low-cut riding boot ($500); the signature split-toe oxford ($465); and the "Golf," a clunky rubber-sole number with moccasin stitching ($420). Sizes range from 5 to 10½, but some statuesque women actually prefer to buy from the men's line.

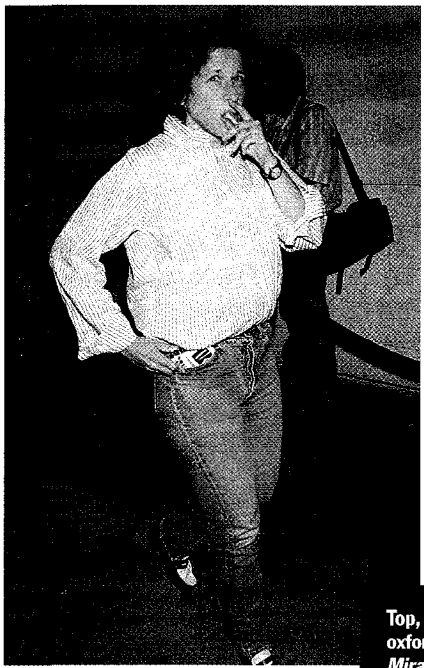
It was a stylist who spearheaded the trend, essentially a revival of what Katharine Hepburn deemed "sensible shoes," i.e., men's shoes. "Every female star I've dressed in Westons ends up buying them," says Wayne Scot Lukas, who helps famous people create their looks and has worked on celebrity shoots at magazines like *Vanity Fair.* "I can't say enough about how right Westons look on a woman's foot. The men's split-toe in white is simply flawless. I put them on Lauren Hutton, and she was in heaven."

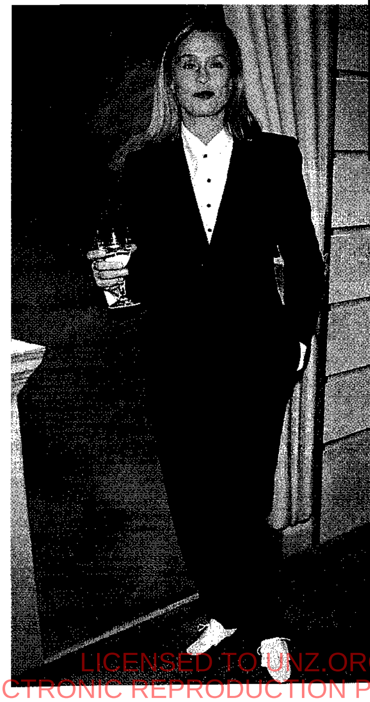
Fashion designers also championed Westons. Taking her cue from Calvin Klein and John Bartlett, who have both used the footwear in their men's fashion shows in the past three years, Jil Sander has commissioned J. M. Weston to produce some prototype styles for her women's collection. Richard Tyler was similarly inspired; the models in his last men's fashion show wore Westons.

In recognition of its increasing female patronage, the venerable company has become considerably more unlaced, introducing a shoe that has some purists cringing: a loafer designed by Castelbajac, available in eye-popping blue, yellow, red, and (gasp!) green. These decidedly nontraditional Westons—intended to capitalize on Patrick Cox's wildly successful "Wannabe" loafers—received major exposure when they were used during the last Perry Ellis fashion show.



Opposite page: Coat, $450, and 4-line shirt, $95, both in wool, by A.P.C. Silk-velvet cropped tank, $150, by Zoran. Oxfords in calf, $360, by Calvin Klein Footwear. This page: Merino-wool cardigan, $290, by Ralph Lauren Classics. Pin-striped trousers in worsted wool, $700, by Ralph Lauren Country. Glasses, by Polo/Ralph Lauren Eyewear. Leather oxfords, about $560, by J.M. Weston. Socks, Polo by Ralph Lauren. More info, last pages.





Top, two-tone oxfords in *Mirabella;* center, Fran Lebowitz likes the classic loafer; left, Lauren Hutton, feeling undeniably sexy in her chunky "Golf" shoes.

Until recently, Westons were available in this country only at the J. M. Weston store at 42 East 57th Street. But now the shoes have also been picked up by Fred Segal Feet (Los Angeles), Wilkes Bashford (San Francisco), Ultimo (Chicago), and Louis, Boston. Those who balk at the high prices will be happy to hear that the company has quietly opened up an outlet store offering a 25 to 35 percent markdown in the Quai des Marques Mall, located in St. Denis, a suburb just north of Paris.

> *"...These are snappy shoes," says Lauren Hutton. "I've always believed* **it's sexier to wear men's shoes** *rather than spike heels..."*

"It's the ritual of purchasing Westons I love," confesses Maggie Mann, a senior fashion editor at *GQ* magazine. "You can actually customize the shoe you want: Choose a rubber sole, another color or material. And the people really care. I remember once I wanted to buy a pair of shoes desperately, and the salesman wouldn't allow it because they didn't fit me perfectly. That would never have happened in a women's shoe store."

John Ryan, a former J. M. Weston employee, believes there's more to the craze than anyone is willing to admit. "There's definitely sexual fetishism going on here," says Ryan. "This goes way beyond wearing the boyfriend's sweater." Still, not everyone has found the transition from Blahniks to Westons to be a smooth one. Take, for example, the young woman who made a pilgrimage to the 57th Street store for a pair of cap-toe oxfords she'd noticed on Kelly Klein. "I hope they don't make me look like a lesbian," she muttered to herself as she laced them up, quickly adding, "not that there's anything wrong with that, of course." ■

SALES & BARGAINS LEONORE FLEISCHER

Prime Time

Sustenance for the body and sole: From the New York gourmet elite's favorite butcher to booties "della nonna."

LOBEL'S PRIME MEAT MARKET, heralded by foodies as one of the best butcher shops in the city, has superior-quality prime beef at prices comparable to your local markets': prime briskets of beef (about 5 lbs. each), were $10.98 per lb., now $7.50; whole prime tenderloins of beef (ranging from about 6 to 11 lbs.), were $16.98 per lb., now $11.98. *Lobel's Prime Meat Market, 1096 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (737-1372 or 800-5-LOBELS). A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 8 a.m.–6 p.m.; 3/30–4/13.*

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Meaty, beaty, big, and bouncy: The window display at Lobel's.

Talking 'Heads

BLOCKHEADS BURRITOS OFFERS healthful alternatives to the usual Mexican–Southern California cuisine: your choice of whole-wheat or corn tortillas and regular or tofu sour cream—and no refried beans. The $4.95 lunch special includes choice of Mexican salad; vegetarian chili with cheese, sour cream, and onions; and charcoal-grilled hamburger or turkey burger. The early $8.95 dinner (4–8 P.M. seven nights a week) includes a frozen margarita or cold beer; soup or salad; and entrée. The $6.95 brunch (Saturday and Sunday 11:30 A.M.–4 P.M.) features free refills of champagne or mimosas, and your choice of eleven entrées, including the Big Breakfast Burrito, huevos rancheros, and an avocado-and-fresh-salsa omelette. *Blockheads Burritos, 499 Third Ave., near 33rd St. (213-3332); M.C., V. accepted.*

Plush Life

FOR THREE DAYS, YOU CAN BUY CARPETING from this to-the-trade-only showroom, which is offering the designer discount of 40 percent off list prices for thousands of pieces of wool, wool-nylon, or nylon floor covering, was $29.95 per sq. yd. (for olefin) to $285.95 per sq. yd. (for wool heavyweight Wilton), now $17.97–$171.57. Plush nylon carpeting, retail $45.95 per sq. yd., here $27.57; wool Berber in a basket-weave pattern, retail $77.50 per sq. yd., here $46.50. *Sanford-Hall Corporation, 20 E. 33rd St. (684-4217); checks accepted; no credit cards; free parking at 148 E. 33rd; Thurs.–Sat., 3/28–3/30, 10 a.m.–6 p.m.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Renée Days

THIS DESIGNER IS HAVING HER SEMIANNUAL sale on women's skirt suits for spring. The suits come in such fabrics as cotton bouclé and silk tweed in mint, ivory, and yellow, in sizes 4–14 in a variety of styles including notch-collar, V-neck, and jewel-neck, retail $325, here $125; three-piece pantsuits in solid spring colors, retail $350, here $165. *Renée DuMarr, 530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., seventh floor (768-3734); A.E. accepted; all sales final; Thurs. and Fri., 3/28 and 3/29, 5–8 p.m., Sat., 3/30, 10 a.m.–3 p.m.*

Valenti Knows

THIS IMPORTER-WHOLESALER OF MEN'S WEAR from Italy is now clearing away a large selection of merchandise in sizes 36–44S, 36–50R, 40–60L. Single- and double-breasted suits, were $375–$445, now buy any suit and get one of the same or lesser value free. Sport jackets are up to 50 percent off, such as one of glen plaid, was $295, now $177. Gabardine trousers, sizes 30–40, were $125–$195, now $69; Swiss cotton dress shirts, were $125, now two for $79; handmade silk ties from Italy, were $45–$65, now two for $38. *Valenti, 757 Third Ave., near 47th St. (319-7566); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; alterations additional; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Sat. and Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 4/21.*

Dream Weaver

MYRA HAS ONE-OF-A-KIND HAND-LOOMED samples of designer-look jackets and suits, most in size M (10/12), such as a camel bouclé suit trimmed with brown, black, and white braid, was $875, now $450; red bouclé blazer, was $540, now $325; sweaters and jackets, such as a zebra-striped in size L, was $450, now $195; a group of silk blouses, were $290 each, now $145. *Myra, 795 Lexington Ave., near 62nd St., second floor (207-4346); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Shake Your Booties

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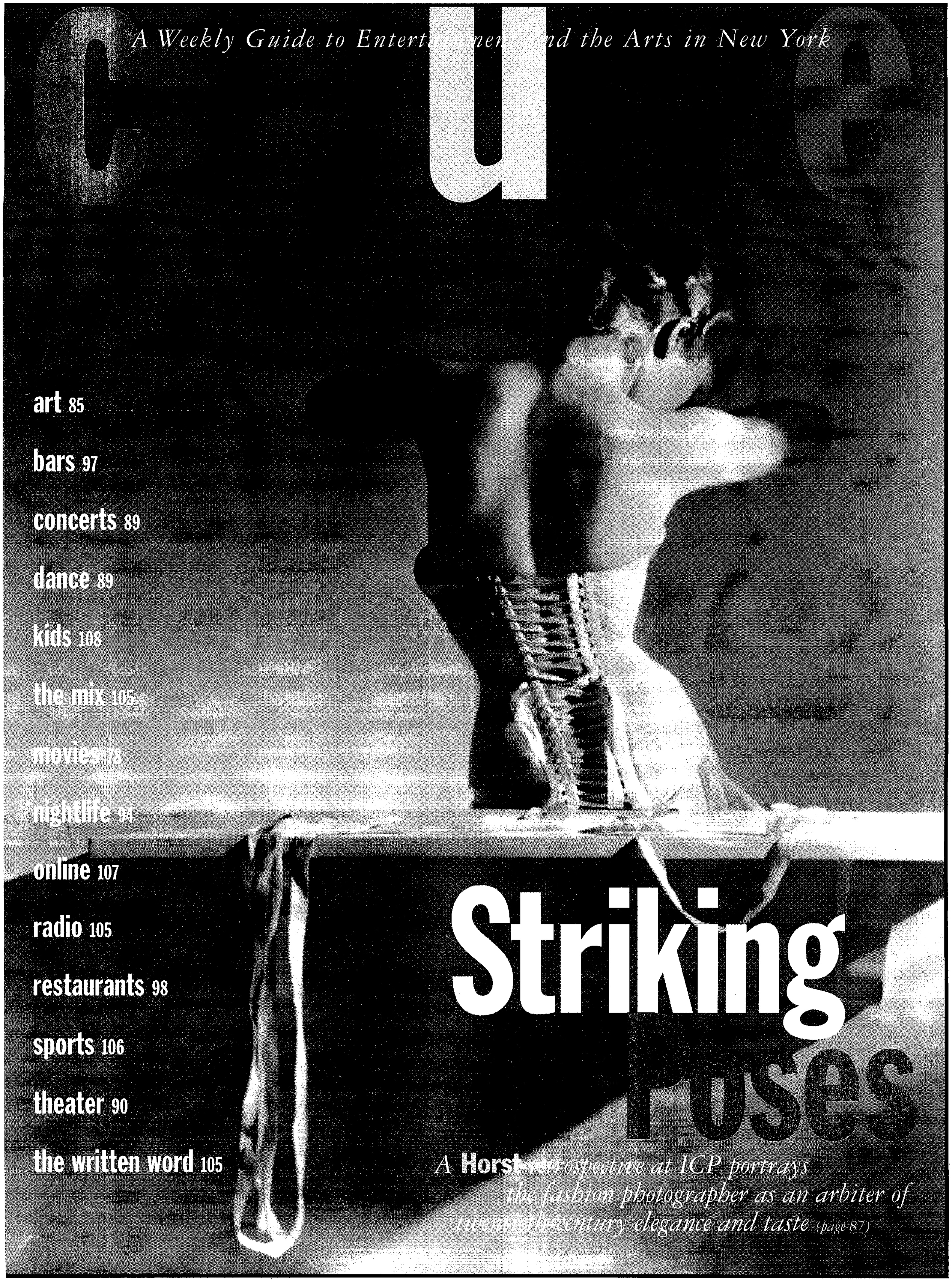

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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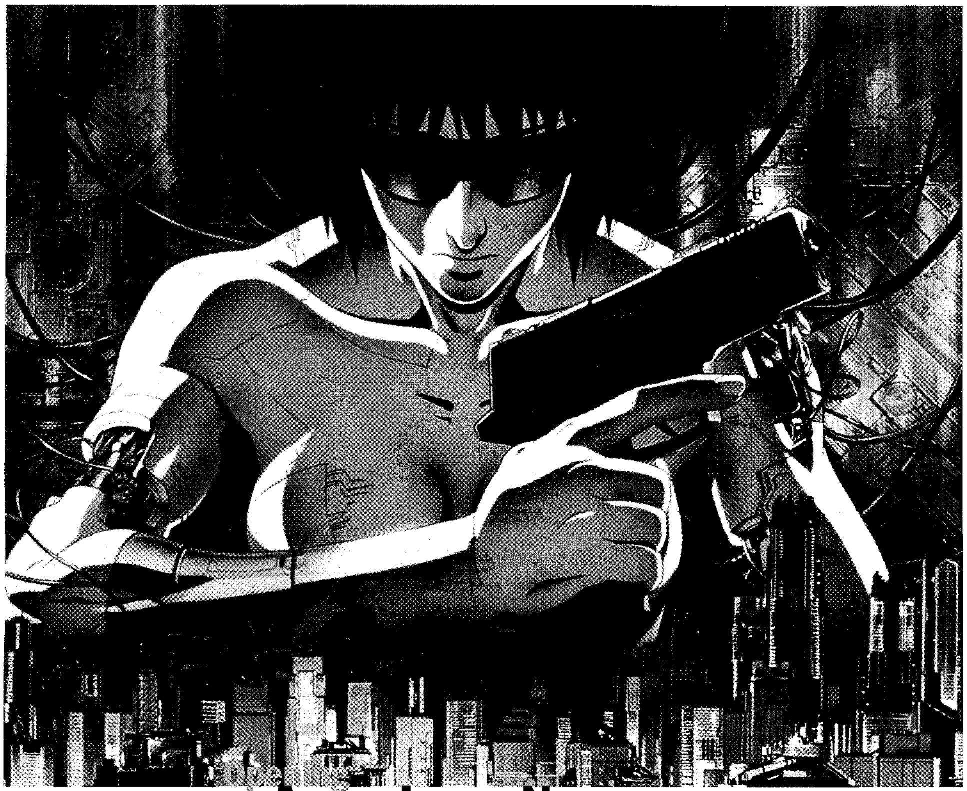
Striking Poses

A **Horst** *retrospective at ICP portrays the fashion photographer as an arbiter of twentieth-century elegance and taste* (page 87)

movies

Sweet Nothing . . . Olivier Assayas



Opening

Apocalypse Now

Mamoru Oshii's futuristic thriller 'Ghost in the Shell'—the costliest and most technically advanced work of Japanese animation yet—has its premiere this Friday at Cinema Village.

New Films

All Dogs Go to Heaven 2—A dead dog named Charlie (voice of Charlie Sheen) teams up with a fetching Irish setter (Sheena Easton) to retrieve an angel's lost horn. (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Area theaters.*

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Anne Frank Remembered—Jon Blair's documentary, which was made in collaboration with the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, offers little in the way of revelation, but the testimony of the now elderly women who knew Anne Frank as a girl and who helped the Frank family, at considerable risk, both in Amsterdam and the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, is extraordinarily moving. (Denby; 3/25/96) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Babe—A wonderful fable about a pig who defies convention and dares to become a sheepdog. Based on Dick King-Smith's children's book The Sheep-Pig. Directed by Chris Noonan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; G) *Manhattan Twin.*

Beautiful Girls—Matt Dillon gives a lovely performance as Tommy, a former high-school star who spends his nights plowing snow; his old girlfriend (Lauren Holly) won't stop pursuing him, and he doesn't have the strength to resist her—a sick situation that leaves his regular girlfriend (Mira Sorvino) dieting herself into anorexia. Tim Hutton plays a morose cocktail-hour piano player who left town, flopped, and has now returned; Michael Rapaport is a misogynist dope who dreams of supermodels. These young men are often pathetic, and the movie (written by Scott Rosenberg and directed by Ted Demme) looks at them with affectionate rue. Rosenberg and Demme nod toward feminism and accomplished women, but they also hold to the dreary idea that men are by nature rhapsodists and fantasists, whereas women represent the solid earth of family and work. It's time, perhaps, to retire the sentimental genre of male-bonding movies. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's loving son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand and Albert put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. Opposites suddenly recognize each other as soulmates, and from this recognition flows reconciliation. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**Broken Arrow**—If you've never experienced a Hong Kong action movie, you might as well see this John Woo film. Woo has moved to Hollywood, so *Broken Arrow* takes place in the Arizona desert and features stars like John Travolta and Christian Slater. There's sort of a plot (about a nihilistic Air Force pilot and a couple of stolen nukes), but none of that means much. What matters here is movement: not only is everyone and everything moving, but everything moves in relation to other things (car, trains, helicopters) that are moving. People jump, tumble, leap, fall, drop from planes, bridges, and moving trains. The movie is a pardise of kinetic bravura—sheer air ballet—and the gross realities of pain, blood and dust never intrude for a second. (Denby; 2/26/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 86th Street; Regency.*

Carried Away—A middle-aged teacher (Dennis Hopper), mired in a stale relationship with a local widow (Amy Irving) who desperately wants to marry him, becomes passionately involved with a 17-year-old student. Directed by Bruno Barreto. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

The Celluloid Closet—An engaging documentary about Hollywood's treatment and depiction of gays and lesbians in film. Based on Vito Russo's

"Cue" cover photograph by Horst/courtesy of ICP.

acclaimed book. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Chungking Express**—Thirty years ago, Jean-Luc Godard identified his youthful characters as "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola"; writer-director Wong Kar-Wai's characters might be called the children of global hypercapitalism and Coca-Cola. *Chungking Express* was shot mostly at night inside a vast network of markets in the Hong Kong tourist district. This, we gather, is the future: a shopping-concourse Babel where the many languages and identities are held together, momentarily, by the exchange of goods, a chance meeting of desire. Wong tells separate stories about two lonely Hong Kong policemen. In the first, a young cop known only by his badge number (223) decides to wait a month for his girl to come back to him. She left on April 1, so every day he buys a can of pineapple (her favorite food) with an expiration date of May 1. When he runs out of cans to buy, he'll know the affair is over. In the second story, a flight attendant, having decided to dump her policeman boyfriend, No. 663 (Tony Leung), leaves the key to his apartment at the fast-food stand where he stops every night. A strange girl who works there becomes obsessed with the abandoned cop; she takes the key and repeatedly goes to his apartment, brightening the place up. On the whole, Wong seems more at home with solipsistic characters, dreaming their time away, than with men and women together. When the policeman and his admirer finally face each other in his apartment, they can hardly speak. *Chungking Express* is charming and right up to the second; its theme is the transiency, the fleetingness, of life in the present. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Denise Calls Up—A comedy about seven young professionals who conduct every aspect of their lives over the phone. With Tim Daly and Liev Schrieber. Written and directed by Hal Salwen. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Quad Cinema.*

Diabolique—See David Denby, p. 61. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Ed—Jack Cooper (Matt LeBlanc) is a down-on-his luck minor-league pitcher whose fortunes change when he hits it off with the new third baseman—a chimpanzee. Directed by Bill Couturie. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *34th St. Showplace; Manhattan Twin; Na-*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

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tional Twin; 86th Street; Olympia.

Executive Decision—Six military operatives board a hijacked plane in midair and attempt to defuse a bomb loaded with nerve gas. With Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal. Directed by Stuart Baird. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Family Thing—A drama about a middle-aged white Southerner (Robert Duvall) who, after learning his natural mother was black, sets out to find his half-brother. With James Earl Jones. Directed by Richard Pierce. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through white fields and white air, a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of Fargo—a devastating new comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. The cadaverous Buscemi has the ultimate Buscemi role—a criminal convinced that he's the only rational person in the world. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. *Fargo* is not completely an exercise in attitude; it's a fable of good and evil, in which the pregnant Marge gets to restore order, one syllable at a time. ((Denby; 3/18/96)) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Flirting With Disaster—A comedy about a young man (Ben Stiller) searching for his biological parents. Directed by David O. Russell. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodovar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

French Twist—A suburban housewife (Victoria Abril), turned off by her husband's relentless philandering, is suddenly turned on by a woman, with whom she begins an affair. Written and directed by the star, Josiane Balasko. (2 hrs.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Frisk—A young man obsessed with violent sex is tracked down by his ex-lover and brother. Directed by Todd Verow. (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

From the Journals of Jean Seberg—In this fictionalized autobiography, Mary Beth Hurt portrays the late actress as she reviews her life and her work. Directed by Mark Rappaport. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Girl 6—See David Denby, p. 48. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Hellraiser 4: Bloodline—The latest in horror from Clive Barker. Directed by Alan Smithee. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Astor Plaza.*

Homeward Bound II—Two dogs and a cat get separated from their owners at an airport and find themselves lost in San Francisco. With the voices of Michael J. Fox, Sally Field, Sinbad, and Bob Uecker. Directed by David R. Ellis. (1 hr. 29 mins.; G) *Village East; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza* .

If Lucy Fell—Lucy (Sarah Jessica Parker) and Joe (Eric Schaeffer), friends since college, are both pushing 30 and on the verge of becoming morose and bitter, so they make a desperate attempt to find love with other partners. The film, written and directed by Schaeffer, is hyperconscious in a way that's often trying—some of the knowing little jokes fall awfully flat. Schaeffer dominates, and with his hair falling in his face, his moods varying between antic showing-off and utter solemnity, he stops the movie cold more than once. But Sarah Jessica Parker is something to see; she's developed an ingratiating comic style. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Gemini Twin.*

It's My Party—Eric Roberts portrays a young man who, shortly before succumbing to AIDS, hosts a two-day party for his family, friends, and an unexpected guest. With Gregory Harrison. Written and directed by Randal Kleiser. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Jack & Sarah—Richard E. Grant plays a single father who falls in love with the young American (Samantha Mathis) he's hired to care for his baby daughter. Written and directed by Tim Sullivan. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Beekman; 62nd and Broadway.*

L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico Lo Verso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastri D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

La Haine—A multicultural trio of alienated young men—a Jew (Vincent Cassel), an Arab (Said Taghmaoui), and a black (Hubert Kounde)—spend a very long day lounging around, brawling, pulling off minor drug deals, and attempting to see a friend brutalized by police after a riot. The young director, Mathieu Kassovitz, is very talented: He shoots in black-and-white, often with a handheld camera, and the movie captures the moody recklessness, the volatile, offhand brutality and loyalty of the 'hood, French-style. Kassovitz, however, takes cool to the point of meaninglessness. We never find out why there's been a riot in the projects, why the young men have no work, no hopes, no interests—or even how three men from such different backgrounds can get along so well. The movie is powerful but irritatingly vague. (Denby; 2/12/96) (1 hr. 34

Retrospective

The Newest Wave

If he were American, Olivier Assayas (left) would have a three-picture deal with Miramax by now; in France, he's merely considered his country's most prodigious talent. The Walter Reade Theater presents the auteur's entire *oeuvre* in "Olivier Assayas's Cinema of Abandon" (March 29–April 4).

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

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STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 29TH

mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Land and Freedom—In thirties Barcelona, a young man (Ian Hart) finds himself torn between the Communist Party and the woman he has fallen in love with. Directed by Ken Loach. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Last Summer in the Hamptons—Three generations of an acting dynasty convene at their annual summer retreat for the last time. Starring the late Viveca Lindfors. Directed by Henry Jaglom. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Angelika 57.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. Figgis accepts Ben and Sera with something like awe: The doomed nature of their love transfigures it. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life. It's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Little Indian, Big City—A successful French businessman travels to South America to seek a divorce from his estranged wife and discovers that he has a son. Starring Thierry Lhermitte, Miou Miou, and Ludwig Briand. Written and directed by Herve Palud. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Man of the Year—A "mock" documentary by former *Playgirl* Man of the Year Dirk Shafer about his reign in the closet. An amateurish film that never manages to convince the audience that Shafer's sexuality was even a matter of contention. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser—Werner Herzog based his 1975 masterpiece on a famous nineteenth-century legend about a speechless, mysterious man who appears in Nuremberg's town square with a single piece of paper bearing his name. (Fittingly, Herzog cast a man named Bruno S., a street performer and former mental patient, in the title role.) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Nico-Icon—Suzanne Ofteringer's fascinating documentary about the late, enigmatic Warhol superstar. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Oliver & Company—The re-release of Disney's animated tale of an orphaned kitten's misadventures. With the voices of Billy Joel, Bette Midler, Cheech Marin, and Dom DeLuise. Directed by George Scribner. (1 hr. 13 mins.; G) *Guild 50th Street.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; UA East; Plaza Twin.*

Race the Sun—A bunch of poor Hawaiian kids—inspired by their spunky teacher—decide to build a solar-powered car and ride it through Australia. With Halle Berry and Jim Belushi. Directed by Charles T. Kanganis. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Plaza . Worldwide Cinemas.*

Rumble in the Bronx—A crossover vehicle for Hong Kong action star Jackie Chan that fails to do him justice. Chan is a martial-arts master who deftly blends breathtaking action, screwball setups and physical comedy into the smoothest of mixtures, but here, nothing seems to work. Perhaps the film loses something in the dubbing (most Chan films shown here are subtitled). Much of the problem, however, lies in the setting and what passes for a storyline: Keung (Chan) comes to the Bronx to visit his uncle and has to fight a lot of New York punks, who themselves look and act like a tourist's idea of New York—style thugs. And Chan doesn't get to display his martial-arts chops to the best effect, because here he's fighting guys who can only throw the crudest of punches. It's a big, garish cartoon; though we never feel like Chan's above it, he deserves better. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; 84th Street Six; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee (*Eat Drink Man Woman*) stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

Sgt. Bilko—Steve Martin stars in this comedy based on the sixties television sitcom. With Dan Aykroyd, Phil Hartman, and Glenne Headly. Directed by Jonathan Lynn. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Area theaters.*

Two Much—A farce about a man (Antonio Banderas) who is simultaneously courting two sisters (Melanie Griffith and Daryl Hannah). (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

The Starmaker—A would-be talent scout scours remote Sicialian villages with a camera and the promise that those he films will become famous. Directed by Giuseppe Tornatore (*Cinema Paradiso*). (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Up Close & Personal—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity who is mysteriously on his way down. On camera, Michelle makes terrible blunders, but at a certain moment in any story she pulls herself together and delivers something—an emotional experience of the news—to the viewer. Redford bullies his protégée, but he always helps her; despite many missteps, she flourishes as he sinks. *Up Close & Personal* is big, dull, and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star is Born,* one of whose earlier versions was written by the same screenwriting team (Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne). Directed by Jon Avnet. (Denby; 3/4/96) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13). *Vilage East; 23rd Street West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2-4; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

. . . When We Were Colored—Based on the book by Clifton Taulbert, which chronicled his coming-of-age in forties Mississippi. Starring Richard Roundtree. Directed by Tim Reid. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG) *Olympia Cinemas.*

★**The Young Poisoner's Handbook**—Writer-director Ben Ross linked up with another writer, Jeff Rawle, who shared his interest in an actual murderer—Graham Young, the chem-lab wizard who killed a number of people and became a Brit tabloid celebrity of the sixties and seveties. Graham is 14 when we first see him, a nerdish boy from the London suburbs with pale skin and wide-open eyes. Hugh O'Conor, who was the young Christy Brown in *My Left Foot,* plays Graham with the polite manners of a dry-goods clerk. Methodically, he begins to eliminate the members of his ghastly family, a group of nasty vulgarians completely unconcious of themselves or of the blankly vicious boy who lives among them. The joke is that the murderer seems utterly normal and his victims mad as hatters. Against every scruple, we root for Graham; he's a monster, but he's also weirdly appeal-

Trend

Background Noise

In *Beautiful Girls,* you may spot a suspiciously familiar guy belting out a ballad in an unremarkable bar—but he's not just window dressing. He's Greg Dulli (left), and his band, the Afghan Whigs, contributes to the soundtrack. But Dulli's cameo is more than mere marketing: He's also a swaggering signifier of hipness.

Movie	Soundtrack Band's Onscreen Gig	Signifies
Clueless	The Mighty Mighty Bosstones jam at a happening house party.	The jaded cool of Alicia Silverstone.
Mad Love	Schizoid Drew Barrymore drags goody-goody Chris O'Donnell to a 7 Year Bitch concert.	Barrymore's easy.
Singles	Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick strike up a flirtation at a Soundgarden show.	Rocky relationship will ensue.
Something Wild	Goofy cult band the Feelies plays at Melanie Griffith's high-school reunion.	Griffith's character is loopy.
Pretty in Pink	Obscure New Wave punks the Rave-Ups play at underground dive frequented by Molly Ringwald.	Ringwald is a nonconformist.

Photograph by Lorey Sebastian/Miramax.

ing. When he gets caught, and sent to the state funny farm, the comedy deepens, and at the end, Graham thaws a little and tries to experience the pain he has caused others. But despite the shift in meaning, *The Young Poisoner's Handbook* maintains its unearthly poise. This is a remarkable first feature; if the experience doesn't hurt too much, you may find yourself laughing all the way through it. (Denby; 3/4/96) (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

Opening: Hot-wired

Liev Schreiber (pictured) plays Jerry, one of seven friends who conduct all affairs—business and love—via phone, fax, and modem in 'Denise Calls U (opening March 29).

Photograph by Lauren Grabelle/Sony Pictures Classics.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Beautiful Girls; Chungking Express; Flower of My Secret; It's My Party; The Young Poisoner's Handbook.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fargo.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *From the Journals of Jean Seberg.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Through 3/26: *Nico-Icon; Taxi Driver.* Opening 3/27: *L'America; Sweet Nothing.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Anne Frank Remembered; French Twist; Frisk; Mighty Aphrodite; Sense and Sensibility.* Opening 3/29: *Denise Calls Up.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Up Close and Personal; Executive Decision; Homeward Bound II; Leaving Las Vegas; Little Indian, Big City; Man of the Year; The Postman; Race the Sun; Two Much.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Dead Man Walking; Diabolique; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage; The Celluloid Closet.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Girl 6.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Executive Decision; Fargo; Girl 6; Race the Sun.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; Little Indian, Big City.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Birdcage.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Ed; Executive Decision; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Diabolique; Flirting with Disaster; The Postman; The Birdcage.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Diabolique; Girl 6; The Postman.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *City Hall.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *La Haine; Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Hellraiser 4: Bloodline.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Chungking Express; The Postman.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *The Young Poisoner's Handbook.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Up Close and Personal; Flirting with Disaster; Man of the Year; Mr. Holland's Opus.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Broken Arrow; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Two Much.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Postman.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Race the Sun.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Little Indian, Big City; Nixon; Two Much.* Opening 3/29: *Up Close and Personal.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Up Close and Personal.* Opening 3/29: *Oliver & Company.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Ed; Babe; Twelve Monkeys.*

Movieplex 42—Closed.

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino; Ed.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *The Starmaker.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Beautiful Girls; Homeward Bound II; Little Indian, Big City.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Braveheart; Get Shorty; Persuasion; Richard III; Seven; The American President; Waiting to Exhale.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Diabolique.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Mighty Aphrodite.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Ed; Broken Arrow.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Homeward Bound II; Little Indian, Big City; Two Much.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Jack & Sarah.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dead Man Walking; Girl 6; Leaving Las Vegas; Race the Sun; Sense and Sensibility.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Executive Decision; If Lucy Fell.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Fargo.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Up Close and Personal; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Race the Sun; The Birdcage.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Diabolique.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Jack & Sarah.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; Two Much.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Anne Frank Remembered; Flower of My Secret; Land and Freedom; Mighty Aphrodite; The Celluloid Closet.* Opening 3/29: *Denise Calls Up.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Up Close and Personal; Across the Sea of Time; Dead Man Walking; Diabolique; Fargo; Flirting with Disaster; Into the Deep; It's My Party; Leaving Las Vegas; Little Indian, Big City; Sense and Sensibility; The Birdcage; Wings of Courage.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Birdcage.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Ed; . . . When We Were Colored; Diabolique.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Broken Arrow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Up Close and Personal; Ed; . . . When We Were Colored; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Muppet Treasure Island; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility; The Birdcage.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Ed; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Muppet Treasure Island; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Ed; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Home-*

ward Bound II; Race the Sun.

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Diabolique; The Birdcage.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Muppet Treasure Island; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage; Two Much.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Dead Man Walking; Diabolique; Fargo; Homeward Bound II; Sense and Sensibility; The Birdcage.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Executive Decision; The Birdcage.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; The Birdcage.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Ed; Angels & Insects; Diabolique; Fargo; Girl 6; Little Indian, Big City.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; Two Much.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; The Birdcage.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Muppet Treasure Island; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Up Close and Personal; Ed; Diabolique; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; The Birdcage; Two Much.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Executive Decision; Homeward Bound II; The Postman; Race the Sun; The Birdcage.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Chinese Ghost Story Part II; Girl 6; The Postman; Rumble in the Bronx; Sense and Sensibility; Trust.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Diabolique; Fargo; Race the Sun.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Ed; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Down Periscope; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Up Close and Personal; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Mr. Holland's Opus; Muppet Treasure Island; The Birdcage.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *City Hall; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Diabolique; Fargo; The Postman; Two Much.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun; The Birdcage; Two Much.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Girl 6; Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Birdcage.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Up Close and Personal; Ed; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Fargo; Little Indian, Big City; The Birdcage.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Executive Decision; Girl 6; The Birdcage.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Ed; Babe; Diabolique; Down Periscope; Executive Decision.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Ed; Broken Arrow; Executive Decision; Little Indian, Big City.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Little Indian, Big City; Sense and Sensibility; The Birdcage.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Antonia's Line; The White Balloon.*

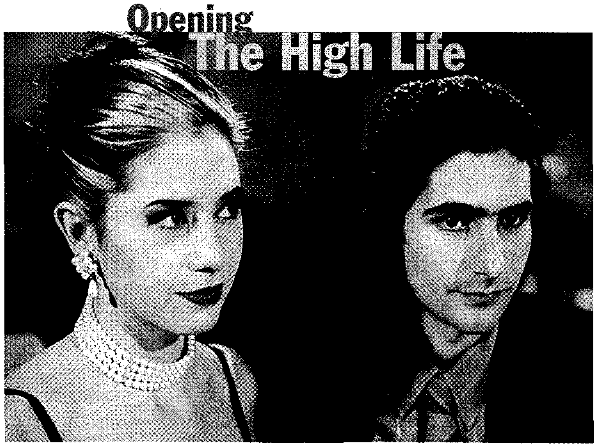
Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Homeward Bound II; Race the Sun.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Diabolique; Executive Decision; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Rumble in the Bronx.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Executive Decision; The Birdcage.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Ed; Fargo; Girl 6; The Postman; Race the Sun.*

Opening
The High Life



Before *Mighty Aphrodite* made Mira Sorvino (with Michael Imperioli, above) such a player, she starred in the heretofore-unreleased *Sweet Nothing* as the sober half of a downward-spiraling Bronx couple undone by crack cocaine. A two-week run at Film Forum begins March 27.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Up Close and Personal.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Up Close and Personal; Ed; City Hall; Diabolique; Executive Decision; Homeward Bound II; The Postman; The Birdcage.* Opening 3/29: *Oliver & Company; Sgt. Bilko.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Diabolique; Executive Decision; The Postman; The Birdcage.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Ed; Up Close and Personal; Broken Arrow; Diabolique; Down Periscope; Executive Decision; Girl 6; Hellraiser 4: Bloodline; Homeward Bound II; Little Indian, Big City; Muppet Treasure Island; Race the Sun; Rumble in the Bronx; The Birdcage; Two Much.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica*. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature Fri. and Sat. nights.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Essential Brando." 3/30: *Bedtime Story* (1964) and *Last Tango in Paris* (1973). 3/31: *The Godfather* (1972). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—3/28: "Cine Club." A program of shorts curated by Marie Nesthus. 3/29: *Fantomas* (1913), Parts I and II. 3/30: *Fantomas*, Parts III and IV. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum—"Self-Discoveries: A Festival of Latin American Cinema." 3/29 and 3/30: *The Other Francisco* (1975). 3/31: *Jerico* (1990). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Cinema Village 12th St.—"The NYU First Run Festival." Call for program info. 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $6.

A Different Light—3/31: *Where the Boys Are* (1960). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—3/26: *The Salt Mines* (1990) and *Survival in New York* (1989). 3/28: *Mirror Animations* (1962) and *The Sand Castle* (1960). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 3/28: "Jean Seberg." 3/25: *Paint Your Wagon* (1969). 3/26: *Birds in Peru* (1968) and *Moment to Moment* (1966). 3/27 and 3/28: *Lilith* (1964) and *A Fine Madness* (1966). Beginning 3/29: Herzog's *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* (1975). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—3/26: "The First Picture Show." Through 3/28: "Rendez-Vous with French Cinema Today." 3/26: *L'Annee Juliette* (1995). 3/26 and 3/28: *Le Fils Prefere* (1995). 3/27: *Muriel Fait le Desespoir de ses Parents* (1995). 3/27 and 3/28: *Le Sourire* (1993). Through 4/4: "Olivier Assayas's Cinema of Abandon." 3/29 and 3/30: *Disorder* (1986) and *Winter's Child* (1989). 3/29-3/31: *Cold Water* (1994). 3/31: *Paris at Dawn* (1991) and *A New Life* (1993). Special event, 3/27: *Woman in the Dunes* (1963), with director Hireshi Teshigahara. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—3/26: *Les Enfants de Lumière*. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 4/7: "1996 New Directors/New Films." 3/26 and 3/28: *Paradise Lost* (1995). 3/26 and 3/27: *Maborosi* (1995). 3/27 and 3/28: *Lucinda, 31* (1995) and *Denise Calls Up* (1995). 3/29 and 3/30: *Your Name in Cellulite* (1995), *Walking and Talking* (1995), *In Good Hands* (1995), and *Justino* (1995). 3/30 and 3/31: *Spark* (1995) with *Never* (1995), and *Fortune Tell* (1995) and *Big Night* (1995). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

National Museum of the American Indian—"North/South: Selections From the 1995 Native American Film Festival." Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

Symphony Space—3/26: *Blade Runner* (1982), director's cut, and *Alphaville* (1965). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Gregory J. Markopoulos." 3/27: *Serenity* (1961). 3/28: *The Filming of* Twice a Man (1963), *Twice a Man* (1963), and *Twice a Man Twice* (1967). 3/29: *Ming Green* (1966) and *Eros, O Basileus* (1967). 3/30: *Flowers of Asphalt* (1951), *Eldora* (1953), *Galaxie* (1966), and *Swain* (1950). 3/31: *Himself as Herself* (1967). 3/31: *The Illiac Passion* (1967). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

art

Jonathan Lasker...Horst Retrospective

Openings

Dealers in Asian art from around the world will converge at the Seventh Regiment Armory this week for the first **International Asian Art Fair,** which is organized by Brian and Anna Haughton. The fair opens to the public on March 30 and runs through April 2; hours are 11–8 on Saturday and Monday, and 11–7 on Sunday and Tuesday. General admission is $15 and includes the exhibition catalogue.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Joe Andoe—Paintings on paper of his familiar horses and horse heads and more recent images of oak leaves; through 4/20. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

Alan Berliner—Installations that utilize appropriated picture and sound sources; through 4/16. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Glenn Goldberg—New paintings from his "Situations" series whose whimsical play of suggestive formal elements evokes works by Kandinsky, Klimt, and Klee; through 4/6. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Robert Graham—Three new cast-bronze sculptures of female nudes, and related prints; through 4/20. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Anne Seelbach—Abstract paintings in which stenciled forms of gaskets float against atmospheric backgrounds; through 4/13. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Richard Serra—Etchings based on drawings of his steel sculpture *Weight and Measure* and an installation of drawings in black oil paintstick on Belgian linen; through 4/13. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

57th Street Area

Milton Avery—Prints and related drawings; through 4/27. Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Hugo Bastidas—Monochromatic paintings that combine imagery from memory and photographs and confront such issues as poverty, the destruction of the environment, and the corruption of big government; through 4/13. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Enzo Cucchi—Recent fresco paintings, fresco collages, and related drawings; through 4/27. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Jim Dine—150 mixed-media-on-paper drawings of classical heads; 3/29–4/27. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Alan Feltus—Paintings of figures in classical narrative vignettes; through 4/13. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Susan Hauptman—Charcoal and pastel still lifes and self portraits; 3/29–4/27. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Bill Jensen—Pencil drawings executed at the artist's summer studio in Italy during 1995, a single large charcoal drawing, and a gouache painting; through 4/13. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Roberto Juarez/Eva Hesse—New paintings/Paintings of figures that read as introspective self-portraits. Through 4/6. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jane Kaplowitz—New paintings on the theme of the Luchino Visconte film *Death in Venice*, executed in a neo-Warholian style based on photographic images; through 4/13. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Marina Karella—Paintings of the interior of the Café des Deux Garçons in France; through 4/18. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

John Laub—Paintings of landscapes in the Adirondacks, Fire Island, and Martha's Vineyard; through 4/6. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Jacques Lipchitz—More than eighty sculptures from the pre-Cubist and Cubist period, produced between 1910 and 1940 when the artist was living in Paris; through 4/13. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Donna Moylan—Paintings on the themes of money, war, and work; through 4/6. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

Portia Munson—An installation titled "The Garden" that transforms the gallery into a bedroom environment of inorganic floral objects; through 4/20. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Anne-Françoise Potterat—Small-scale abstract paintings whose decorative motifs overlaid with diagrammatic compositions, symbols, and writing suggest light passing through a Persian mosque; through 4/22. Richart, 7 E. 55th St. (371-9369).

Thomas Schütte—The German artist's third exhibition at this gallery consists of new larger-than-life figures in cast aluminum and wooden table sculptures; through 4/20. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Hiroshi Senju—Paintings of waterfalls that employ traditional Japanese painting methods; through 4/13. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Krzysztof Wodiczko—An ongoing multimedia research, performance, and design project titled "Xenology: Immigrant Instruments"; through 4/27. Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Uta Barth—In the artist's recent "Field" series, photographic images of blurred cityscapes mimic a cinematic vocabulary, shifting a viewer's attention to his or her peripheral field of vision; through 4/20. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Herbert Brandl—Recent abstract paintings whose layered fields of color and scratched lines evoke landscape; through 4/13. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Victor Burgin/Sara Sosnowy—An installation piece that utilizes video monitors and wall text/An installation. Through 4/13. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Rimer Cardillo—A large-scale multimedia installation of silkscreens and woodcuts printed on canvas and three-dimensional sculptural objects of wood, metal parts, and ceramics; through 4/13. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Cheryl Donegan—An installation titled *Tent* that comprises three one-hour videotapes and three large-scale paintings; through 4/20. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

John Ferren/John Grillo—Abstract works on paper from the thirties, when he was working in Paris, and from the forties, when he was back in New York/The artist's abstract "Yellow Paintings" from the sixties. Through 4/6. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

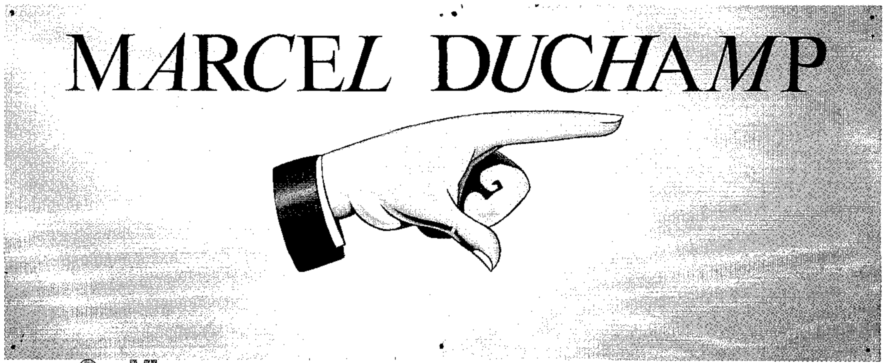
Dan Flavin—A new horizontal sculpture that incorporates blue, green, red, pink, and yellow fluorescent lights; 3/29–4/27. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Caio Fonseca—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper; 3/30–4/27. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Paolo Gandolfi—Paintings of life-size female figures in interiors and landscapes; through 4/13. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Gregory Green—Works that refer to strategies of empowerment in contemporary global society, including the artist's version of a 30-foot booster rocket and an arsenal of incendiary devices; 3/30–4/27. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Donna Han/George Sanchez—An installation titled *Rotten Sugar* that examines preconceived ideas of



On View

What Becomes a Legend Most?

Even in a show of Marcel Duchamp ephemera, there's nothing quite as eye-catching (or unexpected) as this enamel-on-metal sign, created by the sign-painting department at the Philadelphia Museum of Art for the 1973 Duchamp retrospective. Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 East 78th Street; through May 5.

Photograph courtesy of Reinhold-Brown Gallery.

femininity/An installation of rafts and other objects that individuals have used both successfully and in failed attempts to reach the United States. Through 4/13. Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671).

Rohan Harris/Lucy Mackenzie—Small-scale wall sculptures of beeswax, metal, fabric, and wood/Small paintings, drawings, and assemblages. Through 4/17. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Michele Harvey—Triptych paintings of landscapes reduced to their basic forms; through 4/20. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

James Hill—Wall sculptures of paint, putty, semi-precious stones, cloth, canvas, and wire; through 4/13. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Kcho—A sculpture constructed from found objects and natural materials that takes Brancusi's *Endless Column* as as its point of departure, by an artist who lives in Havana, Cuba; through 4/20. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Robert Kuszek—New paintings and drawings that contain biblical and mythological references; through 4/13. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Jonathan Lasker—New abstract paintings; 3/30–4/27. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Li Lin Lee—Works on paper and large-scale paintings; through 4/6. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Renée Levi—A sculpture constructed from industrial foam; through 4/27. Crosby Street Project, 113 Crosby St. (925-8289).

Ying Li—Gestural abstract paintings that are based on a specific representation of a model, still life, or landscape; through 4/13. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Shari Mendelson/Nancy Diamond—Sculpture, installation, and drawings/Paintings. Through 4/6. Black + Herron, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

Beatriz Milhazes—Sumptuously colored paintings whose decorative motifs of ruffles, medallions, flowers, necklaces, and other images are transferred onto canvas using a monotype-like technique; through 4/13. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Robert Murray—Selected small sculptures from the eighties and nineties; through 4/6. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Dona Nelson—Paintings in a series titled "Paradox Lake" that reflect the artist's specific experiences of landscape, such as sight and sound, as well as her spontaneous response to materials as the works are being made; through 4/6. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Yvonne Puffer—Paintings of events from the artist's childhood executed on tiny wooden blocks that are arranged in seemingly random clusters; through 4/13. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Bill Richards—Mixed-media paintings of urns adorned with the doodles of the physically and psychologically traumatized children the artist has worked with over the past thirty years, and since 1989, as the director of the Harlem Horizon Art Studio; through 4/13. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Erika Rothenberg—An installation titled "Sex Lives of Animals"; through 4/20. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Juliao Sarmento—Thickly-impastoed paintings that are drawn on with graphite and thematically based on the complex, erotic, and eventually pornographic letters James Joyce wrote to his wife, Nora Barnacle Joyce, between 1904 and 1910; through 4/21. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Peter Schuyff—Paintings of spherical shapes; through 4/20. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Gary Simmons—Three large-scale chalk drawings executed directly on the gallery's black, chalkboard-surfaced walls that expand on the artist's familiar vocabulary of cartoon imagery laden with racial stereotypes; through 4/13. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

E. E. Smith/Susan Wides—Photo-based oil prints of interiors, still lifes, and portraits/Photographs exploring the name of the rose. Through 4/13. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Linda Stark—Small-scale oil paintings built up from many layers of paint; through 4/13. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Andrew Topoloski—Drawings and sculptures of found and fabricated objects that combine images of Old Master works with fragments of text referring to history, technology, and personal memory; through 4/10. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

Rosemarie Trockel—Recent drawings by the German artist known for her knitted objects that comment on the relationship between meaning and gender; through 4/27. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Meyer Vaisman—A work titled *Green on the Outside, Red on the Inside* that uses actual portions of the artist's childhood home in Caracas, Venezuela; through 4/20. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Kara Walker—Cut-paper silhouettes that depict black figures in melodramatic narratives on the theme of slavery; through 4/13. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Nari Ward—An installation titled *Happy Smilers* that reflects the overlapping of the artist's experience as a child growing up in Jamaica and as an artist working in Harlem which transforms the entrance of the gallery into a duty-free shop playing island music and its main room into a contemplative space of urban detritus; through 4/6. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

August Zimmermann—Recent works on paper; through 5/4. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Other

Ghada Amer—Embroidered paintings in which the outlines of women in poses taken from pornographic magazines are sewn directly onto the canvas; through 4/11. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Roni Horn—Five new installations that utilize a wide range of materials and media, among them gold, rubber, plastic, and photography; through 4/14. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

Meg Webster—The first solo exhibition of the artist's drawings on paper and steel, whose monochromatic surfaces consist of such organic materials as sugar, salt, egg, coffee, beeswax, and blood; 3/28–4/26. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.–Sun. 11–6.

Blake Rayne—An installation of five oil-on-canvas paintings, a cubic object, and a wall painting, all of which play off the gallery's architecture; through 5/4. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.–Sun. 12–6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "The Art of Ivory" features more than 100 ivory sculptures created in India and Ceylon during the Portuguese colonial period, from the collection of the Museu Histórico Nacional in Rio de Janeiro; 3/29–4/28.

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). "Comic Inspirations," with works by Agro, Greenblat, Grooms, Guston, Lichtenstein, Pensato, Rand, Warhol, others; through 4/27.

Colnaghi—21 E. 67th St. (772-2266). Paintings by Bettera, Bruegel, Ghirlandaio, Holbein, Lotto, and other old masters that depict images of Turkish rugs, juxtaposed against rare and antique carpets from the collection of Michael Franses and John Eskenazi, leading London dealers of antique textiles; through 4/3.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "200 Years of Printmaking in America," with works by Audubon, Bellows, Hassam, Lazzell, Lozowick, Storrs, Whistler, others; through 4/20.

Reinhold Brown—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition celebrating landmark exhibitions of the works of Marcel Duchamp through original works, posters, and documents; through 5/5.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). Works by Ludwig, Sultz, Wheelwright, Wilder; through 4/13.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "View From a Golden Hill: Contemporary Artists and the American Academy in Rome" features the works of Drew Beattie & Daniel Davidson, Kristin Jones/Andrew Ginzel, Ann McCoy, Judith Shea, and Christopher Wool, all of whom are recipients of the Rome Prize Fellowship; through 4/27.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Cubist prints, illustrated books, and drawings by Braque, Picasso, Gris, Marcoussis, Léger, Villon, others; through 4/13.

Sheehan—20 W. 57th St. (888-4220). Recent prints by Dunham, Lethbridge, Winters; through 4/27.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Works by artists whose abstract paintings and sculptures were exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Collection of Non-Objective Painting, among them Rudolf Bauer, Penrod Centurion, Dwinell Grant, Irene Rice Pereira, Hilla Rebay, Rolph Scarlett, John Sennhauser, and Jean Xceron; through 4/27.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander and Bonin—59 Wooster St. (925-2343), Fri. and Sat. 10–6. Works by Bordo, Plimack Mangold, Raetz, Salcedo; through 4/27.

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5271). "Alice's Looking Glass: A Glimpse of the Non-Linear," with works by Apfelbaum, Artschwager, Ess, Grodesky, Marccasio, Seliger, Weiner; through 4/6.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Mr. Dead and Mrs. Free: The History of Squat Theatre" features original Squat Theatre stage props, films, and videos from the seventies and eighties; 3/30–5/25.

Boone—417 W. Broadway (431-1818). Large-scale wall reliefs by Leonardo Drew, paintings by Mark Francis, and knitted mylar sculptures by Oliver Herring; through 4/27.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). Curated by Brian Wallis, "Counterculture: Alternative Information From the Underground Press to the Internet" examines the role of the alternative media in fostering social, cultural, and political change in America from 1965 to the present; through 4/13.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Images of the Empire State Building by 24 artists; through 4/27.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Landscape-based works by Barth, Eilshemius, Ford, Schuyff, Zwack; through 4/6.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "Light Into Darkness," with works by Adams, Brauntuch, Brill, Burden, Kearns, Ladda, Messner, Petlin; through 4/20.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Images of women in works by Bramson, Ross, and Zelazny; through 4/15.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-9711). "Can You Digit?" features various projects created for the Internet and other new media, including *Variations on Cryptography*, by the group i/o360, and *Dead Souls*, an interactive virtual reality game-adventure by Janine Ciricione and Michael Ferraro; through 4/13.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "The Making of Painted Strokes," a multimedia project by Tiong Ang and Carter Kustera; "Offerings," a group exhibition curated by Samantha Tsao; "Confabulating Chaos: A Chamber of Reverie Featuring the Mnemosis Tapes (I-II): by Annie Bonney; 3/29–4/27.

Other

New York Kunsthalle—210 E. 5th St. (529-5691). "Peep Show," a series of small installations viewed through an aperture in the building's facade, by Becker, Carroll, Cullinane, Dickson, Lamarre, Leopold, Mosher, others; 3/30–6/30.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. "Sugar Mountain," with paintings, photographs, and video by Ackerman, Currin, Doran, Goldin, Hill, Morrisroe, Phillips, others; "White Room Program," with works by Harp, Pines, Vanderlip; 3/29–5/12.

Photography

Richard Artschwager—Photographs taken between 1945 and the present as well as a selection of his paintings, sculptures, and multiples; 3/30–4/27. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Thomas Barrow—Vintage diptychs from the early seventies that comprised the series Pink Stuff and Pink Dualities amd drew their primary imagery from objects of popular culture; through 4/13. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Ferenc Berko—A survey of the Hungarian-born photographer's works made between 1936 and 1949, from his experimental black-and-white studies of the nude produced between 1938 and 1942, to his pioneering work in color, begun in the late forties; 3/28–5/4. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Jedd Devine—Recent photographs that pair still-life objects, such as skulls and melons, for their unexpected resemblances to each other; through 4/13. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Leonard Freed/Alfred Eisenstadt—A retrospective of works by the photojournalist/A selection of works by the late *Life* photographer. Through 4/24. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Fazal Sheikh: A Sense of Common Ground." Portraits of refugees from Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Rwanda, and Mozambique living in the African camps; "Highlights from the ICP Permanent Collection: One Hundred Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 3/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.-Sun. 11–6. "Horst: A Retrospective." A survey of works by the fashion photographer who is also the recipient of the 1996 ICP Master of Photography Award; 3/31–6/2. . . . "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 6/2. . . . "She Loves It, She Loves It Not: Women and Technology and Mistaken Identities," multimedia installtions by Christine Tamblyn; 3/31–6/2.

Lisa Kahane—Photographs documenting the early years of Fashion Moda, the alternative arts space that opened in the South Bronx in 1979; through 5/25. Lehman College Art Gallery, Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave. (718-960-8731), Tues.–Sat. 10–4.

William Klein—A exhibition of contemporary and vintage prints and the film, *Broadway Light*, that coincides with the recent publication of *William Klein: New York 1954.55*, a new edition of the 1956 title, *Life is Good and Good for You in New York*; 3/29–5/11. At Greenberg and Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Frank Majore—New color photographs of flowers in full bloom; 3/28–4/27. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white abstract cameraless photographs that were made using light as a source for drawing; through 4/13. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Sheila Metzner/Judith Joy Ross—Large-scale photographs taken in Venezuela, Alaska, the Brazilian rainforests, and the American West/A series of photographs taken at the Hazelton Public Schools in Hazelton, Pennsylvania, between 1992 and 1994. Through 4/6. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Richard Pousette-Dart—The photographer, who was better known as an abstract painter, began taking these pictures of people in and around his circle of New York artists in the mid-forties; through 4/13. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Schickler—52 E. 76th St. (737-6647). A survey of vintage photographs that were published in the Soviet propaganda publication *USSR in Construction* between 1930 and 1940, as well as corresponding original issues; through 4/27.

Bastienne Schmidt—A photo essay on the subject of death and funerary rites in Latin American cultures; 3/29–5/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Stefan Themerson—Experimental photographs, photograms, and collages made between 1928 and 1937; through 4/27. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Arthur Tress—A survey of photographs taken between 1968 and 1972, including works from the series "Open Space in the Inner City," "Dream Collector," and "Theatre of the Mind"; through 5/11. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

David Vestal—Photographs of New York from the forties through the sixties; through 4/27. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Lisa Young—Computer-generated images based on sports photographs from various archives; through 4/27. Wessel O'Connor, 60 Thomas St. (406-0040).

Photograph by Horst/courtesy of Staley-Wise Gallery.

Horst Oeuvre

The glamorous world that Horst P. Horst photographed has gone the way of Marlene Dietrich and gold cigarette cases: There will never be another Myrna Loy, Diana Vreeland, or even Veruschka. Certainly there will never be another Horst. His particular strain of stylized stylishness—dramatic lighting, architectural poses, an unnerving balance of seduction and aloofness—can only be imitated; as such, it inevitably strikes us as campy (think Madonna in the Mainbocher corset). And who has the élan to operate like a Horst these days, working for Le Corbusier one day, *Paris Vogue* the next? (Avedon, maybe.)

The first overview of Horst's entire career, ICP Midtown's newly opened "Horst: A Retrospective," presents the perfectionist photographer's work in every genre. Not surprisingly for a man whose genius lay in transforming the figure and its inherent mobility into a magnificently calm sculptural object, Horst's still lifes are awkward, stiff. Yet his ultra-stagey photographs of interiors (shot for the old *House and Garden*) reveal an unexpected sense of humor.

That ICP is honoring Horst with its 1996 "Master of Photography" award seems entirely fitting: Who better to celebrate at the close of the century than a photographer who helped define its style?

EDITH NEWHALL

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Mei-Ling Hom: Offering." A mixed-media installation that reflects on the ancient Chinese ritual of grave sweeping, which is part of Chinese ancestor worship; through 4/6. . . . "Saiman Li: Photography." Self-portraits inscribed with digitally manipulated text and graphics appropriated from immigration and other identification documents; through 4/6. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.—Sat. 11–6; $3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Klaus Moje Glass." Fifty mosaic glass works created between 1977 and 1994; through 6/9. . . . "The Art of Peter Voulkos." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures and related collages and monotypes produced since 1978; through 6/9. . . . "Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass From the Czech Republic"; through 6/9. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.-Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces." Works by 23 Bronx-based artists; through 6/23. . . . "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey": through 6/23. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 6/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured"; through 7/9. . . . "Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. . . . "Alone in a Crowd: Prints of the 1930s–1940s by African-American Artists From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams"; through 4/21. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/23. . . . "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23 . . . . "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/23. . . . "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/23. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Leandro Katz: Two Projects/A Decade." Two photographic installation works by the writer, filmmaker, and visual artist; through 5/5. . . . "Portrait: A Site-Specific installation by Carla Preiss"; through 4/7. . . . "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. . . . "Historia de la Isla: Graphic Works by Puerto Rican Artists, 1968–1980"; through 4/7. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Greuze, A Portraitist for the 90s." A selection of pastel portraits by Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805) that were made in Paris in the 1790s; through 4/21. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." The history of abstraction, from paintings made as early as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Rainbows and Shimmering Bridges: Contemporary Japanese Lacquerware"; through 4/7. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

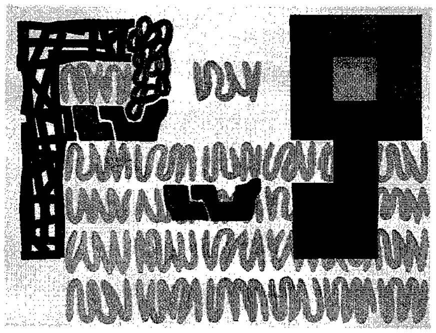
Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; 3/31–8/4. . . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. . . . "Recent Acquisitions 1993 to 1995." 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei." The full breadth of Chinese art is displayed in this exhibit of 475 objects from the Neolithic period through the 18th century, including paintings, calligraphy, ceramics, and jades; through 5/19. . . . "Fabergé in America." All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; through 4/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; 4/2–8/18. . . . "Poussin: Works on Paper, Drawings From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 3/31. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . ."French Seventeenth-Century Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 3/31. . . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . . "Pergamon: The Telephos Frieze From the Great Altar." Forty marble sculptures from the Pergamon Museum in Berlin that once decorated the Great Altar of Pergamon in the citadel of Pergamon in northwest Asia Minor; through 4/14. . . . "Haute Couture"; through 3/30. . . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . . "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875–1925"; through 4/4. . . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; through 6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:3440–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Discovering Ellis Ruley." Paintings by the self-taught African-American artist (1882–1959) from Norwich, Connecticut; through 4/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . . "Projects: Hirsch Perlman"; 3/28–5/21. . . . "From the Collection: Abstraction, Pure and Impure"; through 5/21. . . . "Deformations: Aspects of the Modern Grotesque"; through 5/21. . . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970–1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect." Drawings and documentary photographs of exhibition installations and furniture and product designs by the influential German architect and designer (1885–1947); through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).



Talent **Though the compositions of Jonathan Lasker's new paintings clearly refer to landscape and still life, his fifties palette and accumulations of exaggerated gestures can bring de Kooning and Guston to mind. At Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; opens March 30.**

Museum of the City of New York—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. . . . "The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker*'s first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. . . ."Growing Up in New York: The Photography of Arthur Leipzig." Photographs of New York City and its street life taken during the forties and fifties; through 3/31. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early-twentieth-century modernism through the works of 80 figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"A Labor of Love." Works by more than 40 contemporary artists who use handmade folk- or craft-oriented processes to create their work; through 4/14. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. . . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. . . . "Wrought in Common Clay: New York Stoneware From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 4/7. . . . "In Cold Blood: Five Murders That Shocked New York"; through 4/7. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Art of the Brontës: Drawings and Manuscripts." Drawings and manuscripts by Charlotte, Anne, Emily, and Branwell Brontë; through 4/14. . . . "A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

South Street Seaport Museum—"Sacred Waters." More than 40 works by contemporary Outsider artists, among them Thorton Dial, Sr., Sam Doyle, Sister Gertrude Morgan, Elijah Pierce, and Alfred Wallis; through 5/1. 207 Front St. (748-8600); Wed.–Mon. 10–5 (closed Tues.); $6, $5 seniors, $4 students, $3 children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945–1965"; through 6/2. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his twenty years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . . "Willem de Kooning's Door Cycle." Paintings on doors that were created in the mid-sixties and explore the motif of a single, standing woman; through 5/26.. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Matthew McCaslin: Harnessing Nature"; through 3/29. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/27 at 10: "Chinese Paintings." On view from 3/23. 3/27 at 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 3/23. 3/28 at at 10 and 2: "Chinese Works of Art." On view from 3/23. 3/30 at 10 and 2: "Japanese Art." On view from 3/23.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 3/27 at 10 and 2: "Asian and European Decorative Arts." On view from 3/23.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/27 at 10:15: "Korean Works of Art." On view from 3/23. 3/27 at 2: "Chinese Paintings." On view from 3/22. 3/28 at 10:15 and 2: "Indian and Southeast Asian Art." On view from 3/23. 3/29 at 10:16 and 2: "Japanese Art." On view from 3/23. 3/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Asian Art." On view from 3/25. 4/2 at 10:15: "Arcade Old Master Paintings." On view from 3/28.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/28 at 10:30: "Printed & Manuscript African-Americana." On view from 3/23.

Photograph courtesy of Sperone Westwater.

in concert

Brendel Continues . . . *Tamerlano* . . . Alvin Ailey

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 26

St. Thomas Choir—Performs Bach's *Mass in B Minor. St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. (757-7013), at 7:30; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—Beethoven's piano concertos No. 2 and 4 with Alfred Brendel; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.*

Group for Contemporary Music—Performs a tribute to composer Jacob Druckman. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $10.*

Wednesday, March 27

Voices of the Spirit—"Epiphanies," with soprano Dawn Upshaw, mezzo-soprano Lorraine Hunt, and pianist Gilbert Kalish. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With pianist John Browning, performs works by Brahms. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Andras Schiff, Pianist—Performs an all-Schumann program. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8:30; $20–$40.*

Thursday, March 28

New York Philharmonic—See 3/26, at 8.

Friday, March 29

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs works by Hummel, Ravel, and Brahms. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Angeles String Quartet—Performs works by Haydn, Harbison, and Webern. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Symphonies No. 2 and 7. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Tribute to composer Virgil Thomson. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100), at 8; $15–$30.*

Saturday, March 30

Elly Ameling, Soprano—Conducts a master class. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 2:30; $15.*

New York Chamber Symphony—With pianist Lorin Hollander. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—With pianist Alfred Brendel; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Beaux Arts Trio—See 3/29.

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—See 3/29.

Sunday, March 31

Garrick Ohlsson, Pianist—Performs another leg of his season-long Chopin cycle. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 2; sold out.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs works by Virgil Thomson and Eric Satie. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100), at 2; $5–$20.*

Scott Yoo, Violinist—Performs with the Metamorphosen Chamber Orchestra. *92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 3; $12–$15.*

Tigran, Pianist—The North American debut of this Armenian jazz pianist. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8:30; $25.*

Monday, April 1

New Music Now—A seventieth-birthday celebration for William Mayer. *NYU Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. (564-4899), at 8; $9.*

Asia and America—The Mannes Percussion Ensemble performs work by Minoru Miki, Bob Becker, and Mark Wilder. *Mannes College of Music, 150 West 85th Street (580-0210), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 3/30.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Strauss's *Salome,* 3/26 at 8:30, 3/30 at 2; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette,* 3/27 at 8, 3/30 at 8; Glass's *The Voyage,* 3/28 at 8; Verdi's *La Forza del Destino,* 3/29 at 8, 4/1 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$175.*

New York City Opera—Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier,* 3/26 at 8, 3/30 at 8; Léhar's *The Merry Widow,* 3/27 at 8, 3/30 at 1:30; Verdi's *La Traviata,* 3/29 at 8; Verdi's *Attila,* 3/31 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $17–$78.*

I Giullari di Piazza—Performs the folk opera/passion play *Stabat Mater.* 3/28–3/30 at 7:30, 3/31 at 9. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St. (924-0077); $15.*

Tamerlano—Manhattan School of Music's Handel Project presents this 1724 opera on two nights. 4/1 at 7:30. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719).* 4/2 at 7:30. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-2802, ext. 428); $20.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

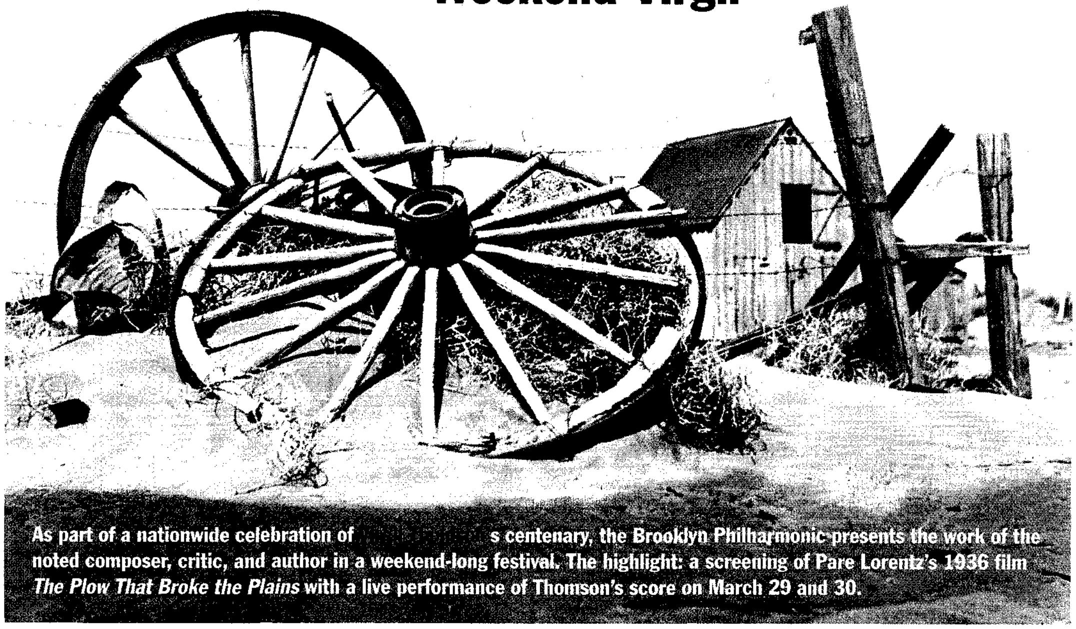
Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Premieres Ronald K. Brown's *no more exotica* and Andre Tyson's *Meridians.* 3/29 and 3/30 at 8, 3/31 at 3. *Aaron Davis Hall, 135th St. and Convent Ave. (650-7100); $12–$17.*

Three—Choreographers Li Chiao-Ping, Claude Wampler, and Yasuko Yokoshi. 3/28–31 at 9. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288); $12.*

My House Was Collapsing Toward One Side—Dawn Akemi Saito and Charles L. Mee Jr.'s solo piece. 3/28–30 at 8, 3/31 at 3. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Feld Ballets/NY—Final week. 3/26–3/31 at 8, 3/31 at 4. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Tribute
Weekend Virgil



As part of a nationwide celebration of [illegible]s centenary, the Brooklyn Philharmonic presents the work of the noted composer, critic, and author in a weekend-long festival. The highlight: a screening of Pare Lorentz's 1936 film *The Plow That Broke the Plains* with a live performance of Thomson's score on March 29 and 30.

theater

Sweet *Dream*...Edward Albee...Staged *Fair*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Apple Doesn't Fall—Television writer Trish Vradenburg (*Designing Women, Kate and Allie*) makes her Broadway debut with a comedy about her experiences dealing with her mother's serious—but not too somber, apparently—illness. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 3/29 for a 4/14 opening. *Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Delicate Balance—$25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 3/28 for a 4/21 opening. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum —A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; no performance 3/25. In previews for a 4/18 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with the pair's famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/11 opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—$30–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 3/31. *Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

One Touch of Venus—$25–$50. 3/28, 29, 30 at 8, 3/30 at 2. *City Center, 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are/Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7 through 4/21; thereafter, Sun. performances at 3. Opening 3/28. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

State Fair—$55–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 3/27. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$67.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

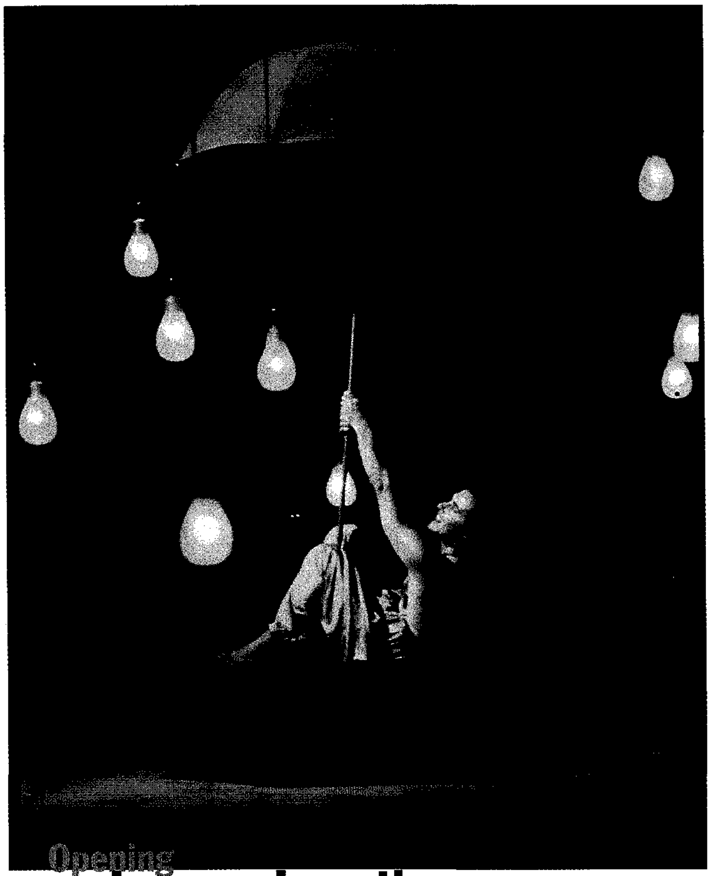
Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Getting Away With Murder—With collaborator George Furth, Stephen Sondheim, Broadway's preeminent purveyor of sophisticated dissonances, has turned his attention to a straight play in the comedy-thriller vein, in which a crew of neurotic New Yorkers gather on the Upper West Side for a group-therapy session only to learn that their psychologist may have encountered foul play. With John Rubenstein, Terrence Mann, and Christine Ebersole; directed by Jack O'Brien. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 , Sun. at 3. Through 3/31. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Jeff Trachta ("The Bold and the Beautiful") as bad boy Danny Zuko, Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay, and Al Jarreau (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Mon.–Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. Matthew Broderick has recently returned to the starring part in which he opened the production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing *somewhere*. Ironically, its first Broadway revival ever comes at a time when the debate over creationism, originally used by the play's authors as a mere cover for registering outrage against the political depredations of Senator Joseph McCarthy, has (re)emerged as a compelling public issue in its own right. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre version stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan; theater veterans may recall that Randall himself played E. K. Hornbeck, a character based on H. L. Mencken, in the



Opening

Lovers, Lunatics, and Poets

How like a winter hath their absence been! Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company returns to New York for the first time in eight years with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' opening this Sunday at the Lunt-Fontanne.

Photograph by Clive Barda.

original production. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/14. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Jason Robards) and a Micawberish husband (Alfred Molina), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney;* you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Lynn Redgrave and Robert Goulet are currently filling in for them for a seven-week period; Ms. Burnett and Mr. Bosco will be back on 4/17.) $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins.*

The Night of the Iguana—Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in this production of Tennessee Williams's final (1961) commercial and critical success, in which a lusty widow and a defrocked priest seek for some sort of shared solution to the agony of their common loneliness. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Pomp, Duck & Circumstance—An "entertainment-and-dining extravaganza" imported from Berlin and performed in Salon Zazou, a thirties-vintage circus tent; actors sing, dance, juggle, clown, and otherwise disport themselves as you're eating a gourmet meal. $95–$150, tax and gratuity included; beverages charged separately. Tues.–Thurs.: Opens at 6, dinner and performance at 7:30. Fri.–Sat.: Opens at 6:30, dinner and performance at 8. Sun: Opens at 5:30, dinner and performance at 7. There's also a Sunday brunch performance at 1 with a special price of $50 for children twelve and under. Through 3/31. *DeWitt Clinton Park, Eleventh Ave. at 53rd St. (307-4100).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $49.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Previews

Venus Rising

Actress Melissa Errico stars in City Center's "Encores!" concert staging of *One Touch of Venus,* the lighthearted 1943 fable by Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill (weren't expecting that third name, were you?) about a modern Pygmalion whose statue of the goddess of love comes mysteriously—or not; this is a musical comedy—to life.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$35 in previews, $29.50–$45 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/1. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Grand Hotel des Etrangers—A multimedia presentation by Michel Lemieux and Victor Pilon that incorporates three-dimensional holographic projections to tell the story of a writer plagued by old, familiar ghosts. $30. 3/29, 30 at 8. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160).*

I Do! I Do!—After *The Fantasticks,* Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt will be best remembered in theatrical history for this musical adaptation of Jan de Hartog's play *The Fourposter,* which chronicles with rueful, knowing cleverness the ups and downs in the 50-year love affair of—surprise!—a married couple. Karen Ziemba (*Crazy for You*) and David Garrison star in the roles created on Broadway in 1966 by Mary Martin and Robert Preston. $35 in previews, $45 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opening 3/28. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Life Is a Dream—The drama by Calderón. $16–$21 in previews, $21–$26 thereafter. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Opening 3/31. Through 5/5. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

The Shattering—$25 during previews, $40 thereafter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7.

Opening 4/1. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougall St. (239-6200).*

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—Some show titles hardly *need* a plot summary, do they? Suffice it to say, then, that Blair Fell's play-with-music takes a distinctly unsentimental approach to the real-life story of the Belgian *soeur* who captivated American audiences in the sixties as one of Ed Sullivan's favorite guests, only—good heavens—to commit suicide with her lesbian lover twenty years later. $20/TDF. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. Opening 3/27. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west. Following several months of playing one of the two female roles, Ms. Meara—what's life without variety?—has decided to step into the other one. Her replacement in the vacated part is MGM grandee Jane Powell (*Royal Wedding, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*). Also with Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Bein' With Behan—Michael L. Kavanagh's one-man re-creation of the life of Brendan Behan. $20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).*

Below the Belt—As the fanatic, unanticipated popularity of the comic strip "Dilbert" has shown over the past couple of years, the corporate battlefield, with its viciously trivial backstabbing and petty ironies, has advanced to a point in the popular imagination beyond anything dreamed of by Franz Kafka. In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi, Conversations With My Father*) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bomber Jackets—The leader of a gay-bashing gang finds himself sexually attracted to a young transvestite in Rob Santana's new drama. $15; groups of twenty or more, $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 6:30. Through 4/21. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Brine County Wedding—Christopher V. Alessi's one-man show in the rural-goofball tradition of *Greater Tuna*. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/31. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. $20. Thurs.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baitz is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire, Three Hotels,* and *The End of the Day,* Baitz has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do the Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Floyd Collins—In the early days of America's transition from a paper-media culture to one based on film and radio, national attention was focused on individual horrors in a peculiarly grotesque manner. Adam Guettel and Tina Landau's new musical is taken from the real-life 1925 story of a farmer, trapped in a cavern, whose plight engenders the first modern media circus. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat.–Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway,* has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing facilities will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out *something.* $25 in previews, $35 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hamletmachine—Five hundred years of Western Civilization, as dissected by the German playwright Heiner Müller. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 4/14. *Castillo Cultural Center, 500 Greenwich St. (941-5800).*

In a Different Light—A one-man show based on the letters of Vincent Van Gogh. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/31. *Playquest Theater, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).*

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. $40-$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

New Latino Voices—*Inkarri's Return, Forever in My Heart,* and *In the Land of Giants,* three Hispanic-themed plays presented in rotating repertory; call for detailed schedule. $15 for one show, $25 for two, $30 for all three. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/31. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lees's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).*

Nude Nude Totally Nude / A Line Around the Block—Two alternating one-woman shows, respectively written/performed by the brilliant comedienne Andrea Martin (*SCTV, My Favorite Year*) and Marga Gomez. Each show $22.50; call for detailed schedule. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Overtime—In A. R. Gurney's comic sequel to *The Merchant of Venice,* the author of *Love Letters* and *The Dining Room* leaves his usual subject of dysfunctional northeastern Wasp gentility for something new: a comic fantasia that not only looks in on Shakespeare's Venetians just after the trial

Opening

Boy Meets Girl, Farmer Meets Pig

Had enough of the snow, New Yorkers? Take heart: In 'State Fair'—a new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film, directed by the latter's son James Hammerstein—it might as well be spring. Opening Wednesday at the Music Box.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

scene but transmutes them into a gumbo of contemporary, issue-driven ethnic characters including Jews, blacks, Latinos, and Irish-Americans. $30. Tues.-Sun at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon,* sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with gi—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. $40-$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. After the end of its downtown run at *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475)* on 3/31, the production moves to Broadway's *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100),* beginning previews there on 4/16 for a 4/29 (re)opening.

Sabina—Based on Aldo Carotenuto's book *A Secret Symmetry,* Willy Holtzman's new drama explores the breach engendered between psychoanalytic pioneers Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung by Sabina Spielrein, Jung's first analysand and later his lover. $33 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC–TV children's series. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Size of the World—A new family comedy by Charles Evered. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Circle Repertory Theater Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29–$39.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/2. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tartuffe—Molière's famous comedy, in Richard Wilbur's equally famous translation. $24; $19 seniors, $12 students. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/11. *Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

The Universe—Unlike Pascal, the unnamed protagonist of Richard Foreman's new stage piece isn't frightened by the eternal silence of those infinite spaces: After blinding himself to free his eyes from the pain of a woman too beautiful to bear, he finds himself speaking directly to—whoa—the cosmos at large. $15 Fri.–Sat.; $10 other performances. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Unto the Innocent—An absurdist comedy about Greenwich Village radicals, 1917 vintage. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Through 4/14. *Chernuchin Theatre, American Theatre of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (307-7171).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Through 3/31. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Working Title—New Yorker Andrew Bergman, known principally as a film director and screenwriter whose recent films include the comic *Soapdish, Honeymoon in Vegas,* and Castle Rock's forthcoming *Striptease,* has given the more ruefully bittersweet side of his writer's métier equal time in this play about the story of an unsuccessful screenwriter who, spending a weekend in the Hamptons awaiting a response to the first draft of his hoped-for breakthrough script on the Holocaust, uses the time to reflect on issues of marriage, career, and Jewishness. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7; no show 4/3, 4. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Off-Off Broadway

Cardenio—Literary scholar Charles Hamilton caused something of a sensation in 1993 when he identified a manuscript that had turned up in the bowels of the British Museum Library as a collaboration (putatively) between William Shakespeare and John Fletcher that had been known about but lost for nearly 350 years. The script is currently receiving its New York premiere, with costumes by Donna Karan and music by Dead Can Dance. As they say, *Habent sua fata libelli.* $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Linhart Theatre, 440 Lafayette St. (673-5375).*

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Freestyle Repertory Theatre—A rotating bill of four improvisational-comedy shows; call for detailed schedule. $15 Thurs.–Sun.; free Mon. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202).*

Hamlet—Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 3/31. *Theatre at West-Park Church, 165 W. 86th St. (496-4543).*

A Hatful of Rain—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 3/29; through 4/7. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (662-2682).*

How He Lied To Her Husband/Village Wooing—Two one-acts by George Bernard Shaw, in a production by the National Asian-American Theatre Company. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (505-3003).*

Nighthawks—$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 9, 3/31 at 3. Through 3/31. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (614-0089).*

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap/California Suite—"Couple," Fri. at 8; "Mousetrap," Sat. at 8; "California," Sat. at 10. $15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).*

Rockland County No Vaudeville—$10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/31. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (929-5285).*

Split Ends/...And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—A mixed bill of three separate shows offering cabaret, murder mystery, and lighthearted comedy. $15 (groups over 20: $12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, $30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out on Me—Tues.–Sat. at 8. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Theatre of Dreams—$15. Fri.–Sat. at 8. *Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. (1-800-373-2631).*

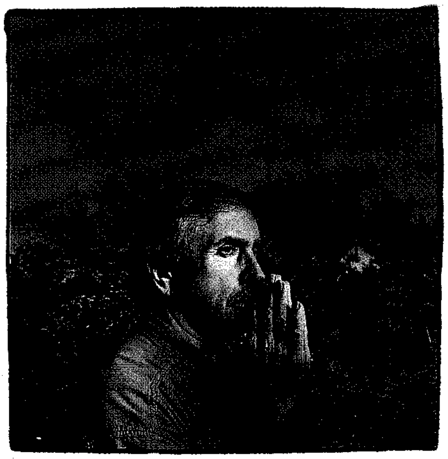
Valhalla—$12/TDF. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).*

Talent

American Dreamer

Mainstream New York theater has changed substantially since the early sixties, when Edward Albee all too briefly electrified it. In those days, much of Broadway rode high on intellectually adventuresome energy that came directly from the nascent Off and Off–Off Broadway movements; to many contemporary observers, it seemed poised to develop into a permanent home for serious drama comparable to its popularly based counterparts in England and France. Like Hollywood, though, the Street decided shortly thereafter to trade a transient experiment in risky art for a retreat, with all too few exceptions, into safe commercialism. Producers are now far less hospitable to Albee's brand of fantasy-laced moral speculation, and, following the rapid succession of tepid critical responses to *The Lady From Dubuque* (1980), *Lolita* (1980), and *The Man Who Had Three Arms* (1983), his new work has for the past thirteen years been produced mostly in Europe. (The recent, wildly acclaimed Off Broadway staging of *Three Tall Women* wouldn't have been possible had the play not originally been commissioned by Vienna's English Theater.) The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway this week, however, with Lincoln Center Theater's revival of the 1966 *A Delicate Balance,* beginning previews at the Plymouth. "Like the Russian agitprop playwrights, I imagined as a young man that my plays would one day render themselves unnecessary when their lessons had been absorbed by the public at large," Albee sighs with philosophical *tristesse.* "But people keep on doing the same things."

Randall Short



Photograph by Ken Shung/Outline.

nightlife

Academy Departs...Merle Haggard Approaches

Performance

The Punks Are Alright

Punk: the new classic rock. Rancid (Roseland, March 28–29): the new Lynyrd Skynyrd? With mohawks and tattoos instead of bandannas and . . . tattoos, Green Day's homeboys ride Clash harmonies and blue-collar anthems mallward.

Photograph by Mitch Ikeda.

Concerts

Lou Reed—Though he no longer sings much about drag queens and junkies, Reed's straightforward, often uproarious directness makes him an enduring presence, the Bruce Springsteen of hipsters. It's also what makes his new record *Set the Twilight Reeling*—largely an account of falling in love with Laurie Anderson—so irresistible. Recently inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame for singing, songwriting, and guitar-playing with the Velvet Underground, Reed looks to be getting the canonization he deserves. One more tribute is his opener here, local faves Luna, whose record *Penthouse*—like about 90 percent of what passes for "alternative rock"—pays the Velvets the sincerest form of flattery. 3/31 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre (307–7171). $35.*

Jackson Browne—His rep as a California Sensitive Guy slightly frayed by confessions of girlfriend-beating, Browne is aging into a sterner sort, his gray-flecked bowl cut and luminous eyes finding their way through the thornier passages of approaching middle age. Of course, anyone who went platinum singing of his first wife's suicide knows how to make self-recrimination and despair tuneful. And his new *Looking East*, with its typically clear-eyed introspection, looks to be going the same route. Still, he just may sing "Must Be Somebody's Baby," if asked politely. 4/2–4/3 at 8 p.m. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway at 74th St. (307–7171). $35–$50.*

Rancid—A year or so after their hometown friends Green Day ate Woodstock mud, these Berkeley practitioners of High Punk classicism are giving MTV its first mohawks since the days of Sigue Sigue Sputnik. After turning down an invitation to Madonna's label Maverick, Rancid recorded *And Out Come the Wolves* for the L.A. label Epitaph, home to fellow punk breakthrough artists the Offspring. In keeping with their classic look and do-it-yourself ethics, the band has performed one more act of punk-rock faith: They made a record that sounds exactly like the Clash. 3/28–3/29 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307–7171). $12.*

Chava Alberstein—The first lady of Israeli song makes two rare New York appearances, singing in Hebrew, Yiddish, and English. 3/30 at 8:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307–7171).* 3/31 at 2 P.M. *Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, 250 Bedford Park West Blvd., the Bronx. (307–7171).*

The Band—Sans Dylan, Van Morrison, and now even Robbie Robertson, the Band bravely faces the century's end with a new record called *High on the Hog*. They play with the wonderful roots singer J. J. Cale. 3/29 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247–7800). $25–$40.*

Ruben Blades—The Latin-music and movie star holds forth on 4/6 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307–7171). $35–$50.*

Debbie Harry and the Jazz Passengers—The lovely Ms. Harry, star of the Jazz Passengers' latest record, rejoins the bebop cut-ups for a high-concept evening that's part of the Century of Change Series's "3–D Sci–Fi Jazz Salute." 3/29 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307–7171). $15–25.*

Independent Music Festival—A two-day showcase of unsigned local faves and stalwart indie rockers. The Doghouse/Equal Vision Showcase presents Chamberlain, Omaha, Metro Schifter, Shift, Prima, and Crown of Thornz on 3/29. The Spinanes are joined by Versus and Eliott Smith on 3/30. Both nights begin at 8 P.M. *Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (307–7171). $8–$10.*

Tim McGraw—The country superstar croons and line-dances with Faith Hill. 3/28 at 8 P.M. *Paramount Theatre at Madison Square Garden. Seventh Ave. between 32nd and 33rd Sts. (307–7171). $30–$45.*

Tigran—The Armenian pianist. 3/31 at 8:30 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247–7800). $25.*

Yuri Yunakov Band—The Bulgarian saxophonist leads his Balkan improvisational "wedding music" band. 3/29 at 8 P.M. *The New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

Clubland

Academy—The Academy's very last rock show is a one-time-only performance of Surrender to the Air, an improvisational supergroup featuring members of Phish, Sun Ra Arkestra. 4/1–4/2 at 8 P.M. *243 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870). Sold out.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries. 3/29: Required Listening: A No-Risk Evening of Discovery featuring Alison Brown, Fred Eaglesmith, and Mem Shannon. 3/30: Buster Poindexter and his Banshees of Blue. 4/3–4/4: Altan with Paul Brady and Seamus Egan. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere, with higher-

Hey, you've actually been to some of the places in this magazine.

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end tap beers and quieter, if no less impassioned, acoustic acts. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/27–3/28: Sweet Georgia Brown. 3/31: Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 3/26: Deftones. 3/29: Gravity Kills; Sister Machine Gun. *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 3/28: James Chance; Molotov Cocktail Lounge. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/29: The Commitments. 4/2: Love and Rockets. *17 Irving Place. (777-6800).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 3/26: An Allman Brothers Tribute with the Other Brothers (no relation). 3/30: Jon Paris Blues Revue with members of the Uptown Horns. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 3/28: Guffs. 3/29: Flat Duo Jets. 3/30: Disappear Fear; Daniel Cartier. 3/31: Spinanes. 4/3: Seven Year Bitch. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. Thursdays through May, Johns Flansberg and Linnell—the George and Ira Gershwin of manic, melodic quirk-rock—put their delightful band They Might Be Giants through its paces. 3/26: Jad Fair. 3/31: Chrome Cranks. 4/3: Congo Norvell. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

New Music Cafe—3/28: Speech, the bedreadlocked and singing leader of the rap group Arrested Development, performs his latest rhyme solo, preceded by special guest Xavier. *380 Canal St. (714-8001).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 4/2: Soul Kitchen. 4/3: Exodus Reggae Wednesday." *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

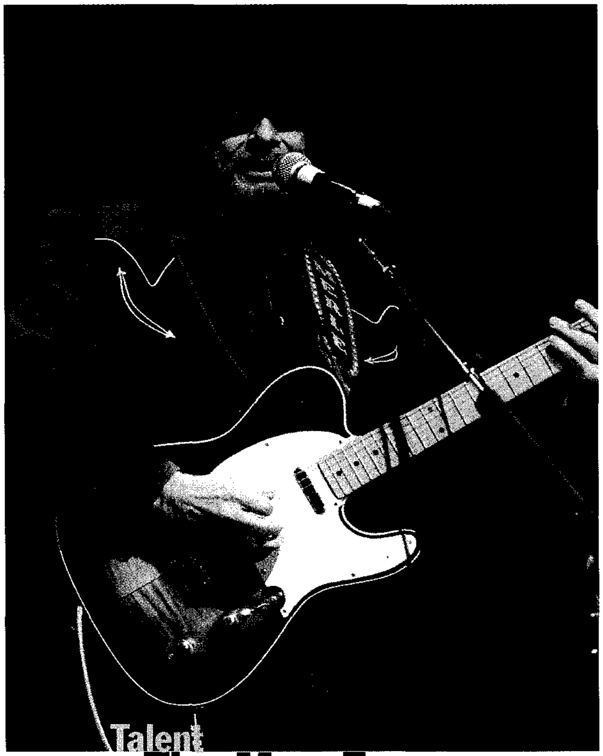
Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

3/29: Neo-lounge shenanigans with Combustible Edison. 3/30: Poi Dog Pondering. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. 3/28: Patti Rothberg. 3/30: Baba Olatunji. 3 4/3: The Kosmic Krew, led by founding Kool and the Gang member Michael Ray, who plays Monday in Phish guitarist Trey Anastasio's supergroup Surrender to the Air, and, here, proffers a rootsy, improvisational music reminiscent of that of another former employer, Sun Ra. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*



Talent

The Man From Muskogee

Act now for tickets to Merle Haggard, master songwriter, working-class hero, and possessor of the warmest, most well-traveled baritone in all of country music. The Country Hall of Famer plays the surprisingly intimate Tramps on April 19.

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. An uptown jazz outpost, with excellent jazz musicians that play nightly. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. 3/26–3/31: George Howard and his Band. 4/2–4/7: Herbie Mann; Gonzalo Rubalcaba Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Through 4/1–4/6: Kenny Barron, Ben Riley, and Ray Drummond. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—A cozy and well-heeled neighborhood restaurant that, occasionally, presents excellent jazz musicians. 3/28: Brubeck and Widelock Duo. *29 Cornelia St. (989-9317).*

The Five Spot—Highly rated food and the airy, drop-dead splendor of the old Hotel Wolcott's ballroom. 3/28–3/31: Jimmy Smith Trio with Grady Tate and Phillip Upchurch. 4/3: Pierre Bensusan. *7 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement. 3/26–3/31: Paquito D'Rivera Quintet. 4/2–4/7: Ahmad Jamal Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 3/26–3/31: The mighty tenor saxophone avatar, Pharoah Sanders leads his band in music from his new record *Message From Home.* 4/1: David Murray Big Band. *74 Broadway, bet. Leonard and Church. (219-3055).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 3/26–3/31: Abdullah Ibrahim Trio with Marcus McLaurine and George Gray. 4/2–4/7: Abraham Burton Quartet with Alan Palmer, Billy Johnson, and Eric McPherson. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *.88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—On 3/26–3/31, tenor sax heavyweight Joe Lovano leads a quartet comprised of trumpeter Tom Harrell, bassist Anthony Cox, and Nash, concentrating on Lovano's own free-flowing compositions and electric melodic interplay between the bandmates. 4/2–4/7: Roy Haynes Quartet with Donald Harrison and Dave Kikoski. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 3/26: Ben Wolfe Quartet with Jimmy Lovelace, Ned Goold, and Joe Magnarelli. 3/27–3/30: Joe Chambers Group. Late night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday in March it's Leslie Pintchik, Scott Hardy, and Rich DeRosa. Through 3/30: James Williams and Peter Washington. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Beacon Theatre—3/29–3/30: George Carlin. Weekday

Photograph by Steve Jennings/LGI.

shows at 8 P.M., weekends at 10 P.M. *2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171).*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. 3/26: New York Comedy Nights. 4/1: New Talent Night with Eddie Brill. 4/2: Ward & Wheeler Variety Show. 4/3: New Talent Night with Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 Macdougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 4/1–4/7: Quentin Higgs; Brian McFadden; Lenny Varnedoe; Gregory Carey; Jim Gaffigan; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Through 3/27: Al Martin; Amy Foster; Mike King; Steve Marshall. Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 3/29–3/31: Sam Greenfield; Eric Kornfeld; Billy Jaye; Taylor Mason. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 4/6: Julie Wilson. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. Sundays in March, at 9:30 (dinner at 7:30): Lynda Jamison. $50 dinner and show, or $20 music charge plus $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Hotel Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through 4/27: Barbara Cook. Tues-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45 cover, no minimum. *Hotel Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer/pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.–Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. *313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Linda Lavin (TV's Alice), who arrived at showbiz stardom with a featured role in Charles Strouse's 1966 musical *It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's Superman,* is currently expressing her appreciation for the favor—as well as covering some of the most witty tunefulness in Broadway history—in "A Lot of Living!", a new cabaret show featuring Mr. Strouse's songs. Through 3/30. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. $20 cover, with a $15 food/drink minimum; special prix fixe dinner, $30. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Anne Runolfsson (Julie Andrews's stand-in in *Victor/Victoria*) performs the songs of Harold Arlen. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—On Fridays and Saturdays, the Stan Rubin Orchestra plays big-band classics to accompany dinner and dancing at this 1940s-style *boîte. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme, and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Performance

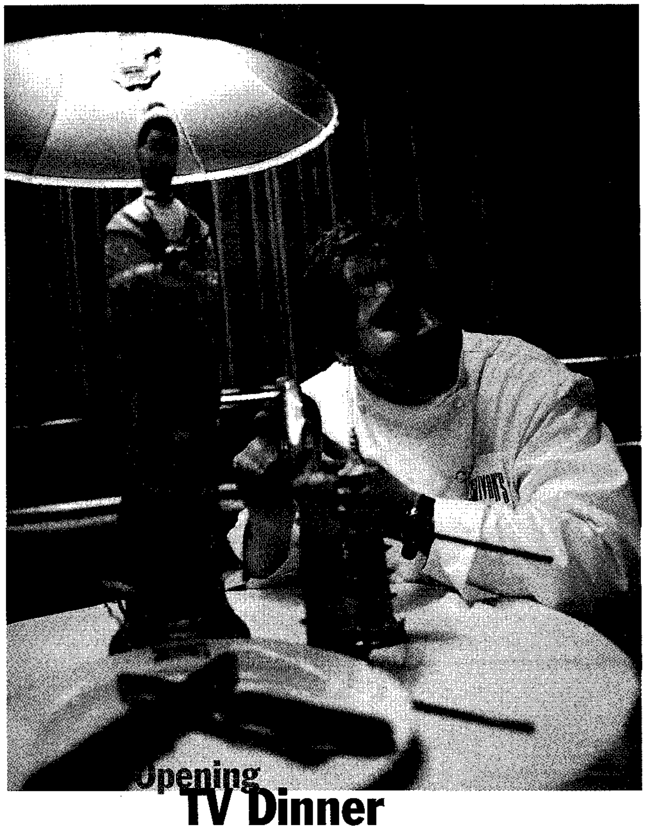
The Last Mosh

Come April, the Great White Way will be a few decibels quieter and just a little more boring, as the Academy, one of New York's premiere live-music venues, closes its doors to rock. For the past five years, the Broadway theater has housed such spectacular live acts as Hole, Smashing Pumpkins, and the Ramones, who made it the site of their last New York show. Recently leased by the Toronto-based Livent, Inc., the space will trade its body-pierced clientele for a better-heeled demographic, expanding into the adjoining Lyric Theater and reverting to its previous incarnation as a *Cats*- or *Les Mis*-worthy music hall. As it happens, the Academy's last show is also something of a rarity, a one-time-only concert by the instrumental supergroup Surrender to the Air. The band was formed by Trey Anastasio, guitarist for the phenomenally popular rock outfit Phish. And though Phish shows every indication of filling the large, empty Birkenstocks of the Grateful Dead—at least in the schedules of many tie-dyed concertgoers—Anastasio's side project (with guitarist Marc Ribot, and members of the Sun Ra Arkestra) is a much quirkier ensemble, in a way the perfect closing act to the theater's run. On April 1 and 2, the Academy is going out, not with a bang but a *skronk*. And, given the diversity of rockers who have strutted their hour upon its stage, there are certainly worse ways to go. CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Danny Clinch.

restaurants

SoHo Steak...Mulberry Mex...Fresh Matzo



Opening
TV Dinner

Sullivan's Restaurant and Broadcast Lounge, a strong sign of the gentrification that Dave wrought, opens this week on the ground floor of the 'Late Show' theater. Chef Neil Murphy orchestrates updated fifties-style American and Cantonese menus; sardonic sidekick Paul Shaffer coordinates—and, at times, performs—the live entertainment. (1697 Broadway, near 53rd Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nacho Mama's Brewery—A lofty new brewery in SoHo serving microbrewed beer and the kind of food, from chicken wings to gourmet burritos, that goes with it. The scene is as young and lively as would be expected. *40–42 Thompson St., at Broome St. (925-8966). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Apple Restaurant—This Village restaurant features two kitchens: one for vegetarians, one for carnivores. And a Vietnamese menu. *17 Waverly Pl. (473-8888). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus and fish brochettes. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

C.T./Claude Troisgros—Scion of the fabled Troisgros chef dynasty, Claude spins updated French with Latin and Asian touches he picked up during his travels. Big, bright, stylish room and original presentations make a meal here a unique dining experience. Jacket required. *111 E. 22nd St. (995-8500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Hudson Place—This Murray Hill newcomer serves a varied selection of Italian and American dishes, including angel's-hair pasta with Scottish smoked salmon, Black Angus steak, and rack of baby back ribs. Hudson River scenes enliven the wood-panelled décor. *538 Third Ave., at 36th St. (686-6660). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Celebrate the Chinese New Year from February 16 through the 29 with a seven-course banquet dinner and live music. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ristorante De Grezia—A midtown spot, popular among the neighborhood's businessmen, serving gourmet Northern Italian cuisine. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (E) AE, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-*

Opening

New Game Plan

Peripatetic chef William Prunty (also of Jean Claude and Caffe Lure) shifts his paradigm: from fish-centric French-Italian to red meat and wild game at Jean Claude Iacovelli's latest venture in affordable, eclectic downtown dining, SoHo Steak. (90 Thompson Street.)

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M–E) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Un Deux Trois—Theater District landmark serving French bistro food like steak au poivre, steak tartare, and grilled salmon. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roadhouse America—On the spot of the late, lamented Lone Star Roadhouse, a new restaurant/music venue has emerged. Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. *240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tools

Life Preserver

You can't really blame restaurants for predictable offerings of wine by the glass. Why uncork a rare bottle of, say, '93 Leroy Volnay-Santenots Burgundy, at $185 a pop, when half will ultimately be poured off on its way to becoming vinegar? A nifty new gadget, invented in England and used in pubs there, has the potential to democratize wine drinking, making oenophiles out of everyone who's ever lacked the self-confidence to commit to an entire bottle of unfamiliar, pricey wine. The fact that the Verre de Vin system, recently introduced at the SeaGrill at Rockefeller Plaza, resembles a wall-mounted, bottle-shaped Dustbuster is no coincidence; it is, after all, a vacuum preservation system. Instead of displacing the oxygen in open bottles with argon or nitrogen the way gas-preservation systems like Cruvinet do, the Verre de Vin ("glass of wine" in French) sucks all the oxygen out, creating a vacuum before the wine starts to turn. The $5,000 device, equipped with a second nozzle to inject carbon dioxide, seems the most foolproof way to preserve sparkling wine, which means it will get much easier to toast with a modest flute of Dom Pérignon rather than splurge on a magnum. The SeaGrill's inspired selection of wines by the glass has been culled from the top hundred American wines of 1995, and to inaugurate the Verre de Vin, every glass, including a highly ranked Étude Cabernet, Caymus Vineyard's Conundrum blend, and a bubbly Laurent-Perrier Brut, is available for $5 after 8 P.M. **ROBIN RAISFELD**

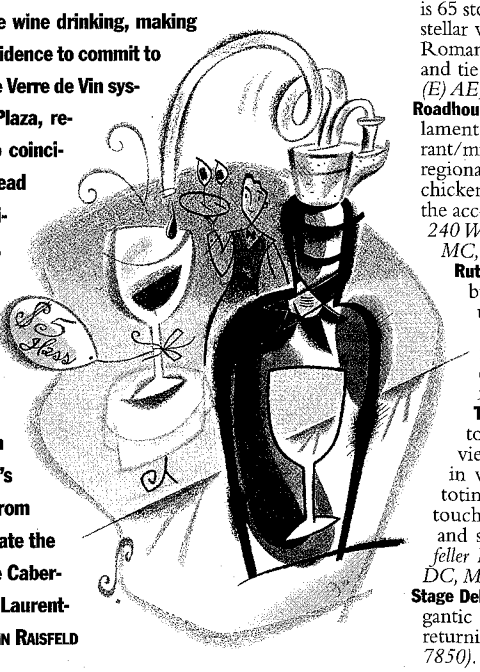


Illustration by Steven Salerno.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Owner Mark Young and chef Feliciano Tapia.

Opening
Taco Bella

Little Italy, previously burrito-less, has already embraced the two-week-old Mexican Radio, a cute, cramped cantina with a tiny bar and dishes including the kind of imported ingredients—añejo cheese, cactus—that indicate an authentic Mexican presence in the kitchen. (250 Mulberry Street.)

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner or tea. The contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

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Le Relais—Ask the folks at this French meta-east-sider serving a proud gaggle of fashionable internationals what to expect from their bistro, and they'll tell you they are the "heart and soul of Madison Avenue." They may well be right. *742 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. (751-5108). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. *133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Parma—This neighborhood Italian restaurant has developed a very loyal following who return for homemade pastas like agnolotti, malfatti, and gnocchi, and entrées like chicken with asparagus and artichokes, and red snapper sautéed with garlic, shallots, and mushrooms. The wood-paneled room, plastered with Italian posters, is a study in simplicity. *1404 Third Ave., nr. 79th St. (535-3520). (M–E) AE only.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ernie's—Lively Northern Italian restaurant with soaring ceilings and floor-to-ceiling windows, serving a variety of pizzettes, pasta, and meat dishes. *2150 Broadway, nr. 75th St. (496-1588). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

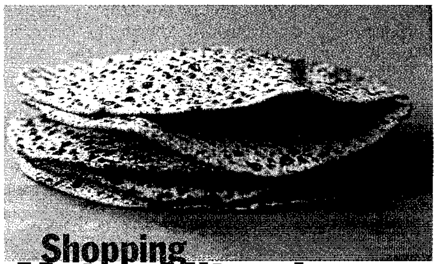
Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istan-



Shopping
Matzo Mitzvah

Orthodox Jews consider baking Passover matzo a good deed. The hand-formed rounds sold at Whole Foods are shmurah, *or closely watched, from the time the wheat is cut until it's baked, and cost $12.95 per pound. (117 Prince Street; 2421 Broadway, at 89th Street.)*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

bul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. *413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rain—Tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like pad Thai, prawn salad, and curried beef. *100 W. 82nd St. (501-0776). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nerely bereft of them. The $26.50 prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Closed Monday. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Monte's—This Italian dining room is truly a Brooklyn landmark, with its Venetian crystal chandelier, restored oak-and-mahogany bar, and Venetian murals from 1938. The kitchen is equally renowned for its famous shrimp à la Monte and homemade cheesecake. *451 Carroll St. (718-624-8984). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Roll N Roaster—A Sheepshead Bay landmark serving generous portions of inexpensive American fare. Try such homey favorites as roast beef with pan-drippings gravy and baked sweet potatoes with cinnamon and brown sugar. *2901 Emmons Ave. (718-769-5831). (I) MC, V.*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, but the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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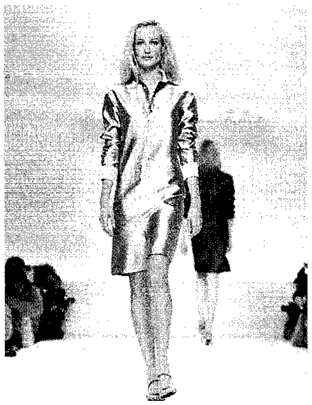
Rene Chun *continued from page 20*

the tents from the start, opting for personalized, off-site shows. Carl Morton, the president of Matsuda U.S.A., says he was turned off by the tents' mass-market turn. "If Eddie Bauer wanted to do a show at Bryant Park, the CFDA would bend over backwards to accommodate them. And I don't think Matsuda should be showing at the same venue as Eddie Bauer. It's a matter of aesthetics."

Eleanor Lambert, the 92-year-old grande dame of high fashion, agrees. "I am opposed to the idea of the CFDA today," the publicist and power broker says unequivocally. "They're supposed to elevate and maintain the prestige and honor of the designers. That's been dispensed with. The tents have become a giant trade show with a rock-concert atmosphere." Even designers committed to the tents are cautious. "Everyone has concerns that the CFDA is not as discriminating as it used to be," admits Sandra Shafer, director of marketing and communications at Mark Eisen. "The runway show connotes a level of status. That has been diminished now."

A more frequent complaint is the high cost of the shows—a concern that has driven away small-time but influential designers like Victor Alfaro. The standard rental fee for Bryant Park's largest tent, the Gertrude Pavilion (capacity 1,100), is $25,000. When the additional requisite expenses—models, hair and makeup artists, music, etc.—are added in, the total bill often exceeds $100,000.



Gone from the tents: Ralph Lauren.

"Forget about Guess! Did you know Hervé Leger is interested in Bryant Park? We seem to be **good enough** *for Versace."*

On a wider scale, however, the move away from the tents reflects yet another fashion trend. Karl Lagerfeld's decision to stage his Chanel couture line at Paris's Hotel Ritz—a deliciously, other-era event—made American designers realize that small can be chicer as well as cheaper. Explains Alexandre De Betak, a fashion-show director and producer now working for Donna Karan, Ghost, and Yohji Yamamoto: "The trend today is to be very luxurious and subtle. Look at *WWD's* cover of the Prada show: a gray sweater and skirt. . . . The glamour of a year ago is finished. And you need a space to complement this pared-down look." Indeed, Karan says it was her visit to Rei Kawakubo's elegant, 250-seat Comme des Garçons show in Paris that inspired her to vacate the tents. As Katherine Betts, the fashion-news director at *Vogue,* succinctly put it during a telephone conversation from Paris: "The whole who's-sitting-where thing is so tired. Paparazzi, celebs, front row, who's who, where's who—it's *boring.*"

But it's anything but boring to the more middlebrow lines that are clamoring for the legitimacy the tent shows imprint. The fact is, despite the disdain of their high-end peers, companies like Bisou-Bisou are making impressive inroads. Designer apparel now makes up only 4 percent of the $71.7 billion women's-retail-garment industry. Increasingly, the clothing that people actually buy is from these modestly priced lines—lines that make the designer "bridge" lines seem downright extravagant.

Even fashion editors are beginning to pay attention. BCBG, for example, garnered 21 pages of editorial coverage in the major fashion magazines this month. Linda Wells, the new-generation editor-in-chief of *Allure,* wore three designer labels at the European collections—Jil Sander, Chanel, and BCBG. And rest assured that if Parallel spends enough advertising dollars at Condé Nast, Anna Wintour will eventually end up in the front row for moral support.

The growing success of these labels threatens the weaker upmarket couturiers. "These contemporary-sportswear companies are very successful, but nobody would ever accuse them of being legitimate designers," sniffs Alan Millstein, a retail consultant who publishes *Fashion Network Report,* a trade newsletter. "They survive by knocking off the high-end designer market." Not so, retorts Felicia Geller of In the Mix, the firm that is producing both the BCBG and the Parallel fashion shows at Bryant Park. "This is just elitism. Vivienne Tam, Jill Stuart, and Ellen Tracy are in the same category we are. We're not a season behind anymore. Our clothes are standing on their own."

In a way, the CFDA's current struggles reflect the peculiar nature of American fashion. "They're stuck," says one sympathetic designer. "On the one hand, they want to be elite and inaccessible like the Europeans. On the other hand, what drives American fashion is its openness, the unpretentious mix of high and low. After all, we're the ones who invented sportswear as a genre."

For now, Bryant Park's sponsors—merchandisers and publications that pay roughly $125,000 a year—are nervously waiting to see how it all plays out. "I'll say this," warns Michael Neuwirth, the P.R. manager for Evian. "We're aware of changes in the leading designers' choice of venue, and we're watching developments closely."

Susie Watson, the advertising and P.R. director for Timex, another Bryant Park sponsor, raps the designers themselves. "The egos these people have is beyond belief," she says. "They think people will do whatever it takes to get to their shows. They might be in for a shock ."

For her part, the usually combative Mallis is trying out a newly conciliatory tone. "We're ready to address people's complaints. We might wind up with a new policy that says if you don't wholesale your collection to stores, then you shouldn't be under our tents. . . . Seventh on Sixth is not about providing hype for a price. We'll sit down with our board of directors and our attorney and come up with some rules and regulations."

Finally, she turns her attention to the Ski Industries America show, which has been problematic ever since its time slot was announced last month. Forget about the imagery: Irina on a runway in mukluks and a goose-down parka. By sheer virtue of its title, the show, which is also held annually in Las Vegas, has become a running joke—a symbol of how far the fall '96 season has fallen. Will Ski Industries be allowed back next season? Mallis and Herman lock eyes without speaking. Mallis lowers her head before answering. "Probably not," she admits. Herman nods in assent.

Toward the end of the interview, Stan Herman finally perks up. "We're at a point now where we're reevaluating everything," he says, fastening his eyes on Mallis. "We're going to listen to all the members and move forward. If they don't want 7th on Sixth, we'll get rid of it. If all the designers say it's time to chuck it, fine. Over. Gone. Finished! Like a hole in the head I need this." Mallis flashes her friend and boss a wan, fleeting smile, and says, "I think—I expect—we'll be around for a while." ■

Photograph by Bill Davila/Retna.

the mix

Smiley's People...Broadway Comics

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—3/26: Wagner's *A Faust Overture* and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka.* 3/27: Mozart's Symphony No. 9 in C and Dvořák's Cello Concerto in b. Weeknights at 8, except for 3/27, when it airs at 7; 3/28: Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture and Piano Concerto No. 1 in C, Opus 15. 3/29: Walton's *March for the History of the English-Speaking People* and Symphony No. 1 in b flat. 4/1: Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2 in a, Opus 27. 4/2: Verdi's *Masnadieri* and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 in D. 4/3: Mozart's Symphony No. 31 in D, K. 297, *Paris,* and Scriabin's Piano Concerto, Opus 20. Weeknights at 8, except 4/1 when it airs at 7. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New Letters on the Air—3/29 at 7:30: Susan Bright is a feminist poet and editor who runs a publishing house in the Southwest. She is also the author of several books of poetry, three of which have won Austin Book Awards. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—3/30 at 1: Strauss's *Salome.* With Catherine Malfitano, Hanna Schwartz, Kenneth Riegel, and Mark Baker. Donald Runnicies is the conductor. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Live From Lincoln Center—4/1 at 8: "The New York Philharmonic: Masur, Brendel, and Beethoven." Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D, Leonore Overture No. 3, and Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat. Alfred Brendel is the featured pianist; Kurt Masur conducts.

"Masur's Music"—3/31 at 1: An exploration of the great works of the orchestral reportoire, guided by New York Philharmonic music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—3/26: Robert McNamara on his book about Vietnam, *In Retrospect;* Robert D. Kaplan on his book *The Ends of the Earth.* 3/27: Jose Raul Bernardo on his book *The Secret of the Bulls;* Jane Smiley discusses *The Best American Short Stories 1995,* which she edited; Issey Ogata talks about being Japan's premier comedian. Weekdays at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

Writing the Southwest—3/28 at 7: Denise Chavez has written 22 plays. Her works draw from the oral tradition of her region, and from the people she encounters there. She's the subject of tonight's documentary on WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Josephine Foo and Joseph Torra—3/27 at 8: Josephine Foo's first book, entitled *Endou: poems, prose, and a little beagle story,* is a collection that includes a range of work from lyric poetry to quixotic cartoons. Joseph Torra is the author of two collections of poems: *domino sessions* and, more recently, *Keep Watching the Sky.* The Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); free.

The Best American Short Stories 1995—3/27 at 6:30: *The Drowning* by Edward J. Delaney, as read by Malachy McCourt, and *Pagan Night* by Kate Braverman, as read by Maria Tucci. Jane Smiley is the host for the evening. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (at 95th St.) (864-5400); $16.

Susan Sontag—3/28 at 7: Introduced by Elizabeth Hardwick. Tishman Auditorium, 140 Washington Square South. Free.

Macdara Woods—3/28 at 6:30: Author of *Notes from the Countries of Blood-Red Flowers* reads from *Selected Poems.* Glucksman Ireland House, New York University, 1 Washington Mews (998-3950); admission $5; students admitted free of charge.

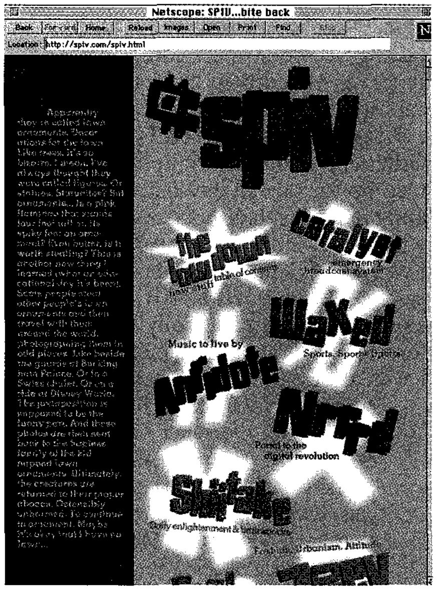
Louis Gluck and Robert Pinsky—4/1 at 8: Reading at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

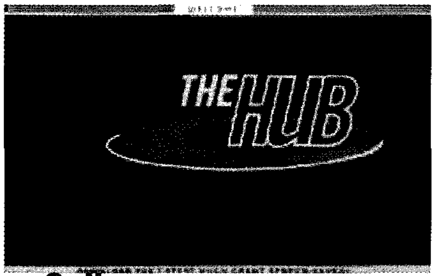
Lance Morrow—3/28 at 7: Reads from *Heart: A Memoir,* Part of the 1996 "Clinical Readings" series. The New York Academy of Medicine, 1216 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (876-8200, ext. 272); $15.

All-Night Reading of Dante's *Inferno* to Commence Good Friday—4/4 at 10: Robert Pinsky and other New York figures join in reading of the *Inferno* at the exact time that Dante envisioned his descent into hell, on the eve of Good Friday. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, The Poet's Corner, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540); free.

Lucille Clifton—4/11 at 7: Reading from her work at D'Agostino Hall, 108 W. 3rd St. Free.

Richard Howard, Scott Cairns, Barbara Hamby, and Susan Wheeler—3/25 at 8: Reading their work at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.





Online Reality Bytes

Two new sites for America's cheerfully disillusioned youth, Spiv and The Hub, feature daily doses of irreverence and angsty chat. Both, improbably, are Ted Turner products. You can find Spiv at *http://www.spiv.com* and The Hub on America Online, *keyword* HUB.

In Print Strip Tease

"Broadway Comics," a Lorne Michaels venture, features "mature" themes rendered by Jim Shooter (of Marvel Comics fame). The new series, "Fatale," introduces a bosomy heroine who dines at the Royalton, shops Donna Karan, and plays a mean game of blackjack. ($2.50; at St. Mark's Comics and Forbidden Planet.)

Lectures and Panels

Martha Stewart—3/26 at 8: Part of the "Conversations with Charlie Rose" series. Stewart speaks at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Avant-Garde Night—3/27 at 6:30: Curators Ellen Lupton and Leah Dickerman will discuss their respective exhibitions, both dealing with avant-garde graphic design. The program will show how avant-garde artists and designers engaged in issues of propaganda, publicity, and corporate identity in the early twentieth century. AIGA, 164 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St. (860-6321); $10 nonmembers; $5 NDM/ISDA members.

Robert Moses: Power Broker or Master Builder?—Wednesdays, 3/27 through 4/10 at 6:30: Architectural historian John Kriskiewicz discusses the man and his work using slides and video. The Cooper Union, 300 Cooper Square. (353-4155); $40 for series.

Sustainable Development and Indigenous Rights—3/29 from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.: Can development take place without compromising indigenous communities? Is there a meaningfully different result when community members become a part of the development process or define the para-

James J. Cramer *continued from page 22*

THE BOTTOM LINE

because it made sense.

You see, the mutual funds weren't selling stocks per se, they were dumping the stocks that do well in a recession to get ready to buy the stocks that do well in boom times. In fact, the recovery in stocks at the end of the trading day—from 3:30 P.M. on, when the plunge diminished to 171 from 217—was simply a reflection of the redeployment of assets into economically sensitive issues, known as cyclicals. (Noncyclical companies, of course, sell things like soft drinks, razor blades, and phone calls that people keep buying in both recessions and boom times, as opposed to cyclical goods like cars and big machines.)

I saw it coming. AT&T, Ameritech, Gillette, Pepsi, and Philip Morris bubbled up for sale all day, actually accelerating in the last half-hour of trading even while the overall market was recovering. I was quietly minding my business trying to buy 5,000 Morris at 101, when some clown came in and actually sold it to me for 99.5—a dollar and a half lower than I was asking for. This is something like going to buy a house for $500,000 and having the seller say, "No, sorry—I *insist* you pay $492,500."

The flip side was true of the cyclicals. I went in at 3 P.M. to buy 10,000 shares of Reynolds Metals, at the posted price of $53. So did four other buyers, simultaneously, and I ended up buying 6,000 shares at $54.50, even as the Dow was diving. I gave up chasing the stock when it jumped another dollar. The same thing happened with the chemical cyclical Monsanto, which I furiously helped to bid up from 134 to 137 while trying to get 15,000 shares. Boeing and Chrysler were also difficult to buy without moving up in price.

But now, as I look back two weeks later, I see how prescient the market was. Wall Street hadn't diverged from Main Street at all. It had embraced it wholeheartedly, getting out of safe stocks that do well when the economy is contracting—as we thought it was doing before the healthy unemployment number came out—and plunging into a sea of economic adventure with companies that will benefit from all of those new hires buying cars and dishwashers. Pepsi, AT&T, and Gillette are all trading scarcely higher than they were after that Black Friday, even though the Dow Jones Industrial Average is up a pretty substantial 3 percent. *But the cyclicals are now up about 10* percent from that Friday's close. The market made sense out of the chaos, rewarding those who immediately recognized the new trend and punishing those who did not heed the good news about the economy. ▬

meters of development? These are some of the issues addressed at the New York University *Environmental Law Journal*'s fourth annual colloquium. There are three panels during the course of the day. Registration fee is $10, which also includes a Continental breakfast, a coffee break, and a reception. Anyone with a valid student, faculty, or nonprofit organization I.D. will be admitted free of charge but must fill out a form for the event. New York University School of Law, Greenberg Lounge, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square So. (998-6560).

Poetry in the Twenty-First Century: Slams or Readings?—4/2 at 7:30: Where is New York's poetry scene headed? Audience members will get a glimpse of two very different forums for poets—the traditional reading and the late-twentieth-century innovation, the slam. Poets include Tish Benson, Evert Eden, Anne Elliott and Larissa Shmailo. The evening is hosted by Bobby Miller. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400); $6, or free with museum membership.

The President's Forum: an Evening with Vikram Seth—4/2 at 7: Asia Society president Nicholas Platt talks with acclaimed novelist and poet Vikram Seth about his work including the award-winning *A Suitable Boy, The Golden Gate,* and *From Heaven Lake.* Only New York appearance. The Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-6397); $18 nonmembers; $15 members.

"From Stonewall to Primetime: A Quarter Century of Gay and Lesbian Liberation"—4/9 at 3P.M.: Presented by Dr. Karla Jay, professor of English and director of the women's-studies program. Art Gallery, Level B, Pace University (opposite City Hall). (346-1642); free.

Tours

Stuyvesant Town—3/31 at 2: A walk through Stuyvesant Town, Stuyvesant Historic District, and the Gramercy Park Historic District. Meet at the northeast corner of E. 14th St. and First Ave. (979-2388); $10.

Jokers, Fools, Fakes, and Tricksters—3/31 at 4: An April Fools' Eve walking tour on which you'll hear the stories and see the neighborhood of some of New York's most famous fools. For meeting place and reservations call 265-2663. $5.

Walking Tour of Radical New York History and Architecture—4/6 at 2:30: The tour visits "many points of freedom and destiny" in Greenwich Village, the East Village, and NoHo; the Triangle Shirtwaist fire; the only New York building by Louis Sullivan; the Bloomerite hangout of the 1850s; and the Astor Place riots, among others. Starts at the Peace Building, 339 Lafayette St., at Bleecker St. (718-262-0948); voluntary contribution according to one's means is requested.

Ye Olde Tavern Tour—A tour of some of the most historic bars and taverns in Greenwich Village. Call 517-0201 for meeting place and information on this and other Sidewalks of New York tours; $12.

Lower East Side I—Radical Jews—4/6 at 1: The Henry Street Settlement, The Rosenbergs and Knickerbocker Village, Abraham Cahan and the *Jewish Daily Forward,* Rose Pastor Stokes, the Anti-Inflation Riots, Sidney Hillman, the Education Alliance, and more. Meet across the street from the old *Daily Forward* building, 175 East Broadway. (718-492-0069); $6.

The Secrets of Central Park—3/30 at 11 A.M.: Explore Olmsted's big back yard, and learn its lovely and profane secrets. Meet at 2 Columbus Circle, Broadway and 59th Street. Call Sidewalks of New York at 662-5300 for further information; $12.

Big Onion Tours—3/30 at 1: "The Bowery: I'll Never Go There Anymore"; a walk along the most infamous street in New York. 3/30 at 1: "Central Park," a new Big Onion tour. 3/31 at 1: The Annual Pre-Passover Jewish East Side Tour. 4/6 at 1: The Annual Holy Saturday Catholic New York Tour. Call 439-1090 for further information and meeting site. $9, $7 students and seniors.

A Tribute to Jackie—If you can't make the Sotheby's auction, here's a two-hour stroll through Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's neighborhood, past the places she loved and frequented. Meeting place: Fifth Ave. at 91st St., in front of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. (call 662-5300 for schedule information). $12.

Exhibitions

The Avant-Garde Letterhead—Through 5/8: Letterhead is not (yet) a casualty of progress, but today's formal stationery is memorable generally when someone consequential has scribbled on it. Not so the early-twentieth-century writing paper and ephemera created by modernists such as F. T. Marinetti, Kurt Schwitters, Herbert Bayer, and El Lissitzky. This National Design Museum exhibition is on view at the American Institute of Graphic Arts (*not,* as was indicated in a previous week, at the museum itself, which is temporarily closed). The institute is located at 164 Fifth Avenue. Call 860-6898.

Design Brooklyn—For the curators of "Design Brooklyn," the impulse to connect then and now was irresistible. In the late nineteenth century, the borough (then still a city) was a capital of the Five Black Arts. Today, prominent artisans such as Evan Hughes (furniture), Michael Ayoub (glass), and Bonnie Lynch (ceramics) are based there, and it is their work, and the work of their peers, that "Design Brooklyn" is exhibiting at the Rotunda Gallery. "One special link between the past and the present," the curators explain in notes that everywhere emphasize the borough's heritage, "is the work spaces artists are using today. Many of the artisans featured in Design Brooklyn work in warehouse buildings, often located in waterfront communities, that once housed their nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century predecessors." That the artists use those spaces because they are affordable, and that they are affordable because the factories have long since departed—taking with them hundreds of thousands of jobs—lends this show considerable poignancy. Its very conception is an insistent reminder of how David Provan's "whimsical modernist statements" and Steven Montgomery's "fanciful teapot in the form of a V-8 engine" are subject to prosaic issues of supply and demand (many of the objects, incidentally, will be up for sale). One notices the beauty and utility of the artisans' work, the literal fragility of some, and—much more so than in most exhibitions—the economic vulnerability of all. (133 Clinton Street, Brooklyn; call 718-875-4047).

Sports

Love Is All Around—When CBS spent billions for exclusive rights to the men's NCAA tournament, ESPN—faced with a lot of airtime and, happily, the burgeoning popularity of women's basketball—once again proved its programming strategy was ahead of the curve by devoting as much (more, probably) airtime to the women's tournament as the Tiffany Network did to the men's. The cable giant's Nike-like promo, coupled with a Joan Jett cover of the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* theme, perfectly captured the excitement and way-cool appeal of the women's game. Just as 1995's Player of the Year (and current Dream

Happening "I am not a good reader," claims writer Jane Smiley. "I am slow and not very determined. I never make myself read a book to the end if I get bored in the middle." Even short stories, she says, are frequently too taxing. Twenty that invigorated her appear in the current *Best American Short Stories.* Smiley edited the volume, and introduces a reading of (some of) the stories at Symphony Space on March 27 (see listings).

Teamer), Rebecca Lobo, became the face of UConn's undefeated dream season, Jen Rizzotti, Lobo's former teammate and New York *Times* serial-feature subject, has embodied the Huskies' "impossible" dream of repeating as champs this year. Regardless of the outcome, they—the team, women's basketball in general—have already won. Mon., 3/25, at 5 P.M.: East Regional Final; at 7:30 P.M., Midwest Regional Final; at 9:30 P.M., Mideast Regional Final; at 12:30 A.M., West Regional Final. Fri., 3/29, at 7 and 9:30 P.M.: the Final Four. Sun., 3/31, at 6:30 P.M.: the championship game. On ESPN.

The Madness Stops—The Continental Airlines Arena will be rocking with hoops-crazy, face-painting fans this weekend. Unfortunately for the New Jersey Nets (see below), they won't be around to enjoy it. No, this year the Road to the Final Four leads to the metropolitan area, albeit the marshier parts. Sat., 3/30, 5:30–10 P.M.: the Final Four. Mon., 4/1, at 9 P.M.: the championship game. On CBS.

The Best of the Rest—The Final Four of the NIT, the annual concession tournament to determine the NCAA-mandated sixty-fifth-best men's basketball team, takes place at Madison Square Garden Tues., 3/26, at 7 and 9 P.M. The final is Thurs., 3/28, at 9 P.M. Call 465-MSG1 for information.

It's Just a Jump to the Left . . .—Charles Oakley must have thought he'd entered a time warp when he walked onto the Knicks' practice floor at SUNY-Purchase last Tuesday. The Oak Man, sidelined with a thumb injury since the All-Star break, found not just four new teammates and a new head coach but, more important, a Riley-like workout and an emphasis on defense. Which, if you had been listening to the mumblings and grumblings of the tri-captain all season, was just what the doctor ordered. Actually, for the Knicks, Oakley's earlier-than-expected return was just what the doctor (team physician Norman Scott) ordered. This week, Patrick Ewing faces the Big Three—Hakeem, Mr. Robinson, and Shaq—and Patrick will need his partner in crime if the Knicks are to hold on to the No. 4 seed in the playoffs. At Houston Tues., 3/26, at 8:30. At San Antonio Wed., 3/27, at 8. Vs. New Jersey Fri., 3/29, at 7:30. At Orlando Sun., 3/31, at noon.

Better Late Than Never—The Nets, too, have a valuable player, Kendall Gill, who seems on the verge of returning earlier than expected. Unfortunately, it's too late to save the Nets' season (and, probably, Butch Beard's and Willis Reed's jobs). Mon., 3/25, vs. San Antonio at 7:30. Fri., 3/29, at New York at 7:30. Sun., 3/31, at Indiana at 2:30.

March Badness—At long last, a road game! Even if it's only a trip to Long Island, the Rangers should be thrilled to get out of the suddenly stifling Garden. If the malaise doesn't lift soon, and the Rangers' shocking proximity to fourth place continues, look for things to get ugly quickly. A sure sign of trouble will be barbed quotes in the tabloids, aimed at Colin Campbell, along the lines of, "Geez, with all those trades, Colie's got the guys he wanted." Of course, Neil Smith would never say any such thing. Maybe the Rangers should try sending Pat Verbeek to Charles Oakley's miracle-working doctor. It's no coincidence that the Rangers' lame month began with Verbeek's March 1 shoulder separation. Rangers vs. Florida 3/27 at 7:30; at Islanders 3/31 at 3. Who cares if the players hate the coach? The Devils won't have time to grouse about Jacques Lemaire this week, with a series of make-or-break "playoff atmosphere" contests. A backbreaking road trip—timed so those scholar-athletes in baggy shorts can decide their little basketball championship at the Meadowlands—sends the Devils to visit the on-the-bubble Lightning, the Gretzky-energized Blues, and the fighting-for-first Penguins. Devils at Tampa Bay 3/26 at 7:30; at St. Louis 3/28 at 8:30; at Pittsburgh 3/30 at 1:30. Spoiler time: With the Islanders facing three teams that are jockeying for playoff position, chances are Mike Milbury will pull himself away from scouting teenage tournaments long enough to actually coach the team that employs him. Islanders, at Montreal 3/25 at 7:30; vs. Washington 3/26 at 7:30; at Hartford 3/30 at 1:30; vs. Rangers 3/31 at 3.

Online

Scottie Pippen—The long time Chicago Bulls team member chats with basketball fans on America Online: 3/25 at 9 P.M.

TYPE: A Words Conference—New York Poetry hipsters should check out this conference with Bob Holman from the Nuyorican Poets Café and Brenda Coultas from the St. Marks Poetry Project. On SonicNet: 3/26 at 7:30 P.M. *http://www.sonicnet.com*

Darren Star—The infamous creator of those saucy prime-time soaps *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Melrose Place* is taking another crack at the New York publishing world when he revives the anemic *Central Park West*. Chat with him on Prodigy: 3/26 at 9 P.M.

George Carlin—Legendary foul-mouthed comedian chats (using his favorite seven words liberally) on Prodigy: 3/26 at 10 P.M.

No Doubt—Their music is a mix of late-seventies disco, punk, and ska. Chat with the members of this Californian band about their latest album, *Tragic Kingdom* on Prodigy: 3/27 at 7:30 P.M.

Ann Magnuson—The siren of pop culture carries on about her new album, *The Luv Show*, featuring future hits "Miss Pussy Pants" and "Live You Vixen." On Prodigy, *jump* Sonicnet: 3/27 at 8:30 P.M.

Ruth Messinger—The Manhattan borough president and possible mayoral candidate will discuss her feelings on how the city is being run in the *New York* Magazine Forum. On CompuServe, go NYTALK: 3/27 at 9 P.M.

Paul Mazursky—Writer/director of *Moscow on the Hudson, Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, and the classic *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* has a new film he's promoting, *Faithful*, starring Cher. Chat with Mazursky in the *People* area of CompuServe: 3/27 at 9 P.M.

Dan Rather—Ask Dan (a.k.a. Kenneth) about the frequency, or perhaps something about his sterling career at the Tiffany Network. On America Online: 3/28 at 9 P.M.

B. D. Wong—Chat with Wong about his varied career, from *M. Butterfly* to co-starring with Kurt Russell in *Executive Decision*, on Prodigy: 3/28 at 9 P.M.

Extras

Cyberguru Kyle Shannon—3/27 from 7:45 to 9 A.M.: Co-founder of Agency.com will speak at the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences about the challenges of creating an exceptional Website. 1560 Broadway, Suite 503 (768-7050) $12.

On View

Collective Memory

"Black memorabilia" would seem an uncomfortable name for a collection that includes Mammy dolls and slave shackles. They are souvenirs of somebody else's trip, the economic and social kick of exploitation. But when Philip J. Merrill uses the word on his business card, it is exactly right. *Memorabilia,* after all, is not so different from *memento*—"something that serves to warn or remind." With both purposes in mind, Merrill has spent the last seven years acquiring thousands of historical artifacts (Tuskegee Airman effects, petitions for freedom, narrow slave beds), approximately 10 percent of which go on view this month in "My Great-Grandmother's World" at the Lowe Gallery. Although most of the items date from the nineteenth century—the exhibition is an accompaniment to the upcoming Off Broadway play about nineteenth-century black women, *We Are Your Sisters*—there are the slave shackles dating from 1790 and a game, "The Negro Family," that was widely used in 1960s classrooms. The game, Merrill explains, was a civil-rights–era attempt to portray the "positive roles" played by members of a black family; the only people pictured on the packaging, however, were white.

Merrill does most of his own legwork, but sends white friends to auctions where Ku Klux Klan paraphernalia are on the block: "You never know who's in the audience." What he does know is that his field is suddenly crowded; reproduction dolls, for instance, abound in flea markets, but the genuine articles are getting scarce. And with increased collector interest has come predictable equivocation about what to call the stuff. "I like to call them historical artifacts. Some people call them 'material arts.' Some items are classified as 'African-American decorative arts.' Some are classified as 'Americana.' " I ask Merrill how he feels about that last appraisal. "It would have to depend," he says, "on just what kind of day I'm having." *(Opening April 18; 441 West 26th Street.)*

LINDA HALL

OH! YOU BANTLE SHANK NIGGER
BY
J. Frank Cutchin
Published by
Success Music Co.
356 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

Kids

Peace...Movement...On Blades...

Illustration by J.D. King.

Performance

Paying the Piper

Hard to believe that this is the first storytelling festival in a city famous for having 8 million of its own. In "Tales of Victory," next week, masters of the craft share their favorites with children ages 7 and up, including that one about the guy who led the children out of Hamelin. Only this time, he does it with a saxophone. April 2 through 7 at the New Victory Theater, 209 West 42nd Street (239-6200). $10 to $25.

Children's Events

Bright Lights, Big Top—A human arrow, tightrope walkers, lions, elephants, and clowns perform in **Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's** self-proclaimed—and seldom-contested—Greatest Show on Earth. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171), through 4/28; $10 to $35.

Talking (Female) Heads—Local women TV-news anchors lead workshops where children report stories for the museum's own CMOM-TV station. Segments about women in the arts, sciences, politics, and business can be viewed afterward on the small screen. Newswomen scheduled to lend their professional expertise include Jane Hanson (3/30 at 11), Ann Curry (3/30 at 1), Mary Civiello (3/30 at 3), Shelley Goldberg (3/31 at 1), and Magee Hickey (3/31 at 3). **Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). General admission is $5, $2.50 seniors, free to children under 2.●

Big Kids' Theater—Get in on the playwriting process at **Tada!**'s free Spring Staged Reading of three plays chosen from the company's 1996 playwriting contest. *A Crime in a Rhyme* gives familiar nursery-rhyme characters a new context in a play suitable for ages 4 to 8; 3/31 at noon and 1:30. *Say Something That Means Something,* by an eighth-grader, is a play "for every child who has ever thought that everyone in the world is special except her." Suitable for ages 10 and up. 3/31 at 3:30 and 4/2 at 5. Also for that age group is *Walkin' Backward,* a play that takes place on the day of the lead character's mother's funeral. 3/31 at 3:30 and 4/2 at 5. Actors are mostly kids, ages 8 to 17. Afterward, the audience is invited to join in a discussion. 120 W. 28th St., 2nd floor (627-1732). Occasionally the **Freestyle Repertory Theatre** takes a slave, or a wife, or maybe a dog from out of the audience. Always it take ideas and weaves them into extraordinarily well conceived musicals, right before your eyes. Bring your best song titles and script ideas. Not specifically intended for family audiences, the show is suitable for older kids nonetheless. Call for schedule. **John Houseman Studio Theatre,** 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202); $15. *Young Moses,* an original Passover musical that imagines Moses as a young teenager, tells the Old Testament story. **The Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center,** 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). Reservations recommended; $10.

Ground Rules:

● = free

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Youth Movement—Forty exceptional young dancers who attend Eliot Feld's tuition-free New Ballet School perform in two programs. *Hello Fancy, 3 Commedia Dances,* and *Sleep Study* are danced 3/30 at 2, *The Jig Is Up* and *Meshugana Dance,* 3/31 at noon. **Joyce Theater,** 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $18 adults, $10 children.●

Feat of Clay—A family hand-building workshop in clay that looks for inspiration to the current exhibit "The Art of Peter Voulkos." Gloria Nixon-Crouch encourages kids to work on vessel-making and learn how to add decorative elements. 3/30 from 11 to 2. **American Craft Museum,** 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535);$3 materials fee, plus museum admission ($5, $2.50 seniors, students). Reserve.●

Shows for Little Kids—The traditional Arabian version of *Aladdin and His Magic Lamp* is performed weekends through 6/9 at 1:30; a decidedly nontraditional version of *The Three little Pigs,* in which a wolf disguised as Donald Trump convinces Old McDonald to sell the farm, little pigs and all, is performed weekends at 3. Weekends. **Grove Street Playhouse,** 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $7. J. P. Jarrett, billed as a "singer illusionist," gets the audience to help make ghosts float and bunnies appear out of nowhere in a show called *Altered Reality.* Sundays at 12:30 and 3 through 5/26. **Theatre East,** 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); $12. An elegant Spanish version of *Cinderella,* replete with bullfights and a prince named Pépino, is at the recently renovated **Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater,** mid–Central Park at 81st St. Performances are Tues. through Fri. at 10:30 and noon and Sats. at noon and 3. Reserve by calling 988-9093; tickets are $5 for adults, $4 for children. A musical version of the same ever-popular story, performed with rod and hand puppets, is presented by the **Papageno Puppet Theater** Sats. at noon, through 4/27, at the Brownstone School, 128 W. 80th St. (874-3297). Reservations required; $6, free to children under 2. *Schoolhouse Rock Live!* is at the **Lamb's Theatre** Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3; 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $20 to $25. **The Puppet Company** presents *Franklin the Wizard,* a musical marionette fairy tale; 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St., Loft 2B; Sats. and Suns. at 1 and 3, through 4/28; $7.50. Reserve (741-1646).

Wheels—*Steve Love's New York Express Roller Dance Show* takes roller-skating and -blading into the realm of mime, dance, and acrobatics. Jaws will drop, fingers will snap. 3/31 at 2. **Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts,** one block from the junction of Flatbush Ave and Nostrand Ave. in Brooklyn (951-5291). $8.●

Peace Signs—Twenty-four finalists in the Lions Clubs International Peace Poster Contest, chosen from more than 300,000 entries—all kids ages 11 to 13—are on exhibit in the lobby of the **Empire State Building.** Open daily from 8 A.M. to midnight. 350 Fifth Ave., at 34th St.●

Dance for Everyone—**Alvin Ailey**'s dance program specifically geared to younger audiences combines a full-length dance performance with a question-and-answer session afterward. 3/30 at 2. Aaron Davis Hall, on the campus of City College, 135th St. and Convent Ave. (650-7100); $12 to $17. Student tickets are $8, available an hour before the performance only—on a first-come, first-served basis.●

Let It Fly—Bring things for the Flying Karamozov Brothers to juggle. The rules are simple: Objects must weigh more than an ounce and less than ten pounds and be no bigger than a bread box. If Ivan can't cut it, he gets a pie in the face. The pair perform their hit "Club Sandwich," about three juggling millionaires and their long-suffering butler. 3/30 at 2. **Tilles Center for the Performing Arts,** C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Route 25A in Brookville, Long Island (516-299-3100); $15.●

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Mail Order & Retail Food Companies
Please Call
Michelle Krell
212-545-3672

Caterers & Party Venues
Please Call
Denise Sisto
212-545-3682

Issue Date: 4/15 On Sale: 4/8
Deadline: 3/28

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Continued on next page.

Entertaining

Continued from previous page.

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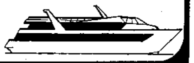

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Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

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PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th., New York, NY 10036. (212)852-7700

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Lovely, Lithe—Literate lass (54), seeks loving, wise, fit, funny, sincere, sexy nonsmoking man, 52-62, 5'9" plus, for fun, companionship, music, skiing, travel, art, good food, dancing, rollerblading, stimulating conversation, theater, ballet, etc. Send note/recent photo/phone (203)/(914)/(212). Will reciprocate. 6037 ☒

Single White Male—Very spiritual, author of New Age books, seeks open-minded, single white female, for platonic relationship. Must accept my cross dressing. Marriage possible. 6081 ☒ ☎

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 6084☒

Adorable Attorney—Jewish female, 42, sweet, smart, stunning, slim, sophisticated, strawberry blond - seeks sincere, supportive, sane, marriage-minded Jewish business/professional man from NYC or LI, 45-55. 6028 ☒ ☎

Handsome Gentleman Entrepreneur—49, warm and affectionate, financially secure, seeks tall, attractive female Wasp, 35-50, who is socially and geographically desirable. Send photo/note/phone. 6108☒

Accomplished, Attractive, Eclectic—Brunette, in search of intelligent gentleman, 30-40ish, who likes skiing, traveling, musical theater, dining. Future to include marriage and children. 6020 ☒

Well-Traveled Lady—Loves sports, dancing, movies, romance. Seeks Jewish guy, 35-42, for wonderful life. 6107 ☒ ☎

Gay, Sensual Man—47, seeks Mr. Right. Photo! POB 36, FDR Sta., NY, NY 10150

Aspiring Movie Writer, Male, 39—University of Penn graduate. Real estate developer during the day. Former dentist. 6' tall, Jewish. Athletic. Full head of hair. Handsome. Feel that I am, and am looking for: intelligent, creative, funny, analytical, introspective, down-to-earth and communicative. Beautiful, slim and a great curvy body doesn't hurt. 25-39. I cherish intelligence, supportiveness and the idea of falling in love and having a family. Note/photo. 6021 ☒ ☎

Smart, Pretty, Slim, Vivacious—Jewish female, 5'7", seeks her 90-percent sane male counterpart, 49-58. 6065 ☒ ☎

Aspiring Millionaire—Handsome, successful entrepreneur, early 30s, enjoys tennis, travel and all NYC has to offer. Seeks outgoing, pretty, petite Christian female who is also seeking that special person for a long-term commitment. Photo. 6055 ☒

Attorney Seeks Sexy Junior Partner—Immediate opening for intelligent, fit, confident, alluring female, 30-42, who desires close association with experienced, very handsome, successful, 44-years-young mentor. Long hours and late nights required, but with the many fringe benefits, can be opportunity of a lifetime. Resume/note/photo a must. 6042 ☒

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multi-faceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 57, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 6006 ☒

Hold Fast To Dreams—Are you a woman who cherishes wonder, enjoys helping people, values Jewish life, is looking for friendship, love and commitment? I am a Jewish man (Reform), with a passion for spirituality, 38, professional, who shares these dreams. 6072 ☒

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim. Springtime, slow dancing, laughter and falling in love. Looking for male counterpart. 6054 ☒ ☎

Retired Black Renaissance Male—Tall, handsome, youthful, truthful, world traveler. Seeks attractive, well-educated, slender lady, over 55, forever. Retirement a plus. Photo and bio a must. Race not important. 6035 ☒

Co-Write A Storybook Romance—Attractive, artistic, single Jewish female, 34, enjoys movies, dancing, travel and more. Seeks attractive, creative, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 34-42, with good sense of self and humor, for happily ever after. Note/phone/photo. 6106 ☒

Ready To Fall—Easygoing, financially secure, relatively fit, single Jewish male (nonreligious), who enjoys skiing, scuba, movies, dining out and laughing, looking for a bright, loving, attractive woman, 28-42, to fall for. Photo. 6025 ☒

Retired Jewish Widower—Slight walking handicap, who enjoys life, seeks petite, slim, retired, slight handicap lady for the good life. Brooklyn preferred. 6079 ☒

Pretty Asian MD—34, 5'5", slim, very attractive, passionate, caring - seeks an accomplished man, 30-45, tall, fit, with intelligence, passion, sensitivity and integrity. Note/photo. 6058 ☒

Attractive, Upbeat Blond—49, seeks tall Jewish man to spoil and pamper. POB 376, Old Westbury, NY 11568

Pretty Professional—Divorced, 55, seeks divorced/widowed man, 50-62. 6040 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Swerve From Bicoastal Fast Lane—And park down by the river to fish with single Jewish male, 39, tall, slim scientist/entrepreneur, diverse interests in the arts, cities, music. Seeks really smart, creative, accomplished, tallish, thin, warm, genuine gal, 28-36, with sense of style and humor. 6010 ☒

How Lucky Can We Get?—Let's find out! I'm a fit and athletic, 41-year-old, single Jewish male, active and attractive lawyer/businessman with homes on LI and in Manhattan. You are petite, fit and active, lover of arts, outdoors and the active life, 20s-30s, who wants marriage, *family and a lifetime of spoiling each* other rotten. Photo please. 6069 ☒ ☎

60ish Single Youth—Who has somehow succeeded as an MD - seeks younger, beautiful woman for lots of love, laughter and living. Several options are open. Must have high chemistry and pleasure tolerance ratings. Note/photo/phone. 6094 ☒

Love in bloom...

Celebrate the arrival of spring with an ad in New York Magazine's Strictly Personals. With the record snowfall behind us (we hope), it's time to let love blossom. We would never discount the wonderment of love, but we will offer a special discount for those looking for love in New York Magazine's Strictly Personals. Place your ad in the month of April and receive a 10% discount. Ask for the phone option in addition to getting letters, and you'll get an extra 5% discount - for a total savings of 15%. So don't let love pass you by, especially at these savings! Place your personal ad in the most fabulous environment for single professionals- New York Magazine's Strictly Personals.*

Call us at: 212-779-7500 or fax your ad to: 212-779-2449.

*Includes issues dated 4/8, 4/15, 4/22, 4/29, 5/6.
Cannot be used in combination with any coupon offers.

NYC Treasure—Very attractive, 5'6" (very young 45), eclectic female - fit, health-conscious, successful, creative, kind, witty, etc. Seeks very attractive, unusual, 6' plus male (42-55), extremely successful, positive (nonreligious), strong in body and mind. Recent photo essential/phone. 6019 ✉

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. 6098 ✉

Sensitive, Sexy, Sincere—Long-legged, literary (they say beautiful) lady, 57, seeks earthy, smart man interested in the arts, preferably of Greek heritage, for fun, affection, maybe fireworks. 6009 ✉

Beautiful Ex-Model—Cindy Crawford type, who doesn't need makeup, 27, very fit and slender. Avid skier. Currently successful artist who is refined, intelligent, sensual, affectionate and funny. Seeking extremely handsome, well-educated professional male, 28-43, with confidence and a great sense of humor. MD, lawyer or Wall Street type preferred. Jewish also preferred. Note/photo. 6089 ✉

Attractive, Young 60s Widow—Slim, Jewish, active, secure, nice lady - seeks counterpart. Tennis a plus. 6061 ✉ ☎

Attractive Male - Financial Analyst—38, 170, tall, clean-cut Wasp, optimistic. Loves outdoors, music, travel. Seeks successful, educated female. 6029 ✉

Very Beautiful—Slim, fit, ultrafeminine lady, 30s, with long dark hair, passion and a big, warm heart, seeks handsome, successful, intelligent male, 30-50. Note/photo. 6041 ✉ ☎

Slim And Strong—Venturesome go getter, 55, film maker/shrink, loves the challenge of exotic travel. Seeks empathic, confident, environmentally aware man, for a long and health life together. 6110 ✉ ☎

Gay White Male—31, 5'10", 150 lbs, fit, handsome. A true romantic, but very practical man. Enjoys sports, music, travel and other activities. Financially secure. Not into the scene. In search of a monogamous partner, 30-35, white, handsome, sincere, with good values, financially secure, fit, and ready to explore. Note, phone number, photo appreciated. 6074 ✉

Set My Soul On Fire—Very pretty, about-to-be MD, ex-Wall Street, natural blond, blue eyes, 5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite - seeks love and marriage with a truly special man, 38-55. 6099 ✉ ☎

Peaceful Warrior—Seeks soul mate. Emotionally and financially secure gentleman seeks bright, fit and feminine lady. Communication and passion are requested. Free spirit and few inhibitions a plus. Photo/phone/note. 6103 ✉

Pretty Jewish Architect—Intelligent, warm and easygoing, 40, mother of two bright and beautiful girls, 5 and 8 - seeks attractive, successful, family-oriented Jewish male, 35-49, to fool around with.... 6052 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—36, Jewish professional, who is athletic, fit, has varied interests and is fun to be with, would like to meet an intelligent, sincere professional male, 36-45, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo. 6062 ✉ ☎

Vibrant, Spontaneous, Multitalented—Artist. Divorced, white, 45, petite blond with soulful hazel eyes, one child. Loves Block Island beaches, VT mountains and has a NYC heart. Seeks accomplished man who is creative, kind, has a great sense of humor and a zest for life. 6096 ✉

This, That And The Other—If you are not a fan of Seinfeld, kids, dogs and traditional family... If you would not enjoy bantering with someone witty and playfully mischievous, or are not possessing many of the physical attributes that a superficial man finds desirable in a woman...could you please show this ad to someone who does. I'm good-looking, normal, never-married, Catholic, 5'10", athletic, late 30s, look late 20s, but sometimes act like early teens. Photo please - will return. 6078 ✉

54 - Looks 44—Tall, handsome, athletic build, male, looking to meet attractive, sincere, honest, caring woman in her 40s. Let's get together. Note/photo. 6027 ✉

Slim, Seductive, Leggy Lady—Seeks elegant, successful, charming man. I'm 48, 5'8", red hair, blue eyes. You are smart, refined, good-looking and affectionate. Note/photo preferred. 6032 ✉

Fly The Skies, Sail The Seas—Oxford University MA, sailor, skier, airplane owner - loves theater, music, NY Times. Handsome, humorous, 180 lbs, 5'11". Seeks intelligent, adventurous, creative, beautiful woman to share all. 6023 ✉ ☎

Sweet, Petite—Lovely brunette, slim, youthful, vivacious - seeks sincere, nonsmoking male, mid 40s-50s. 6059 ✉

Just A Great Guy—5'10", good-looking, 39 and Jewish. If you're attractive and have a good heart, please write. Photo appreciated. 6086 ✉ ☎

Italian Or Asian—Woman desired by divorced Italian/American male, 45, in design field. Love is lovelier the second time around, but first let's go dancing. Photo/phone. Hurry, it's spring! 6087 ✉

Good Looks—Woman professional (49), seeks successful, intelligent, warm Jewish man (50-60 plus). 6104 ✉

Beautiful, Smart, Funny—Jewish woman, 33, with psychology PhD, equally at home in a kayak or pearls, seeks man with integrity and humor. Photo please. 6092 ✉

Wanted: Lover/Best Friend/Wife—By fit Jewish male MD, 43, 5'7", 145. Be slender, independent, smart professional woman, 25-42. Photo/phone. 6073 ✉ ☎

A Very Rare, Very Unique—And very successful, Park Avenue, beautiful ex-model, Wall Street investor, with big, beautiful blue eyes, auburn hair, with a great personality, zest for life. Down-to-earth, bright, loyal, flexible, warm, open, charismatic, not jaded, emotionally secure, dependable, optimistic, global traveler... loves the arts, reading, sports, etc. Seeking male counterpart, 50-60, for relationship leading to possible marriage. 6060 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Brown Eyes—Attractive, 40s, professional Italian-American widow, sincere, sweet and caring seeks kind, equally sincere male. 6112 ✉ ☎

Warm My Heart And Touch My Soul—A natural beauty - 37, attractive, intelligent, athletic and fun - looking for established gentleman, handsome, sensitive, stable, with good sense of humor. Note/photo/phone, please. 6091 ✉

Extremely Warm, Attractive—Sensitive, professional Jewish woman, 42, with a good sense of humor and wide range of interests, wishes to meet a sincere and decent man. Please send a brief note/phone number. Photo appreciated. 6105 ✉

Yearning For Your Soulmate?

There is someone out there who can light a flame in your heart. As a therapist and relationship counselor, I will work with you to identify and find the person you most desire. If you seek the best match without compromise, call me.

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575 Madison Avenue, New York

Sarah L. Ossey, MSW
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800-677-8215

With the right match, the flame never goes out.™

Sophisticated But Down-To-Earth—Pretty but not plastic, athletic but feminine, bright but not boring, European background but American ideals, financially well-off but love simple pleasures. Seeking guy, 50-65, with character, fairly good looks, over 5'8", with virility and a zest for life. Be communicative/outgoing. 6007 ✉

Rendezvous With—Romantic, accented Euromale, 46, Jewish, handsome - cerebral job, likes Mozart and Verdi. You are 30-40, literate, civilized, with family goals. NJ/NY. 6056 ✉

Cerebral Guy—Successful, good-looking, prepossessing, high achiever. Seeks classy, career-directed female, 30s-early 40s, 5'5" or under, with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 6067 ✉

If You Saw Me On The Street—You'd want to know me, but I walk too fast to catch. If you did, you'd find I'm a pretty, fit, successful 41-year-old brunette with short hair, large hazel eyes. In my free time I ski, race sailboats, attend the opera. I love theater, films and nonfiction. I have a great sense of humor and want you to have same. I'm looking to meet an attractive man, 38-48, who loves life and has a healthy psyche. Is this you? Please send photo. 6016 ✉

Real—Single Jewish female, 36, 5'2", pretty, funny, bright, nonsmoker - seeks kind, attractive, honest, emotionally/financially secure, affectionate, unpretentious, single white male, 34-41, to share life, love, friendship, marriage, family. Letter and photo a must. 6080 ✉

Pretty, 40s—CT, arts lover - seeks educated man of integrity, 30s-50s, for best friend and possibilities. 6051 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Tall And Successful—30-year-old Jewish MD, with little time to seek soul mate, is looking for that special someone. Has to be beautiful, fun and athletic, with a good sense of humor. 6026 ✉ ☎

Real Man Sought—By adventurous, tall, 40ish, nonsmoking, single Jewish female. Enjoys happy times, intelligent conversation, consideration, honesty... Sense of humor a must. 6076 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Energetic, Northern NJ—Woman, 41, 5'8", property manager and builder, seeks intelligent, stable, trustworthy man. 6017 ✉ ☎

Make A Great Year Even Better—Great-looking Jewish woman, 38, vibrant, voluptuous, socially conscious, seeks stimulating companionship with sharp, spirited, centered, gracious man. Interest in Judaism a plus. 6068 ✉

[illegible] IN SEARCH OF

Quality Young Jewish Professionals
21-39 for over SIX MONTHS
and now we're ready to PARTY:

IN SEARCH OF:
Professional Jewish
Men and Women
in their 20's & 30's
who enjoy having fun,
meeting new people, and
sharing their interests
and intellect with
others like themselves...

SPARKLE
For Jewish Professionals
in their 20's and 30's

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Webster Hall
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Join over 1200 Young Jewish
Professionals as your friends meet
our friends and have a great time.

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Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company, seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship - because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 6063 ✉

Jerusalem And Santa Cruz—PC Israeli researcher, funny, handsome, fit, single, 35, 6'1", 175 - in search of intelligent, kind, attractive, physically active woman, 26-36, who is adventurous and enjoys life as in: outdoor sports, cycling trips, independent movie theaters, cooking in and dining out. Note/photo/phone. 6046 ✉

Younger Woman Wanted, 30-45—By an extremely wealthy Manhattanite man, 50, with a good sense of humor. Objective: the pleasure of life, leading to marriage. Interests include fine dining, movies, travel, casinos. Non 9-to-5 a plus, Manhattanite preferred. Photo/phone a must. 6057 ✉

I Am To You What You Think I Am—To myself, I am what I think I am. What I truly am includes these: male, single, 37, sad for having yet not found my love, willing to treat you to dinner at the restaurant of your choice - if you are intelligent, beautiful, near my age, single and female. Note/photo. 5744 ✉

Stunning, Provocative, Classy Blond—Well-to-do, nonsmoking professional, seeks tall, successful, wealthy, marriage-minded professional/businessman, 38-55. LI/Jewish a plus. 6050 ✉ ☎

On Prozac And Loving Life—Tall, pretty, Rockland, Jewish career lady, 32, centered and financially secure, looking for same in man, for happily ever after. 6038 ✉

Cultured And Handsome—Male, 41, lives in country, often in city - seeks tender, playful, smart woman for excursions into the heart of what matters. Note/photo. POB 41, W.Hurley, NY 12491

Curvaceous, Attractive, Gym-Trim—Young 40s, divorced mom and teacher, 5'2", 102 lbs, long dark wavy hair. Eclectic interests include jazz and "Star Trek". Passions include the Caribbean, massage and belly dance. Seeking an attractive, romantic, financially successful, emotionally stable, strong and gentle man who likes to have fun and can also be serious. Letter, photo appreciated. POB 192, Woodmere, NY 11598

Very Successful Businessman, White—34, who loves to have fun - golfing, skiing, traveling. Don't have many dislikes...love a good time. I am looking for a woman who is spontaneous, smart, motivated, ready to be showered with attention and willing to share a great deal of time with me. If you are 23-32, pretty inside and out, in great shape and ready for whirlwind adventure... photo/phone number, please. 6039 ✉ ☎

I Don't Want A Man Who's...—Dependent, depressed or controlling. I want an educated, loyal 50-57-year-old man who's interested in genuine friendship leading to romance. Write to me with photo. 6066 ✉

Gay, Great Guy—Very handsome, affectionate, sincere, creative, successful, sensitive, very fit, youthful 60. Seeks similar, permanent partner, 40-50. Photo and letter. 6045 ✉

Millionaire - Atlanta—Not as wealthy as "the Donald", but better-looking. Palatial home in most affluent section. Not materialistic as society thinks of the term, or this ad might reflect. Entrepreneur - handsome, character, intelligence...seeks pretty lady with values and qualities of the highest order, for committed relationship. Wasp, age 48, 5'9", jogger. Phone/photo. 6034 ✉

Looking For First Mate—Succesful, kind physician from the Jersey shore, athletic, handsome and romantic, 41, Jewish, nonreligious, enjoys theater, sports, movies, the beach, seeks single Jewish female, 25-41, very intelligent, attractive, sincere, for lasting relationship leading to marriage and children. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo appreciated. 6109 ✉

Lawyer With Dimples—Attractive woman, 42, 5'5", slim, fit, Jewish, seeks handsome professional man for lasting relationship. Photo. 6013 ✉

It Just Takes One—Jewish female, 30, professional, funny, good-looking, intelligent, down-to-earth, seeks Jewish male, 27-37, with similar characteristics, to discover new things and rediscover the old. Note/photo (I'll do the same). 6082 ✉

Pretty, Attractive Blond—Middle-Eastern, 40. I am a passionate, warm and very successful Jewish woman. I'd love to have attractive, 6' plus, truly handsome, passionate, warm, romantic, successful man for company and possibly lover. Religion unimportant. Photo. 6049 ✉ ☎

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Use this coupon or call 212-779-7500. Rate is $36.50 per line, two line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Number.
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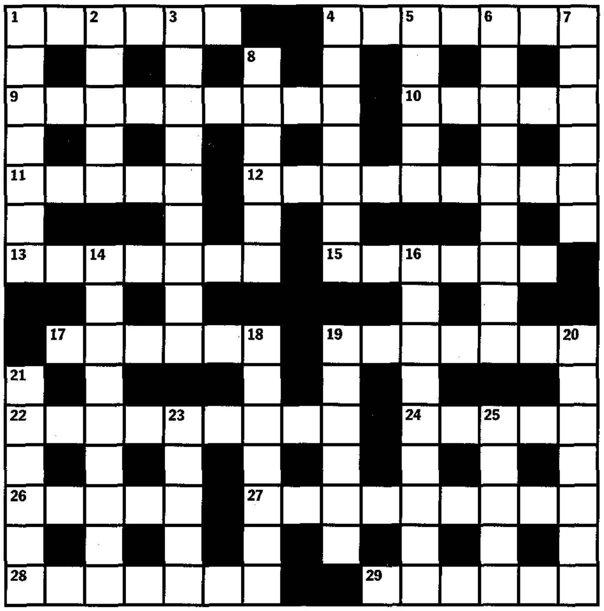
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ______________ Master Card /Visa /American Express
Card Number ______________ Exp. Date ______________
Signature ______________________________

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Play about with MI. (6)
4 Wine container returned to MI. (7)
9 Solver, bogus, hesitatingly heard by MI. (9)
10 Widely respected piece for MIs. (5)
11 MIs with one group of notes for another. (5)
12 Damage to girl telescoped by MI. (9)
13 Theatrical role backed by man after beast. (7)
15 Egg sounds visible. (6)
17 MI's fastener in place. (6)
19 Take part of Kate? (7)
22 Sailors get one pound back in 007, never having seen. (4,5)
24 A dial used by Stevenson. (5)
26 Paper part of body of MI. (5)
27 Inaccurately tell age of MI. (9)
28 MI by degrees before long. (7)
29 Personality of spy turned revolutionary. (6)



DOWN
1 Flood of anxiety about lady. (7)
2 Revolutionary round river turns up as addict. (5)
3 Regards sunk pool—fuss about nothing. (5,4)
4 Military caste puts Bible character briefly over two of its cities. (7)
5 MI's length taken in company. (5)
6 Fence round street may be seen in court. (9)
7 Explorer in just as many guises. (6)
8 It's leading lady under the last MI. (6)
14 Snake's on a non-quality paper: the Guardian is a delicacy. (9)
16 Throw to North-East maybe finds MI. (9)
18 A flint I used as stabiliser. (4,3)
19 Criminal's fingerprint tuning up on island. (6)
20 MI (possibly) during which saint comes in. (7)
21 Take in sailor on top of the service. (6)
23 Good shot at MI. (5)
25 Tree giving shade. (5)

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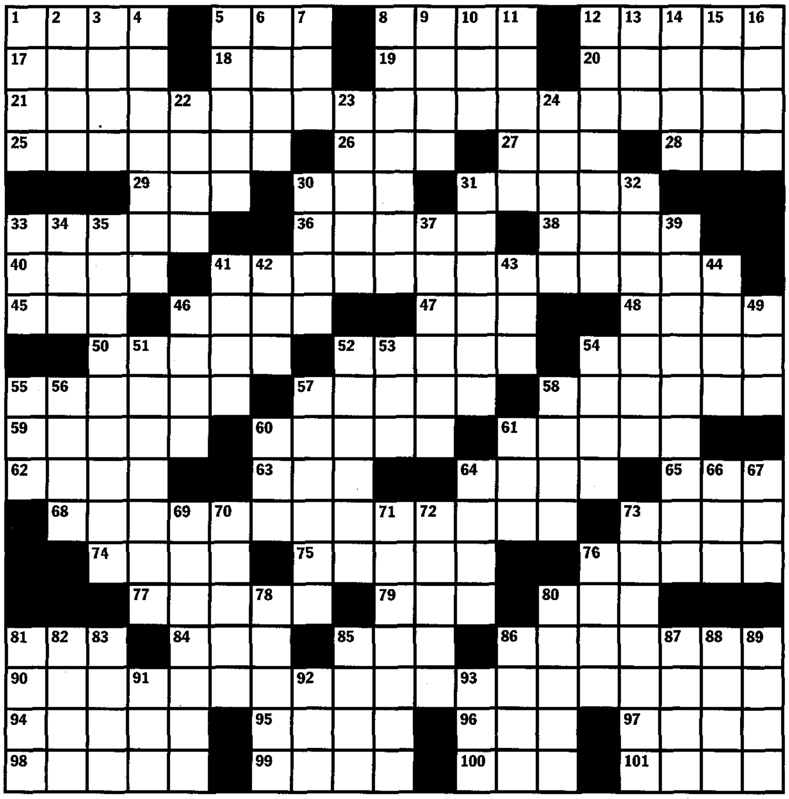
'April Fool Quotation': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 "—— Ben Adhem"
5 Problem for a sleepy princess
8 "Moon balls," in tennis
12 Run off to the preacher
17 Mower's pride
18 Negligent
19 SAT for one
20 Glossy fabric
21 Start of a verse
25 Declares with assurance
26 Chinese dynasty
27 Meadow
28 The Roaring Twenties, e.g.
29 Make —— of it (succeed)
30 Mr. Berlin, to friends
31 Ali's family, originally
33 Capital of Ecuador
36 Human trunk
38 Crack a book
40 Wayfarers' stops
41 Verse in reverse
45 E, in Morse code
46 Give the alert
47 Lilly of pharmaceuticals
48 Three-engine plane
50 Writer of the verse, with 39-Down
52 Chateaubriand tale
54 Cheapskate
55 "Beulah, peel me ——": Mae West
57 Middle of the verse
58 Dividing into sectors
59 "Go and catch a falling star" poet
60 Superstars
61 "The face that launched a thousand ships"
62 Butter look-alike
63 "—— Hear a Waltz?"
64 Top-notch
65 Restorative resort
68 Verse continued
73 Aretha's music
74 "I never —— Purple Cow"
75 Germany's Pittsburgh
76 One of the Dolly Sisters
77 Did an autumn chore
79 Saint, Portuguese style
80 Send images electronically
81 Like Methuselah
84 Actor Harrison
85 Grab a chair
86 Kind of postcard
90 Verse in reverse (end)
94 Another of the Dolly Sisters
95 Innerspring feature
96 Under the weather
97 Int'l. alliance
98 Revise
99 Muscle fitness
100 British alphabet finale
101 Now's counterpart

DOWN
1 Ski area near Salt Lake City
2 Exclamations of disdain
3 Is in debt
4 Dethrones
5 Aristotle's teacher
6 Dumbo's wings
7 Lizzie Borden's weapon
8 French seaport
9 The yoke's on them
10 Michael Jackson hit album
11 Pocket-sized
12 Tried
13 "L.A." or Murphy's
14 Will —— wisp
15 Stevedore's workplace
16 City of Sicily
22 Therefore
23 Pulsate
24 Age units
30 "Is —— earthquake . . .": Cole Porter
31 In a laid-back manner
32 Canape fish
33 Four times a day, in prescriptions
34 First numero
35 Prisoners of war
37 Daubs
39 See 50-Across
41 Hardy cabbage
42 Have a bawl
43 O.S.S. successor
44 Très ——
46 Use a towel
49 Assn.
51 Memorable racehorse
52 Steers clear of
53 —— Aviv
54 Gdansk citizen
55 Shakespearean fuss
56 Country club sport
57 More than loved
58 Ancient Greek philosopher
60 Amin of Uganda
61 In what way
64 —— time (never)
66 Play on words
67 Aga Khan's son
69 Bestowed, as a prize
70 Street where Holmes lived
71 Little bone
72 Gaucho's rope
73 Navigator's device
76 Jill's tumbling partner
78 On the money
80 Open playing ground
81 Gumbo pod
82 Weaver's need
83 Potion portion
85 Complexion
86 Wan
87 D-day landing beach
88 Learning by repetition
89 Prep school for Cambridge
91 Author Yutang
92 Seek the affection of
93 Word with show, in "Variety"



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 80.

MARY ANN MADDEN #849

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

BABE
TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
THE STORY OF RUTH

DUDES
DUDES ARE PRETTY PEOPLE
PRETTY IN PINK

MOULIN ROUGE
GET SHORTY

Above, Herbie's Cineplex. Competitors are invited to devise *one* fortuitous double or triple bill.

Results of Competition 846, in which you were asked for a no-news headline.

Report: The sports and weather right after these top stories: D'Amato Targets Clinton. Docs Target Fat. Princess Diana Caught Off Guard. Attorney Will Sue. Trump Sued by Neighbors. Attorney Indicted. Dow Unpredictable. Scientists Predict Global Warming. Madonna and . . . Child? Fans Head Back to Ball Park. Record Snowfall in Buffalo. Mag to Announce Competition Winners. And not a moment too soon, you ask me.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Teens Prefer Burgers to Broccoli
L. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

Casual Friday Popular With Office Workers
Alexander Chiquoine, Reedsburg, Wisc.

James Polk: Stealth President
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Pacemaker Gives Dog New Leash on Life
Peter Formaini, Ithaca, N.Y.

Quayles to Visit Vatican
Sam Bobrick, Encino, Calif.
sp. ment.: Eddie Stonehill, Teaneck, N.J.

Millions of Pennies out of Circulation
Roz Riddle, N.Y.C.

Claudia Schiffer Disappears
Phyllis Vogel, Englewood, Fla.

And Honorable Mention to:

Cuspidors Make Attractive Cachepots
Lucy Miller, Freeport, Me.

Woody Allen to Shoot in NYC
Bob Lucas, N.Y.C.

Sex Survey: Women Enjoy Cuddling
Tippi Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

Helen Reddy as Shirley Valentine
McClain Simmons, Seattle, Wash.

Mexico Approves Loan From U.S.
Luciano Castracane, Bayside, N.Y.

Streep Nominated
Allan Margolin, N.Y.C.

Toes Hold Secret of Balance
Judith A. Bickart, N.Y.C.

Poll Reveals Few Actually Have Evil Twin
Jennifer Hart, Arlington, Va.

School-Board Election Draws Few Voters
Cheryl Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Japanese Workforce More Efficient
Schuyler Kent, W. Hollywood, Calif.

Kathie Lee Confides: "I'm Sooooo Happy"
Jennifer Dauk, N.Y.C.
similarly: Weda Mosellie, Phillipsburg,N.J.

Atlanta Gears Up for Olympic Crush
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.
similarly: Michael Rehfield, N.Y.C.

Few Violinists Can Afford Strads
Ben Krumholz, Newton, Mass.

Merchants' Assoc. Attacks Street Vendors
C. Sanders, Silver Spring, Md.

Gingrich to Speak
Jeffrey S. Kaplan, N.Y.C.

Computers Gain Acceptance
Bart D'Ambra, Waldwick, N.J.

Local Road Repair to Continue
Kevin Connor, Danville, Pa.

Juror to Write Book
Craig Wolfson, Harrisburg, Pa.

Vanna White Is Writing a Book
Oitre White, Raleigh, N.C.

Tom Arnold to Write Book
David Cassidy, Delray Beach, Fla.
similarly: Molly Brandsen, Zeeland, Mich.

Congressman Will Not Seek Re-election
Bobby J. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.

Xmas Season a Boon for Bakeries
David Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"SNL" Star Will Make Film Debut
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.
similarly: Jim Ringel, Boulder, Co.

Baseball Caps Drift Out of Fashion
Christopher R. Wolf, N.Y.C.

One Dame Four Decades
J. Evans, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Rosie O'Donnell: "Why I Always Work on New Year's Eve"
Sonny Nicklaus, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sheepherding in Decline
Peter Lucas, N.Y.C.

Princess Stephanie Arrives in New York
Edward Pille, Rutherford, N.J.

Mr. Zip, America's Gruntled Postal Worker, Turns 65
Kevin McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

Supermodel Wins Role in Action Flick
Rochelle Raphael, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Additional Cable Channels Available
Jenna Goldberg, Providence, R.I.

Dartmouth Men Prefer Hillary to Liddy
Helen Ann Thomas, Santa Maria, Calif.

"George" Publisher Spotted in TriBeCa
Sam Planke, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Easter This Sunday
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

DMV Workers Threaten Slowdown
Mark Kaplowitz, N.Y.C.

Gene Kelly Tribute Will Include Film Clips
Matthew A. Grob, N.Y.C.

Car Alarm Wakes Local Neighborhood
Laurie Pitkus, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Opposing Views Presented at Debate
Tim Bridgemann, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Boxers or Briefs? Dole Won't Say
David English, W. Somerville, Ma.

Taxpayers in Last-Minute Filing Rush
Charlotte Keller, N.Y.C.

Grisham's Newest Will Be Best-seller: Publisher
Judy Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

Michael Jordan Enjoys Buttered Bagels
Edward S. Dermon, Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Pineapple: Versatile Fruit
Jean Ann Abuhove, Albuquerque, N.M.

Two Thumbs Up: Siskel & Ebert
Herbert W. Zimmerman, Lancaster, Pa.

Senate Confirms Ambassador to Spain
Susan Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

Good vs. Bad Cholesterol: The War Continues
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Lottery Winner Vows to Continue Job
Audria Formaini, Ithaca, N.Y.

Nursing Homes See Geriatric Problems Firsthand
S. J. Bernstein, N.Y.C.

Theme Restaurant Opens on West 57th Street
Bob Healy, North Hollywood, Calif.

Work Ethic, Family Values Factors in Asians' Success
Elana Leichman, Teaneck, N.J.

Swimsuit Competition: In or Out?
Deborah Freedman, Albertson, N.Y.

Keys, Teeth Most Mislaid by Elderly
Robert McCaddin, Allenhurst, N.J.

Cab Rides Unsafe, Complain Passengers
Sarah Schulman, Berkeley, Calif.

Dupont Marks Teflon's 50th Anniversary
Marc Doyle, Wilmington, Del.

Goats Helped Prehistoric Man Survive
Penny Strate, Eden Prairie, Minn.

Chelsea Gets Driver's License
Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.

Musicologists Agree: Wagner Difficult
Brooke Minges, Battle Creek, Mich.

MCI, Sprint, AT&T Seek New Customers
Tania St. Brienne, Chicago, Ill.

Calvin's Campaign Pulled
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Renaissance Faire Opens
Linda Walsh, Denville, N.J.

Dennis Hopper to Play Psychopath
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

Ginger Ale Settles the Stomach: New England Journal of Medicine
Harvey Dinto, Pawling, N.Y.

Iowa's Coldest Winter Didn't Stop Shoppers
D. P. Skrief, Ranier, Minn.

Mondale to Provide Election-Night Commentary
Aviva Presby, Teaneck, N.J.

Study Shows Parrots Think While Asleep
Norman Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.

Slugs: Repulsive Gastropods or Gastronomic Delight?
Laura Kelleher, Arlington, Va.

Chop-Shop Ring Stole Autos to Order
Jan Leighton, N.Y.C.

Gay Couple to Divorce
Mary McQuaid, N.Y.C.

Many Junk Foods Still Fatty, New Study Shows
William A. Hinkley, Washington, D.C.

Barker Leads Animal-Rights Protest
Anthony Flora, Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

SAT Scores Decline Again
Steven B. Black, Cambridge, Mass.

Undelivered 1971 Letter Found
Larry Mitchell, Dahlonega, Ga.

Bight Bests Barque
D. R. Leighton, Jersey City, N.J.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 849, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by April 5. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the May 6 issue.

Peter G. Davis *continued from page 66*

afraid his presence was missed, at least at the first concert. Much of the material Upshaw chose to evoke the spiritual implications of a program titled "Calls and Awakenings" ranged from the nondescript to the inchoate or downright off-putting. It may be unfair to criticize an event wrenched out of its thematic context, and perhaps when considered as a three-part entity, "Voices of the Spirit" will have coalesced into something more compelling. This Wednesday's concert certainly holds promise, with epiphany-inspired music by Messiaen, Bach, Wolf, Yehudi Wyner, and Jonathan Harvey that, we are told, will transcend the "Crises of Faith" Upshaw sang about in program No. 2 last week.

Still, "Calls and Awakenings" was a disappointment. Upshaw's first miscalculation was to lead off with just half of Gabriel Fauré's chastely meditative *La Chanson d'Ève,* a motto-driven song cycle that doesn't make much musical sense when heard in excerpt form. Only the first part of *Song About Law and Light,* Anna Weesner's commission, was completed in time for performance—an oddly skittish musical response to Psalm 19 beginning, "The heavens declare the glory of God." Next came John Harbison's *Samuel Chapter,* a word-by-word setting of the biblical text that tells of Samuel's summoning by God, which the composer has fashioned into a gently flowing, ritualistic narrative solo cantata. Harbison has said that this mystical piece should spark a feeling of "salutary bafflement" in listeners, although to my mind such laid-back, innocuous music suggests only mild fatigue.

Perhaps sensing that she might be losing her audience, Upshaw returned after intermission and threw herself into the high biblical drama of Purcell's *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation* with almost too much ferocity, although both the music and her committed performance at least provided a welcome infusion of energy. The concert concluded with a warmly expressive reading of Bach's mystical dialogue Cantata BWV 32 (*Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen,* with baritone William Sharp), but by then much of the goodwill inspired by this well-meant venture had been spent. I admired the unblemished purity of Upshaw's voice, the care she took over each piece, and her patrician musicianship. But I never sensed much, well, spirit in her singing, certainly not the sort that another American soprano, the late Eleanor Steber, once so eloquently described: "But you see, there's something that happens when you sing . . . an exaltation to the point of pure ecstasy, when singing takes you out of yourself, and music takes you over. And for me, in the act of singing—for that brief time—I transcend my mortal self." Now there was a voice with spirit. ■

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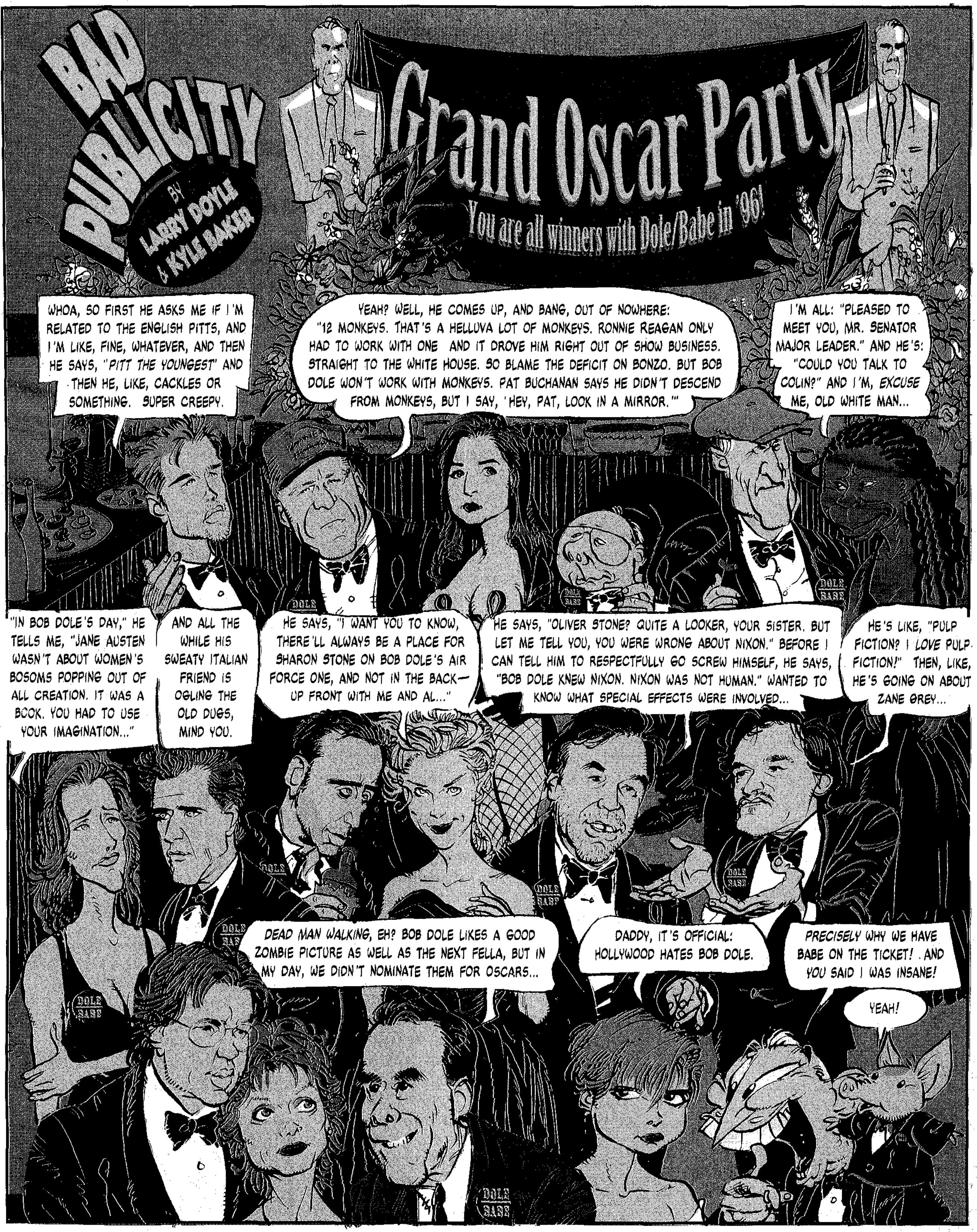
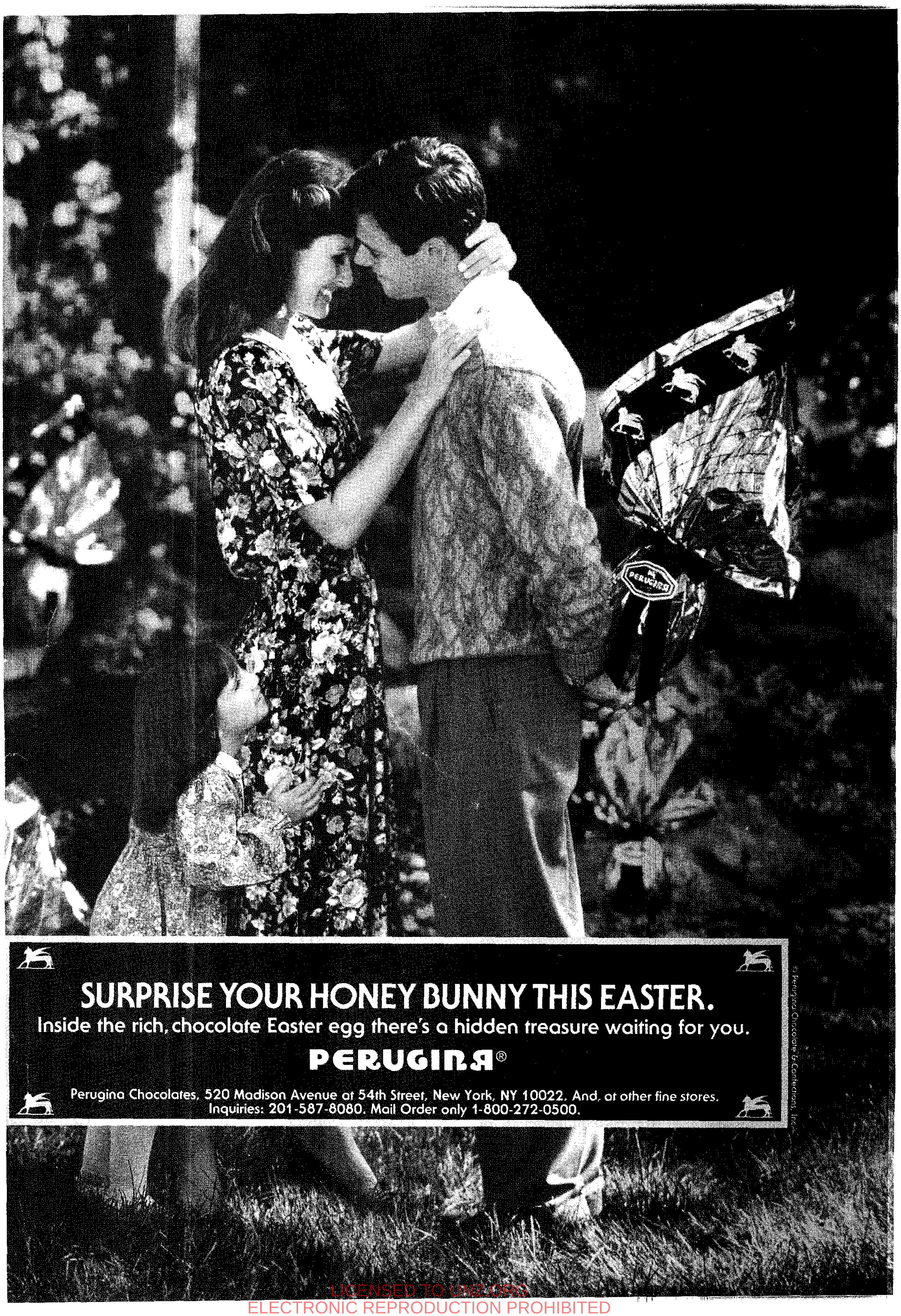

BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
Grand Oscar Party
You are all winners with Dole/Babe in '96!
WHOA, SO FIRST HE ASKS ME IF I'M RELATED TO THE ENGLISH PITTS, AND I'M LIKE, FINE, WHATEVER, AND THEN HE SAYS, "*PITT THE YOUNGEST*" AND THEN HE, LIKE, CACKLES OR SOMETHING. SUPER CREEPY.
YEAH? WELL, HE COMES UP, AND BANG, OUT OF NOWHERE: "12 MONKEYS. THAT'S A HELLUVA LOT OF MONKEYS. RONNIE REAGAN ONLY HAD TO WORK WITH ONE AND IT DROVE HIM RIGHT OUT OF SHOW BUSINESS. STRAIGHT TO THE WHITE HOUSE. SO BLAME THE DEFICIT ON BONZO. BUT BOB DOLE WON'T WORK WITH MONKEYS. PAT BUCHANAN SAYS HE DIDN'T DESCEND FROM MONKEYS, BUT I SAY, 'HEY, PAT, LOOK IN A MIRROR.'"
I'M ALL: "PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. SENATOR MAJOR LEADER." AND HE'S: "COULD YOU TALK TO COLIN?" AND I'M, *EXCUSE* ME, OLD WHITE MAN...
DOLE BABE
"IN BOB DOLE'S DAY," HE TELLS ME, "JANE AUSTEN WASN'T ABOUT WOMEN'S BOSOMS POPPING OUT OF ALL CREATION. IT WAS A BOOK. YOU HAD TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION..."
AND ALL THE WHILE HIS SWEATY ITALIAN FRIEND IS OGLING THE OLD DUGS, MIND YOU.
HE SAYS, "I WANT YOU TO KNOW, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PLACE FOR SHARON STONE ON BOB DOLE'S AIR FORCE ONE, AND NOT IN THE BACK—UP FRONT WITH ME AND AL..."
HE SAYS, "OLIVER STONE? QUITE A LOOKER, YOUR SISTER. BUT LET ME TELL YOU, YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT NIXON." BEFORE I CAN TELL HIM TO RESPECTFULLY GO SCREW HIMSELF, HE SAYS, "BOB DOLE KNEW NIXON. NIXON WAS NOT HUMAN." WANTED TO KNOW WHAT SPECIAL EFFECTS WERE INVOLVED...
HE'S LIKE, "PULP FICTION? I *LOVE* PULP FICTION!" THEN, LIKE, HE'S GOING ON ABOUT ZANE GREY...
DEAD MAN WALKING, EH? BOB DOLE LIKES A GOOD ZOMBIE PICTURE AS WELL AS THE NEXT FELLA, BUT IN MY DAY, WE DIDN'T NOMINATE THEM FOR OSCARS...
DADDY, IT'S OFFICIAL: HOLLYWOOD HATES BOB DOLE.
PRECISELY WHY WE HAVE BABE ON THE TICKET! AND *YOU* SAID I WAS INSANE!
YEAH!



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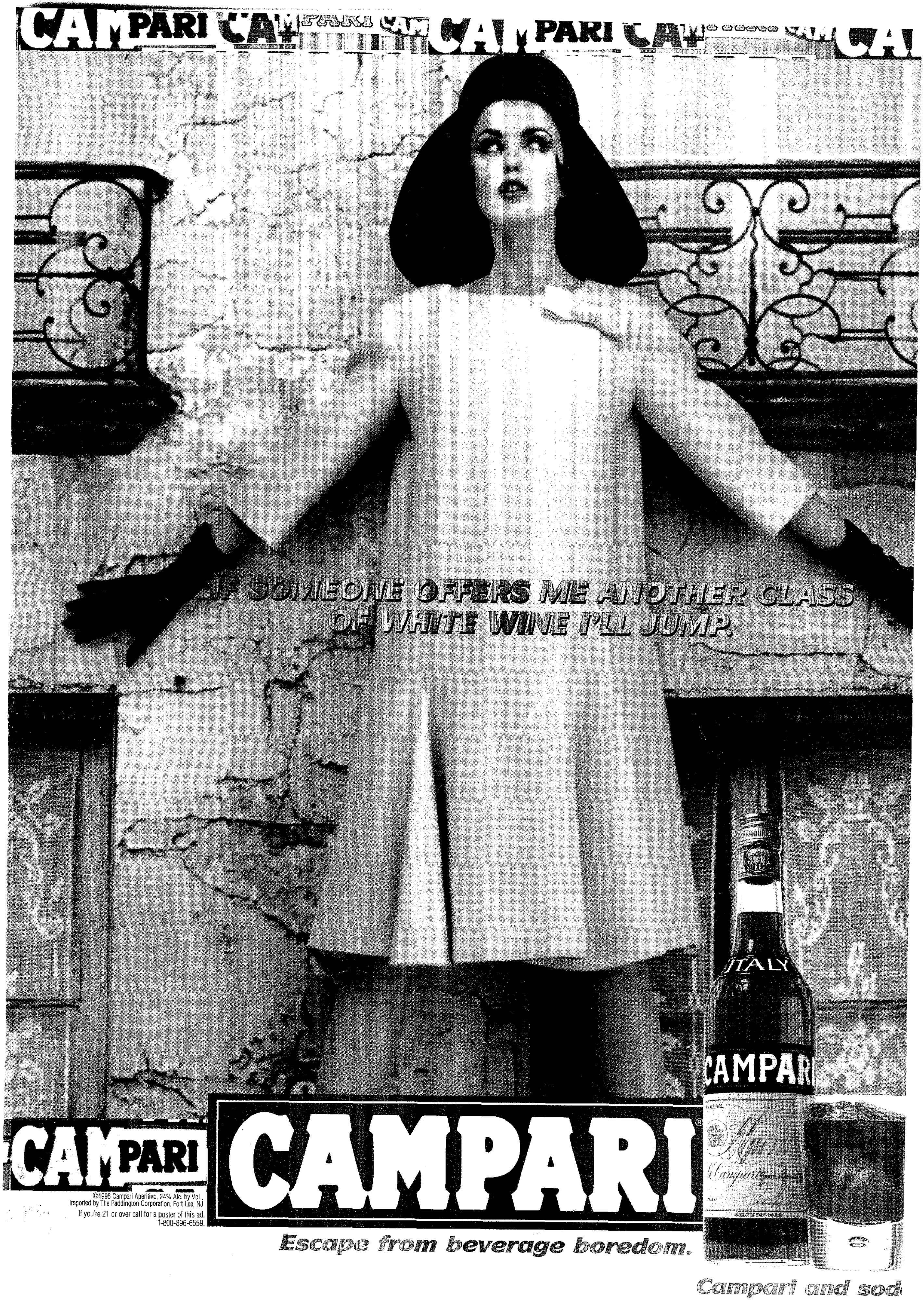
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